

CLARISSA.  
OR, THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending  
*The most Important Concerns of Private Life;*  
And particularly shewing,  
The Distresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT  
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,  
In Relation to MARRIAGE.

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*Published by the* EDITOR *of* PAMELA.

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VOL. IV.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson:

And Sold by JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*;  
By ANDREW MILLAR, over-against *Catharine-street* in the Strand  
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;  
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*,

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M.DCC.XLIX.

# CLARISSA. OR THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY:

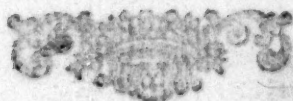
Comprehending  
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And particularly shewing  
The Difficulties that may attend the Manners of  
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,  
In Relation to MARRIAGE.



Published by W. & A. G. SMITH.

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MDCCLXXII.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.

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VOL. IV.

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LETTER I.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.*

*Sunday Night, May 7.*

**W**HEN you reflect upon my unhappy situation, which is attended with so many indelicate and even shocking circumstances, some of which my pride will not let me think of with patience; all aggravated by the contents of my Cousin's affecting Letter; you will not wonder, that the vapourishness which has laid hold of my heart, should rise to my pen. And yet it would be more kind, more friendly in me, to conceal from *you*, who take such a generous interest in my concerns, that worst part of my griefs, which communication and complaint cannot relieve.

But to whom can I unbosom myself but to you? When the man who ought to be my protector, as he

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has

has brought upon me all my distresses, adds to my apprehensions ; when I have not even a servant on whose fidelity I can rely, or to whom I can break my griefs as they arise ; and when his bountiful temper and gay heart attach every one to him ; and I am but a cypher, to give *him* significance, and *myself* pain? — These griefs, therefore, do what I can, will sometimes burst into tears ; and these mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief.

But I shall go on in the strain I left off with in my last ; when I intended rather to apologize for my melancholy. But let what I have above written once for all, be my apology. My misfortunes have given you a call to discharge the noblest offices of the friendship we have vowed to each other, in advice and consolation, and it would be an injury to it, and to you, to suppose it needed even that call.

*She then tells Miss Howe, that now her cloaths are come, Mr. Lovelace is continually teasing her to go abroad with him in a coach, attended by whom she pleases of her own Sex ; either for the air, or to the public diversions.*

*She gives the particulars of a conversation that has passed between them on that subject, and his several proposals. But takes notice, that he says not the least word of the Solemnity which he so much pressed for before they came to town ; and which, as she observes, was necessary to give propriety to his proposals.*

Now, my dear, *says she*, I cannot bear the life I live. I would be glad at my heart to be out of his reach. If I were, he should soon find the difference. If I must be humbled, it had better be by those to whom I owe duty, than by him. My Aunt writes in her Letter (a), that SHE dare not propose any thing in my

my favour. You tell me, that, upon inquiry, you find (a), that, had I not been unhappily seduced away, a change of measures was actually resolved upon; and that my Mother particularly, was determined to exert herself for the restoration of the family peace; and, in order to succeed the better, had thoughts of trying to engage my Uncle Harlowe in her party.

Let me build on these foundations. I can but try, my dear. It is my duty to try all *probable* methods to restore the poor Outcast to favour. And who knows but that once indulgent Uncle, who has very great weight in the family, may be induced to interpose in my behalf? I will give up all right and title to my Grandfather's devises and bequests, with all my heart and soul to whom they please, in order to make my proposal palatable to my Brother. And that my surrender may be effectual, I will engage never to marry.

What think you, my dear, of this expedient? Surely they cannot resolve to renounce me for ever. If they look with impartial eyes upon what has happened, they will have something to blame *themselves* for, as well as *me*.

I presume, that you will be of opinion, that this expedient is worth trying. But here is my difficulty; If I should write, my hard-hearted Brother has so strongly confederated them all against me, that my Letter would be handed about from one to another, till he had hardened every one to refuse my request; whereas, could my Uncle be engaged to espouse my cause, as from *himself*, I should have some hope; as I presume to think he would soon have my Mother and my Aunt of his party.

What therefore I am thinking of, is this — ‘ Suppose Mr. Hickman, whose good character has gained him every-body’s respect, should put himself in my Uncle Harlowe’s way? And (as if from your know-

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‘ lege

lege of the state of things between Mr. Lovelace and me) assure him not only of the above particulars, but that I am under no obligations that shall hinder me from taking his directions?

I submit the whole to your discretion, whether to pursue it at all, or in what manner. But if it be pursued, and if my Uncle refuses to interest himself in my favour upon Mr. Hickman's application as from you (for so, for obvious reasons, it must be put) I can then have no hope; and my next step, in the mind I am in, shall be to throw myself into the protection of the Ladies of his family.

It were an impiety to adopt the following lines, because it would be throwing upon the Decrees of Providence a fault too much my own. But often do I resolve them, for the sake of the general similitude which they bear to my unhappy, yet undesigned error.

*To you, great gods! I make my last appeal:*

*Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.*

*If wand'ring in the maze of life I run,*

*And backward tread the steps I sought to shun,*

*Impute my error to your own decree;*

*My FEET are guilty; but my HEART is free.*

The Lady dates again on Monday to let Miss Howe know that Mr. Lovelace, on observing her uneasiness, had introduced to her Mr. Mennell, Mrs. Fretchville's kinsman, who managed all her affairs. She calls him a young officer of sense and politeness, who gave her an account of the house and furniture, to the same effect that Mr. Lovelace had done before (a); as also of the melancholy way Mrs. Fretchville is in.

She tells Miss Howe, how extremely urgent Mr. Lovelace was with the gentleman, to get his Spouse (as he now always calls her before company) a sight of the house: And that Mr. Mennell undertook that

(a) See Vol. III. Letter lxiv.

that very afternoon to shew her all of it except the apartment Mrs. Fretchville should be in when she went. But that she chose not to take another step till she knew how she approved of her scheme to have her Uncle sound'd; and with what success, if tried, it would be attended.

Mr. Lovelace, in his humourous way, gives his friend an account of the Lady's peevishness and dejection, on receiving a Letter with her cloaths. He regrets that he has lost her confidence; which he attributes to his bringing her into the company of his four companions. Yet he thinks he must excuse them, and censure her for over-niceness; for that he never saw men behave better, at least not them.

Mentioning his introducing Mr. Mennell to her,

Now, Jack, says he, was it not very kind of Mr. Mennell (Captain Mennell I sometimes called him; for among the military men there is no such officer, thou knowest, as a Lieutenant or an Ensign — Was it not very kind in him) to come along with me so readily as he did, to satisfy my Beloved about the vapourish Lady and the House?

But who is Captain Mennell, methinks thou askest? I never heard of such a man as Captain Mennell.

Very likely. But knowest thou not young Newcomb, honest Doleman's Nephew?

O-ho! Is it he?

It is. And I have changed his name by virtue of my own single authority. Knowest thou not, that I am a great Name-father? Preferments I bestow, both military and civil. I give Estates, and take them away at my pleasure. Quality too I create. And by a still more valuable prerogative, I degrade by virtue of my own imperial will, without any other act of forfeiture than my own convenience. What a poor thing is a monarch to me!

But Mennell, now he has seen this angel of a woman, has qualms; that's the devil! — I shall have enough to do to keep him right. But it is the less wonder, that *he* should stagger, when a few hours conversation with the same Lady could make four much more hardened varlets find *hearts*. — Only, that I am confident, that I shall at last reward her virtue, if her virtue overcome me, or I should find it impossible to persevere. — For at times, I have confounded qualms myself. But say not a word of them to the Confraternity: Nor laugh at me for them thyself.

*In another Letter, dated Monday night, he writes as follows,* This perverse Lady keeps me at such distance, that I am sure something is going on between her and Miss Howe, notwithstanding the prohibition from Mrs. Howe to both; and as I have thought it some degree of merit in myself to punish others for their transgressions, I am of opinion, that both these girls are punishable for their breach of parental injunctions. And as to their Letter-carrier, I have been inquiring into his way of living; and finding him to be a common poacher, a dear-stealer, and warren-robber, who, under pretence of higgling, deals with a set of customers, who constantly take all he brings, whether fish, fowl, or venison, I hold myself justified (since Wilton's conveyance must at present be sacred) to have him stript and robbed, and what Money he has about him given to the Poor; since, if I take not Money as well as Letters, I shall be suspected.

To serve one's self, and punish a villain at the same time, is serving public and private. The Law was not made for such a man as me. And I *must* come at correspondencies so disobediently carried on.

But, on second thoughts, if I could find out that the dear creature carried any of her Letters in her Pockets, I can get her to a Play or to a Concert, and she may have the misfortune to lose her Pockets.

But

But how shall I find this out; since her Dorcas knows no more of her dressing or undressing than her Lovelace? For she is dressed for the day, before she appears even to her servant. Vilely suspicious! Upon my soul, Jack, a suspicious temper is a punishable temper. If a woman suspects a rogue in an honest man, is it not enough to make the honest man who knows it, a rogue?

But as to her Pockets, I think my mind hankers after them, as the less mischievous attempt. But they cannot hold all the Letters that I should wish to see. And yet a woman's Pockets are half as deep as she is high. Tied round the sweet *Levities*, I presume, as Ballast-bags, lest the wind, as they move with full sail, from whale-ribbed canvas, should blow away the gypsies.

He then, in apprehension, that something is meditating between the two Ladies, or that something may be set on foot to get Miss Harlowe out of his hands, relates several of his contrivances, and boasts of his instructions given in writing to Dorcas and to his servant Will. Summers; and says, that he has provided against every possible accident, even to bring her back, if she should escape, or in case she should go abroad, and then refuse to return; and hopes so to manage, as that, should he make an attempt, whether he succeed in it, or not, he may have a pretence to detain her.

He then proceeds as follows.

I have ordered Dorcas, to cultivate by all means her Lady's favour; to lament her incapacity as to writing and reading; to shew Letters to her Lady, as from pretended country relations; to beg her advice how to answer them, and to get them answered, and to be always aiming at scrawling with a pen, lest inky fingers should give suspicion. I have moreover given the wench an ivory-leaved pocket-book, with a silver pencil, that she make memoranda on occasion.

And let me tell thee, that the Lady has already, (at Mrs. Sinclair's motion) removed her cloaths out of the trunks they came in, into an ample mahogany repository, where they will lie at full length, and which has drawers in it for linen.—A repository, that used to hold the richest suits which some of the nymphs put on, when they are to be dressed out, to captivate, or to ape Quality. For many a Countess, thou knowest, has our mother equipped; nay, two or three Duchesses, who live upon *Quality-terms* with their Lords. But this to such as will come up to her price, and can make an appearance like Quality themselves on the occasion: For the Reputation of persons of Birth must not lie at the mercy of every *under-dressed* finner.

A master-key which will open every lock in this chest, is put into Dorcas's hands; and she is to take care, when she searches for papers, before she removes any thing, to observe how it lies, that she may replace all to a hair. Sally and Polly can occasionally help to transcribe. Slow and sure with such an Argos-eyed charmer must be all my movements.

It is impossible that one so young and so inexperienced as she is, can have all her caution from herself; the behaviour of the women so unexceptionable; no revellings, no company ever admitted into this inner-house; all genteel, quiet, and easy, in it; the Nymphs well-bred, and well-read; her first disgusts to the Old one got over—It must be Miss Howe therefore, (who once was in danger of being taken in by one of our class, by honest Sir George Colmar, as thou hast heard) that makes my progress difficult.

Thou seest, Belford, by the above *precautionaries*, that I forget nothing. As the Song says, it is not to be imagined

*On what slight strings  
Depend those things,  
On which men build their glory!*

So far, so good. I shall never rest till I have discovered in the first place, where the dear creature puts her Letters; and in the next till I have got her to a Play, to a Concert, or to take an Airing with me out of town for a day or two.

I GAVE thee just now some of my Contrivances. Dorcas, who is ever attentive to all her Lady's motions, has given me some instances of her *mistress's* precautions. She wafers her Letters, it seems, in two places; pricks the wafers; and then seals upon them. No doubt but the same care is taken with regard to those brought to her; for she always examines the Seals of the latter before she opens them.

I must, I must come at them. This difficulty augments my curiosity. Strange, so much as she writes, and at all hours, that not one sleepy or forgetful moment has offered in our favour.

A fair contention, thou seest: Nor plead thou in her favour her *Youth*, her *Beauty*, her *Family*, her *Fortune*. CREDULITY, she has none; and with regard to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a *young fellow* myself? As to BEAUTY, pr'ythee, Jack, do thou, to spare my modesty, make a comparison between my Clarissa for a *Woman*, and thy Lovelace for a *Man*. For her FAMILY, That was not known to its Country a Century ago: And I hate them all but her. Have I not cause? --- For her FORTUNE, Fortune, thou knowest, was ever a Stimulus with me; and this for reasons not ignoble. Do not girls of Fortune adorn themselves on purpose to engage our attention? Seek they not to draw us into their snares? Depend they not, generally, on their *Fortunes*, in the views they have upon us, more than on their *Merits*? Shall we deprive them of the benefit of their *principal* dependence? --- Can I, in particular, marry *every* girl who wishes to obtain my notice? If therefore in support of the libertine principles for

which none of the sweet rogues hate us, a woman of fortune is brought to yield homage to her Emperor, and any consequences attend the *Subjugation*, is not such a one shielded by her fortune, as well from insult and contempt, as from indigence?—All, then, that admits of debate between my Beloved and me, is only this—Which of the two has more *Wit*, more *Circumspection*—And that remains to be tried.

A sad life however, this Life of Doubt and Suspence for the poor Lady to live, as well as for me; that is to say, if she be not *naturally* jealous---If she be, her uneasiness is constitutional, and she cannot help it; nor will it, in that case, hurt her. For a suspicious temper will *make* occasions for doubt, if none were to offer to its hand. My Fair-one therefore, if naturally suspicious, is obliged to me for saving her the trouble of *Studying* for these occasions---But after all, the plain way in every affair of the human life is the best I believe, altho' it is not given me to chuse it. I am not, however, singular in the pursuit of the more intricate paths; since there are thousands and ten thousands, who had rather fish in troubled waters than in smooth.

## LETTER II.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday, May 9.

I Am a very unhappy man. This Lady is said to be one of the sweetest tempered creatures in the world: And so I thought her. But to *me*, she is one of the most perverse. I never was supposed to be an ill-natured mortal neither. How can it be? I imagined for a long while, that we were born to make each other happy: But, quite the contrary; we really seem to be sent to plague each other.

I will write a Comedy, I think. I have a Title ready; and that's half the work. *The Quarrelsome Lovers.*

*Miss Clarissa Harlowe.*

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*Lovers.* 'Twill do. There's something new and striking in it. Yet, more or less, all Lovers quarrel. Old Terence has taken notice of that; and observes upon it, That Lovers *falling-out*, occasions Lovers *falling-in*; and a better understanding of course. 'Tis natural that it should be so. But with us, we fall-out so often, without falling-in once; and a second quarrel so generally happens before a first is made up; that it is hard to guess what event our Loves will be attended with. But perseverance is my glory, and patience my hand-maid, when I have in view an object worthy of my attempts. What is there in an easy conquest? Hudibras questions well,

*— What mad Lover ever dy'd*

*To gain a soft and easy Bride?*

*Or, for a Lady tender-hearted,*

*In purling streams, or hemp, departed?*

But I will lead to the occasion of this preamble.

I had been out. On my return, meeting Dorcas on the stairs---Your Lady in her chamber, Dorcas? In the dining-room, Sir: And if ever you hope for an opportunity to come at a Letter, it must be now. For at her feet I saw one lie, which, as may be seen, by its open folds, she has been reading, with a little parcel of others she is now busied with---All pulled out of her pocket, as I believe: So, Sir, you'll know where to find them another time.

I was ready to leap for joy, and instantly resolved to bring forward an expedient which I had held in petto; and entering into the dining-room, with an air of transport, I boldly clasped my arms about her, as she sat; she huddling up her papers in her handkerchief all the time; the dropt paper unseen. O my dearest life, a lucky expedient have Mr. Mennell and I hit upon, just now. In order to hasten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the house, I have agreed, if you approve

of it, to entertain her cook, her housemaid, and two men-servants, (about whom she was very solicitous) till you are provided to your mind. And that no accommodations may be wanted, I have consented to take the household linen at an appraisement.

I am to pay down five hundred pounds, and the remainder as soon as the bills can be looked up and the amount of them adjusted. Thus will you have a charming house intirely ready to receive you. Some of the Ladies of my family will soon be with you: They will not permit you long to suspend my happy day. And that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmost punctilio, I will till then consent to stay here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you reside at your new house; and leave the rest to your own generosity. O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? I am sure it will—It must---And clasping her closer to me, I gave her a more fervent kiss than ever I had dared to give her before. I permitted not my ardor to overcome my discretion however; for I took care to set my foot upon the Letter, and scraped it farther from her, as it were behind her chair.

She was in a passion at the liberty I took. Bowing low, I begged her pardon; and stooping still lower, in the same motion, took up the Letter, and whipt it into my bosom.

Pox on me, for a puppy, a fool, a blockhead, a clumsy varlet, and a mere Jack Belford!---I thought myself a much cleverer fellow than I am!--- Why could I not have been followed in by Dorcas; who might have taken it up, while I addressed her Lady?

For here, the Letter being unfolded, I could not put it into my bosom, without alarming her ears, as my sudden motion did her eyes---Up she flew in a moment: Traitor! Judas! her eyes flashing lightning, and a perturbation in her eager countenance, so charming!--- What have you taken up? --- And then, what for both my ears I durst not to have done

to

to her, she made no scruple to seize the stolen Letter, tho' in my bosom.

What was to be done on so palpable a detection?— I clasped her hand, which had hold of the ravished paper, between mine : O my beloved creature ! said I, can you think I have not *some* curiosity ? Is it possible you can be thus for ever employed ; and I, loving narrative Letter-writing above every other species of writing, and admiring your talent that way, should not (thus upon the dawn of my happiness, as I presume to hope) burn with a desire to be admitted into so sweet a correspondence ?

Let go my hand !—stamping with her pretty foot : How dare you, Sir !—At this rate, I see—Too plainly I see—And more she could not say : But, gasping, was ready to faint, with passion and affright ; the devil a bit of her accustomed gentleness to be seen in her charming face, or to be heard in her musical voice.

Having gone thus far, loth, very loth was I to lose my prize — Once more I got hold of the rumpled-up Letter !—*Impudent man ! were her words* : Stamping again. *For God's sake, then it was.* I let go my prize, lest she should faint away : But had the pleasure first to find my hand within both hers, she trying to open my reluctant fingers. How near was my heart at that moment to my hand, throbbing to my fingers ends, to be thus familiarly, altho' angrily, treated by the charmer of my soul !

When she had got it in her possession, she flew to the door. I threw myself in her way, shut it, and, in the humblest manner, besought her to forgive me. And yet do you think the Harlowe-hearted charmer (notwithstanding the agreeable annunciation I came in with) would forgive me?—No truly ; but pushing me rudely from the door, as if I had been nothing (yet do I love to try, so innocently to try, her strength too ! ) ; she gaining that force through passion, which I had lost through fear ; and out she shot to her own apart-

apartment (Thank my stars she could fly no further !) and as soon as she entered it, in a passion still, she double-locked and double-bolted herself in. This my comfort, on reflection, that, upon a greater offence, it cannot be worse.

I retreated to my own apartment, with my heart full. And, my man Will, not being near me, gave myself a plaguy knock on the forehead, with my double fist.

And now is my charmer shut up from me : Refusing to see me ; refusing her meals. She resolves not to see me, that's more ; — Never again, if she can help it ; and in the mind she is in — I hope she has said.

The dear creatures, whenever they quarrel with their humble servants, should always remember this saving clause, that they may not be forsworn.

But thinkest thou that I will not make it the subject of one of my first plots, to inform myself of the reason why all this commotion was necessary on so slight an occasion as this would have been, were not the Letters that pass between these Ladies of a treasonable nature ?

*Wednesday Morning.*

No admission to breakfast, any more than to supper. I wish this Lady is not a Simpleton, after all. I have sent up in Capt. Mennell's name.

A Message from Capt. Mennell, Madam.

It won't do. She is of Baby age. She cannot be—a Solomon, I was going to say, in every thing. Solomon, Jack, was the wisest Man. But didst ever hear who was the wisest Woman ? I want a comparison for this lady. Cunning women and witches we read of without number. But I fancy wisdom never entered into the character of a woman. It is not a requisite of the Sex. Women, indeed, make better Sovereigns than men : But why is that ? — Because the Women-sovereigns are governed by Men ; the Men-sovereigns by Women. — Charming by my Soul !

Soul ! For hence we guess at the rudder by which both are governed.

But to put Wisdom out of the question, and to take *Cunning* in : That is to say, To consider Woman as a Woman ; what shall we do, if this Lady has something extraordinary in her head ? Repeated charges has she given to Wilson, by a particular messenger, to send any Letter directed for her the moment it comes.

I must keep a good Look-out. She is not now afraid of her Brother's plot. I shan't be at all surprized, if Singleton calls upon Miss Howe, as the only person who *knows*, or is *likely to know*, where Miss Harlowe is ; pretending to have affairs of importance, and of particular service to her, if he can but be admitted to her speech. Of compromise, who knows, from her Brother ?

Then will Miss Howe warn her to keep close. Then will my protection be again necessary. This will do, I believe. Any thing from Miss Howe must.

Joseph Leman is a vile fellow with her, and my implement. Joseph, *honest* Joseph, as I call him, may hang himself. I have played him off enough, and have very little further use for him. No need to wear one plot to the stumps, when I can find new ones every hour.

Nor blame me for the use I make of my talents. Who, that had such, would let 'em be idle ?

Well then, I will find a Singleton ; that's all I have to do.

*Instantly* find one !—Will !—

Sir—

This moment call me hither thy cousin Paul Wheatly, just come from Sea, whom thou wert recommending to my service, if I were to marry, and keep a pleasure-boat.

Presto—Will's gone—Paul will be here presently—Presently will he be gone to Mrs. Howe's. If  
Paul

Paul be Singleton's Mate, coming from his Captain, it will do as well as if it were Singleton himself.

Sally, a little devil, often reproaches me with the slowness of my proceedings. But in a play, does not the principal entertainment lie in the *first four acts*? Is not all in a manner over when you come to the *fifth*? And what a vultur of a man must he be, who fowles upon his prey, and in the same moment trusses and devours?

But to own the truth, I have overplotted myself. To make my work secure, as I thought, I have frightened the dear creature with the sight of my four Hot-tentots, and I shall be a long time, I doubt, before I can recover my lost ground. And then this cursed family at Harlowe-Place have made her out of humour with *me*, with *herself*, and with *all the world*, but Miss Howe, who, no doubt, is continually adding difficulties to my other difficulties.

I am very unwilling to have recourse to measures which these dæmons below are continually urging me to take; because I am sure, that, at last, I shall be brought to make her legally mine.

One complete trial over, and I think I will do her noble justice.

\* \* \* \*

WELL, Paul's gone — Gone already — Has all his lessons. A notable fellow! — Lord W's Necessary-man was Paul before he went to Sea. A more sensible rogue Paul than Joseph! Not such a pretender to piety neither, as the other. At what a price have I bought that Joseph! I believe I must punish the rascal at last: But must let him marry first: Then (tho' that may be punishment enough) I shall punish two at once in the man and his wife. And how richly does Betty deserve punishment for her behaviour to my goddess?

But now I hear the rusty hinges of my Beloved's door give me creaking invitation. My heart creaks  
and

and throbs with respondent trepidations: Whimsical enough tho'! For what relation has a Lover's heart to a rusty pair of hinges? But they are the hinges that open and shut the door of my Beloved's bed-chamber. Relation enough in that.

I hear not the door shut again. I shall have her commands I hope anon. What signifies her keeping me thus at a distance? She must be mine, let me do or offer what I will. Courage whenever I assume, all is over: For should she think of escaping from hence, whither can she fly to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her. Her Uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miss Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but me—Is entirely a stranger to the town. And what then is the matter with me, that I should be thus unaccountably over-awed and tyrannized over by a dear creature who wants only to know how impossible it is that she should escape me, in order to be as humble to me, as she is to her persecuting relations!

Should I even make the grand attempt, and fail, and should she hate me for it, her hatred can be but temporary. She has already incurred the censure of the world. She must therefore chuse to be mine, for the sake of folding up her Reputation in the eye of that impudent world. For, who that knows me, and knows that she has been in my power, tho' but for twenty-four hours, will think her spotless as to fact, let her inclination be what it will? And then *human nature* is such a well-known rogue, that every man and woman judges by what each knows of him or herself, that *inclination* is no more to be trusted, where an opportunity is given, than I am; especially where a woman young and blooming loves a man well enough to go off with him; for such will be the world's construction in the present case.

She

She calls her maid Dorcas. No doubt, that I may hear her harmonious voice, and to give me an opportunity to pour out my soul at her feet ; to renew all my vows ; and to receive her pardon for the past offence : And then, with what pleasure shall I begin upon a new score ; and afterwards wipe out that ; and begin another, and another ; till the *last* offence passes ; and there can be *no other*. And once, after that, to be forgiven, will be to be forgiven for ever.

\* \* \* \*

THE door is again shut. Dorcas tells me, that her Lady denies to admit me to dine with her ; a favour I had ordered the wench to beseech her to grant me, the next time she saw her—Not uncivilly, however, denies—Coming to by degrees ! Nothing but the last offence, the honest wench tells me, in the language of her principals below, will do with her. The last offence is meditating. Yet this vile recreant heart of mine plays me booty.

But here I conclude ; tho' the tyranness leaves me nothing to do, but to read, write, and fret.

Subscription is formal between us. Besides, I am so totally hers, that I cannot say how much I am thine or any other person's.

### L E T T E R III.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE ; To Miss HOWE.*

*Tuesday, May 9.*

**I**F, my dear, you approve of the application to my Uncle Harlowe, I wish it may be made as soon as possible. We are quite out again. I have shut myself up from him. The offence indeed not *very* great—And yet it is too. He had like to have got a Letter. One of yours. But never will I write again, or re-peruse my papers, in an apartment where he thinks himself intitled to come. He did not read a

line

line of it. Indeed he did not. So don't be uneasy. And depend upon future caution.

Thus it was. The Sun being upon my closet, and Mr. Lovelace abroad—

*She then gives Miss Howe an account of his coming in by surprize upon her : of his fluttering speech : of his bold address : of her struggle with him for the Letter, &c.*

And now, my dear, proceeds she, I am more and more convinced, that I am too much in his power to make it prudent to stay with him. And if my friends will but give me hope, I will resolve to abandon him for ever.

Till I can know whether they will or not, I must do what I never studied to do before in any case ; that is, to try to keep this difference open : And yet it will make me look *little in my own eyes* ; because I shall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the consequences of a step which will be ever deplored by

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER IV.

Miss HOWE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, May 10.

I Much approve of your resolution to leave this man, if you can have any encouragement from your Uncle. And the rather, as I have heard but within these two hours some well-attested stories of him, that shew him to be one of the worst of men as to our Sex. I do assure you, my dear friend, that had he a *dozen lives*, if all I have heard be true, he might have forfeited them all, and been dead *twenty crimes* ago.

If ever you condescend to talk familiarly with him again, ask him after Miss Betterton, and what became of her : And if he shuffle and prevaricate as to her, question

question him about Miss Lockyer.—O my dear, the man's a villain!

I will have your Uncle sounded, as you desire, and that out of hand. But yet I am afraid of the success; and this for several reasons. 'Tis hard to say what the sacrifice of your Estate would do with some people: And yet I must not, when it comes to the test, permit you to make it.

As your Hannah continues ill, I would advise you to try to attach Dorcas to your interest. Have you not been impolitically shy of her?

I wish you could come at some of his Letters. Surely a man of his negligent character cannot be always guarded. If *be be*, and if you cannot engage your servant, I should suspect them both. Let him be called upon at a short warning when he is writing, or when he has papers lying about, and so surprize him into negligence.

Such inquiries, I know, are of the same nature with those we make at an Inn in travelling, when we look into every corner and closet for fear of a villain; yet should be frightened out of our wits, were we to find one. But 'tis better to detect such a one when awake and up, than to be attacked by him when in bed and asleep.

I am glad you have your cloaths. But no money! No books, but a *Spira*, a *Drexelius*, and a *Practice of Piety*! Those who sent the latter, ought to have kept it for themselves.—But I must hurry myself from this subject.

You have exceedingly alarmed me by what you hint of his attempt to get one of my Letters. I am assured by my new informant, that he is the head of a gang of wretches (those he brought you among, no doubt, were some of them) who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to support one another afterwards by violence; and were he to come at the knowlege of the freedoms I take with him, I should be afraid to stir out without a guard.

I am

I am sorry to tell you, that I have reason to think, that your Brother has not laid aside his foolish plot. A sun-burnt, sailor-looking fellow was with me just now, pretending great service to you from Captain Singleton, could he be admitted to your speech. I pleaded ignorance, as to the place of your abode. The fellow was too well instructed for me to get any thing out of him.

I wept for two hours incessantly, on reading yours, which inclosed that from your Cousin Morden (a). My dearest creature, do not desert yourself. Let your Anna Howe obey the call of that friendship which has united us as one soul, and endeavour to give you consolation.

I wonder not at the melancholy reflections you so often cast upon yourself in your Letters, for the step you have been forced upon, on one hand, and tricked into on the other. A strange fatality! *As if it were designed to shew the vanity of all human prudence.* I wish, my dear, as you hint, that both you and I have not too much prided ourselves in a perhaps too conscious superiority over others. But I will stop — How apt are weak minds to look out for judgments in any extraordinary event! 'Tis so far right, that it is better, and safer, and juster, to arraign ourselves, or our dearest friends, than Providence; which must always have wise ends to answer in its dispensations.

But do not talk, as in one of your former, of being a Warning *only* (b). — You will be as excellent an Example, as ever you hoped to be, as well as a Warning: And that will make your Story, to all that shall come to know it, of double efficacy: For were it that such a merit as yours could not ensure to herself noble and generous usage from a Libertine heart, who will expect any tolerable behaviour from men of his character?

If

(a) See Vol. III. Letters lxxviii. lxxix.

(b) See Vol. III. Letter xxvii.

If You think yourself inexcusable for taking a step that put you into the way of delusion, *without any intention to go off with him*, what must those giddy creatures think of themselves, who, without half your provocations and inducements, and without any regard to decorum, leap walls, drop from windows, and steal away from their parents house, to the seducer's bed, in the same day?

Again, if You are so ready to accuse yourself for dispensing with the prohibitions of the most unreasonable parents, which yet were but half-prohibitions at first, what ought those to do, who wilfully shut their ears to the advice of the most reasonable; and that, perhaps, where *apparent ruin, or undoubted inconvenience*, is the consequence of the predetermined rashness?

And, lastly, to all who will know your Story, you will be an excellent *Example* of watchfulness, and of that caution and reserve by which a prudent person who has been supposed to be a little misled, endeavours to mend her error; and, never once losing sight of her duty, does all in her power to recover the path she has been rather driven out of, than chosen to swerve from.

Come, come, my dearest friend, consider but these things; and steadily, without desponding, pursue your earnest purposes to amend what you think has been amiss; and it may not be a misfortune in the end, that you have erred; especially as so little of your will was in your error.

And indeed I must say, that I use the words *misled*, and *error*, and such-like, only in compliment to your own too ready self-accusations, and to the opinion of one to whom I owe duty: For I think in my conscience, that every part of your conduct is defensible; and that those only are blameable who have no other way to clear themselves but by condemning you.

I expect, however, that such melancholy reflections as drop from your pen but too often, will  
mingle

mingling with all your future pleasures, were you to marry Lovelace, and were he to make the best of husbands.

You was immensely happy, above the happiness of a mortal creature, before you knew him: Everybody almost worshipped you: Envy itself, which has of late reared up its venomous head against you, was awed by your superior worthiness, into silence and admiration. You was the soul of every company where you visited. Your elders have I seen declining to offer their opinions upon a subject till you had delivered yours; often to save themselves the mortification of retracting *theirs*, when they heard *yours*. Yet, in all this, your sweetness of manners, your humility and affability, caused the subscription every one made to your sentiments, and to your superiority, to be equally unfeigned and unhesitating; for they saw that their applause, and the preference they gave you to themselves, subjected not themselves to insults, nor exalted you into any visible triumph over them; for you had always something to say on every point you carried that raised the yielding heart, and left every one pleased and satisfied with themselves, tho' they carried not off the palm.

Your Works were shewn or referred to wherever fine works were talked of. Nobody had any but an inferior and second-hand praise for diligence, for oeconomy, for reading, for writing, for memory, for facility in learning every-thing laudable, and even for the more envied graces of person and dress, and an all-surpassing elegance in both, where you were known, and those subjects talked of.

The Poor blessed you every step you trod: The Rich thought you their honour, and took a pride that they were not obliged to descend from their own class for an example that did credit to it.

Tho' all men wished for you, and sought you, young as you were, yet, had not those who were brought

brought to address you, been encouraged out of sordid and spiteful views, not one of them would have dared to lift up his eyes to you.

Thus happy in all about you, thus making happy all within your circle, could you think that nothing would happen to you, to convince you, *that you were not to be exempted from the common lot ?—To convince you, that you were not absolutely perfect ; and that you must not expect to pass thro' life without trial, temptation, and misfortune ?*

Indeed it must be owned that no trial, no temptation, worthy of your virtue, and of your prudence, could well have attacked you sooner, because of your tender years, nor more effectually than those heavy ones, under which you struggle ; since it must be allowed, that your equanimity and foresight made you superior to common accidents ; for are not most of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals brought upon themselves either by their *too large desires, or too little deserts ?—Cases, both, from which you stood exempt.—It was therefore to be some man, or some worse spirit in the shape of one, that, formed on purpose, was to be sent to invade you ; while as many other such spirits as there are persons in your family, were permitted to take possession, severally, in one dark hour, of the heart of every one of it, there to sit perching, perhaps, and directing every motion to the motions of the seducer without, in order to irritate, to provoke, to push you forward to meet him.*

Upon the whole, there seems, as I have often said, to have been a kind of fate in your error, if it were an error ; and this perhaps admitted *for the sake of a better Example to be collected from your SUFFERINGS, than could have been given, had you never erred : For, my dear, ADVERSITY is your SHINING-TIME.* I see evidently, that adversity must call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in a run of that prosperous fortune, which attended you

you from your cradle till now ; admirably as you *became*, and, as we all thought, greatly as you *deserved*, that prosperity.

All the matter is, the trial must be grievous to you. It is to *me* : It is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one set aloft to be admired and imitated, and not as a mark, as you have lately found, for Envy to shoot its shafts at.

Let what I have written above have its due weight with you, my dear ; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthusiasm, your Anna Howe, who, on refusal of it, imagines it to be in a style superior to her usual style, will be ready to flatter herself that she has been in a manner inspired with the hints that have comforted and raised the dejected heart of her suffering friend ; who, from such hard trials, in a bloom so tender, may find at times her spirits sunk too low to enable her to pervade the surrounding darkness, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at present, than that I am

*Your ever faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

## L E T T E R V.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE ; To Miss HOWE.*

*Friday, May 12.*

I Must be silent, my exalted friend, under praises that oppress my heart with a consciousness of not deserving them ; at the same time that the generous design of those praises raises and comforts it : For it is a charming thing to stand high in the opinion of those we love ; and to find that there are souls that can carry their friendships beyond accidents, beyond body, and ties of blood. Whatever, my dearest creature, is *my shining-time*, the adversity of a friend is *yours*. And it would be almost a fault in me to regret those

afflictions, which give you an opportunity so gloriously to exert those qualities, which not only ennoble our sex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to subjects less agreeable.

I am sorry you have reason to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the sailor had to propose? --- Yet had any good been intended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your Letters shall be safe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever since at distance, that I may have an opportunity to see the success of the application to my Uncle, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may arise from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennell from Mrs. Fretchville to talk about the house.---*If I should be obliged to make up with him again, I shall think I am always doing myself a spite.*

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my interest; and to come at some of his Letters; these things will require more or less of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my Uncle Harlowe.

I am sorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourself, and let me know, whether she wants any thing that befits her case.

I will not close this Letter till to-morrow is over; for I am resolved to go to church; and this as well for the sake of my duty, as to see, if I am at liberty to go out when I please without being attended or accompanied.

*Sunday, May 14.*

I HAVE not been able to avoid a short debate with Mr. Lovelace. I had ordered a coach to the door. When I had notice that it was come, I went out of my chamber to go to it; but met him dressed on the stairs-

stairs-head with a book in his hand, but without his Hat and Sword. He asked with an air very solemn, yet respectful, if I were going abroad. I told him I was. He desired leave to attend me, if I were going to church. I refused him. And then he complained heavily of my treatment of him; and declared that he would not live such another week as the past, for the world.

I owned to him very frankly, that I had made an application to my friends; and that I was resolved to keep myself to myself till I knew the issue of it.

He coloured, and seemed surprized. But checking himself in something he was going to say, he pleaded my danger from Singleton, and again desired to attend me.

And then he told me, that Mrs. Fretchville had desired to continue a fortnight longer in the house. She found, said he, that I was unable to determine about entering upon it; and now who knows *when* such a vapourish creature will come to a resolution? This, Madam, has been an unhappy week; for had I not stood upon such bad terms with you, *you might have been now mistress of that house*; and probably had my Cousin Montague, if not Lady Betty, actually with you.

And so, Sir, taking all you say for granted, your Cousin Montague cannot come to Mrs. Sinclair's? What, pray, is her objection to Mrs. Sinclair's? Is this house fit for me to live in a month or two, and not fit for any of your relations for a few days? --- And Mrs. Fretchville has *taken more time too*---Then, pushing by him, I hurried down stairs.

He called to Dorcas to bring him his Sword and Hat; and following me down into the passage, placed himself between me and the door; and again desired leave to attend me.

Mrs. Sinclair came out at that instant, and asked me, if I did not chuse a dish of chocolate?

I wish, Mrs. Sinclair, said I, you would take this man in with you to your chocolate. I don't know whether I am at liberty to stir out without his leave or not.

Then turning to him, I asked, If he kept me there his prisoner?

Dorcas just then bringing him his Sword and Hat, he opened the street-door, and taking my reluctant hand, led me, in a very obsequious manner, to the coach. People passing by, stopt, stared, and whispered---But he is so graceful in his person and dress, that he generally takes every eye.

I was uneasy to be so gazed at; and he stepped in after me, and the coachman drove to St. Paul's.

He was very full of assiduities all the way; while I was as reserved as possible: And when I returned, dined, as I had done the greatest part of the week, by myself.

He told me, upon my resolving to do so, that altho' he would continue his passive observance till I knew the issue of my application; yet I must expect, that *then* I should never rest one moment till I had fixed his happy day: For that his very soul was fretted with my slights, resentments, and delays.

A wretch! when I can say, to my infinite regret, on a *double* account, that all he complains of is owing to himself!

O that I may have good tidings from my Uncle!

Adieu, my dearest friend! --- This shall lie ready for an exchange (as I hope for one to-morrow from you) that will decide, as I may say, the destiny of

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER VI.

Miss HOWE, To Mrs. JUDITH NORTON.

Good Mrs. Norton, Thursday, May 11.

**C**ANNOT you, without naming me as an adviser, who am hated by the family, contrive a way to let

let Mrs. Harlowe know, that in an accidental conversation with me, you had been assured, that my beloved friend pines after a Reconciliation with her relations: That she has hitherto, in hopes of it, refused to enter into any obligation that shall be in the least an hindrance to it: That she would fain avoid giving Mr. Lovelace a right to make her family uneasy in relation to her Grandfather's Estate: That all she wishes for still, is to be indulged in her choice of a Single Life, and, on that condition, would make her Father's pleasure hers with regard to that Estate: That Mr. Lovelace is continually pressing her to marry him; and all his friends likewise: But that I am sure, she has so little liking to the man, because of his faulty morals, and of the antipathy of her relations to him, that if she had any hope given her of a Reconciliation, she would forego all thoughts of him, and put herself into her father's protection. But that their resolution must be speedy; for otherwise she would find herself obliged to give way to his pressing intreaties; and it might then be out of her power to prevent disagreeable litigations.

I do assure you, Mrs. Norton, upon my honour, that our dearest friend knows nothing of this procedure of mine: And therefore it is proper to acquaint you, in confidence, with my grounds for it.—These are they:

She had desired me to let Mr. Hickman drop hints to the above effect to her Uncle Harlowe; but indirectly as from *himself*, lest, if the application should not be attended with success, and Mr. Lovelace (who already takes it ill, that he has so little of her favour) come to know it, she may be deprived of every protection, and be perhaps subjected to great inconveniences from so haughty a spirit.

Having this authority from her; and being very solicitous about the success of the application, I thought, that if the weight of so good a Wife, Mother,

and Sister, as Mrs. Harlowe is known to be, were thrown into the same scale, with that of Mr. John Harlowe (supposing he *could* be engaged) it could hardly fail of making a due impression.

Mr. Hickman will see Mr. John Harlowe to-morrow: By that time you may see Mrs. Harlowe. If Mr. Hickman finds the old gentleman favourable, he will tell him, that you will have seen Mrs. Harlowe upon the same account; and will advise him to join in consultation with her how best to proceed to melt the most obdurate hearts in the world.

This is the fair state of the matter, and my true motive for writing to you. I leave all therefore to your discretion; and most heartily wish success to it; being of opinion that Mr. Lovelace cannot possibly deserve our admirable friend: Nor indeed know I the man who can.

Pray acquaint me by a line of the result of your interposition. If it prove not such as may be reasonably hoped for, our dear friend shall know nothing of this step from me; and pray let her not from you. For, in that case, it would only give deeper grief to a heart already too much afflicted. I am, dear and worthy Mrs. Norton,

*Your true Friend,*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER VII.

*Mrs. NORTON, To Miss HOWE.*

*Dear Madam,*

*Saturday, May 13.*

**M**Y heart is almost broken to be obliged to let you know, that such is the situation of things in the family of my ever-dear Miss Harlowe, that there can be at present no success expected from any application in her favour. Her poor Mother is to be pitied. I have a most affecting Letter from her; but must not communicate it to you; and she forbids me to let it be

be known that she writes upon the subject; although she is compelled, as it were, to do it, for the ease of her own heart. I mention it therefore in confidence.

I hope in God that my beloved young Lady has preserved her honour inviolate. I hope there is not a man breathing, who could attempt a sacrilege so detestable. I have no apprehension of a failure in a virtue so established. God for ever keep so pure a heart out of the reach of surprizes and violence! Ease, dear Madam, I beseech you, my over-anxious heart, by one line, by the bearer, altho' but by one line, to acquaint me (as surely you can) that her honour is unfulfilled.—If it be not, adieu to all the comforts this life can give: Since none will it be able to afford

*To the poor* JUDITH NORTON.

## LETTER VIII.

*Miss Howe, To Mrs. JUDITH NORTON.*

*Dear good Woman, Saturday Evening, May 13.*

**Y**OUR Beloved's honour is inviolate! — *Must* be inviolate! And *will* be so, in spite of men and devils. Could I have had hope of a Reconciliation, all my view was, that she should not have had this man.—All that can be said now, is, She must run the risk of a bad husband: She, of whom no man living is worthy!

*You* pity her Mother—So do not *I*! I pity no Mother, that puts it out of her power to shew maternal Love, and Humanity, in order to patch up for herself a precarious and sorry quiet which every blast of wind shall disturb.

I hate tyrants in every form and shape: But paternal and maternal tyrants are the worst of all: For they can have no bowels.

I repeat, that I pity *none* of them. Our beloved friend *only* deserves pity. She had never been in the hands of this man, but for them. She is quite blame-

less. You don't know all her Story. Were I to tell you that she had no intention to go off with this man, it would avail her nothing. It would only serve to condemn with those who drove her to extremities, *him*, who now must be her refuge. I am

*Your sincere Friend and Servant,*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER IX.

*Mrs. HARLOWE, To Mrs. NORTON.*

[*Not communicated till the Letters came to be collected.*]

*Saturday, May 13.*

I Return an answer in writing, as I promised, to your communication. But take no notice either to my Bella's Betty (who I understand sometimes visits you) or to the poor wretch herself, nor to anybody, that I do write. I charge you don't. My heart is full: Writing may give some vent to my griefs, and perhaps I may write what lies most upon my heart, without confining myself strictly to the present subject.

You know how dear this ingrateful creature ever was to us all. You know how sincerely we joined with every one of those who ever had seen her, or conversed with her, to praise and admire her; and exceeded in our praise even the bounds of that modesty, which, because she was our own, should have restrained us; being of opinion, that to have been silent in the praise of so apparent a merit, must rather have argued blindness or affectation in us, than that we should incur the censure of vain partiality to our own.

When therefore any-body congratulated us on such a daughter, we received their congratulations without any diminution. If it was said, You are happy in this child; we owned, that no parents ever were happier in a child. If more particularly, they praised her  
dutiful

dutiful behaviour to us, we said, She knew not how to offend. If it was said, Miss Clarissa Harlowe has a wit and penetration beyond her years; we, instead of disallowing it, would add — And a judgment no less extraordinary than her wit. If her prudence was praised, and a *forethought*, which every one saw supplied what only *years* and *experience* gave to others; Nobody need to scruple taking lessons from Clarissa Harlowe, was our proud answer.

Forgive me, O forgive me, my dear Norton—But I know you will; for yours, when good, was this child, and your glory as well as mine.

But have you not heard strangers, as she passed to and from church, stop to praise the angel of a creature, as they called her; when it was enough for those who knew who she was, to cry, *Why, it is Miss Clarissa Harlowe!*—As if every-body were obliged to know, or to have heard of Clarissa Harlowe, and of her excellencies. While, *accustomed to praise*, it was too *familiar to her*, to cause her to alter either her look or her pace.

For my own part, I could not stifle a pleasure, that had perhaps a faulty vanity for its foundation, whenever I was spoken of, or addressed to, as the mother of so sweet a child: Mr. Harlowe and I, all the time, loving each other the better for the share each had in such a daughter.

Still, still, indulge the fond, the overflowing heart of a Mother! I could dwell for ever upon the remembrance of what she *was*, would but that remembrance banish from my mind what she *is!*

In *her* bosom, young as she was, could I repose all my griefs—Sure of receiving from *her* prudence advice as well as comfort; and both insinuated in so humble, in so dutiful a manner, that it was impossible to take those exceptions which the distance of years and character between a mother and a daughter, would have made one apprehensive of from any other daughter.

daughter. She was our glory when abroad, our delight when at home. Every-body was even covetous of her company; and we grudged her to our Brothers Harlowe, and to our Sister and Brother Hervey—No other contention among us, then, but who should be next favoured by her. No chiding ever knew she from us, but the chiding of Lovers, when she was for shutting herself up too long together from us, in pursuit of those charming amusements and useful employments, for which, however, the whole family was the better.

Our other children had reason (good children as they always were) to think themselves neglected. But they likewise were so sensible of their Sister's superiority, and of the honour she reflected upon the whole family, that they confessed themselves eclipsed, without envying the eclipser. Indeed there was not any-body so equal with her, in their own opinions, as to envy what all aspired but to emulate. The dear creature you know, my Norton, gave an eminence to us all!

Then her acquirements. Her skill in music, her fine needleworks, her elegance in dress; for which she was so much admired, that the neighbouring Ladies used to say, that they need not fetch fashions from London; since whatever Miss Clarissa Harlowe wore, was the *best* fashion, because her choice of *natural* beauties set those of *Art* far behind them. Her genteel ease, and fine turn of person; her deep reading; and these, joined to her open manners, and her cheerful modesty—O my good Norton, what a sweet child was *once* my Clary Harlowe!

This, and more, you knew her to be: For many of her excellencies were owing to yourself; and with the milk you gave her, you gave her what no other nurse in the world could give her.

And do you think, my worthy woman, do you think, that the wilful lapse of such a child is to be for-

forgiven? Can she herself think, that she deserves not the severest punishment for the abuse of such talents as were entrusted to her?

Her fault was a fault of premeditation, of cunning, of contrivance. She has deceived every-body's expectations. Her whole Sex, as well as the family she sprung from, is disgraced by it.

Would any-body ever have believed, that such a young creature as this, who had by her advice saved even her over-lively friend from marrying a fop, and a libertine, would herself have gone off with one of the vilest and most notorious of libertines? A man whose character she knew; and knew it to be worse than the character of him from whom she saved her friend; a man whom she was warned against: One who had had her Brother's life in his hands; and who constantly set our whole family at defiance.

Think for me, my good Norton; think what my unhappiness must be, both as a wife and a mother. What restless days, what sleepless nights; yet my own rankling anguish endeavoured to be smoothed over, to soften the anguish of fiercer spirits, and to keep them from blazing out to further mischief. O this naughty, naughty girl! who *knew* so well what she did; and who could look so far into consequences, that we thought she would have died, rather than have done as she has done!

Her known character for prudence leaves her absolutely without excuse. How then can I offer to plead for her, if, thro' motherly indulgence, I would forgive her myself? — And have we not, moreover, suffered all the disgrace that *can* befall us? Has not she?

If *now*, she has so little liking to his morals, had she not reason *before* to have *as* little? Or has she suffered by them in her own person? — O my good woman, I doubt — I doubt — Will not the character of

the man make one doubt an angel, if once in his power? The world will think the worst. I am told it *does*. So likewise her Father fears; her Brother hears; and what can I do?

Our *antipathy* to him she knew before, as well as his character. These therefore cannot be *new motives* without a *new reason*.—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how shall I, how can you, support ourselves under the apprehensions to which these thoughts lead!

*He continually pressing her, you say, to marry him. His friends likewise.* She has reason, no doubt she has reason, for this application to us: And her crime is glossed over, to bring her to us with new disgrace!—Whither, whither, does one guilty step lead the misguided heart!—And now truly, to save a stubborn spirit, we are only to be *founded*, that the application may be occasionally retracted or denied!

Upon the whole: Were I inclined to plead for her, it is *now* the most improper of all times. *Now* that my Brother Harlowe has discouraged (as he last night came hither on purpose to tell us) Mr. Hickman's insinuated application; and been applauded for it. *Now*, that my Brother Antony is intending to carry his great fortune, thro' her fault, into another family:—She expecting, no doubt, herself, to be put into her Grandfather's Estate, in consequence of a reconciliation, and as a reward for her fault: And insisting still upon the same terms which she offered before, and which were rejected—Not thro' my fault, I am sure, rejected!

From all these things, you will return such an answer as the case requires. It might cost me the peace of my whole life, at this time, to move for her. God forgive her! If I do, nobody else will. And let it, for your own sake, as well as mine, be a secret that you and I have entered upon this subject. And I desire you not to touch upon it again but by particular per-

permission: For, O my dear good woman, it sets my heart a-bleeding in as many streams as there are veins in it!

Yet think me not impenetrable by a proper contrition and remorse.—But what a torment is it to have a will without a power!

Adieu! adieu! God give us both comfort; and to the once dear---the ever-dear creature (for can a mother forget her child?) repentance, deep repentance! And as little suffering as may besit His blessed will, and her grievous fault, prays

*Your real Friend,*

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

## LETTER X.

*Miss* HOWE, To *Miss* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

*Sunday, May 14.*

**H**OW it is now, my dear, between you and Mr. Lovelace, I cannot tell. But wicked as the man is, I am afraid he must be your Lord and Master.

I called him by several very hard names in my last. I had but just heard of some of his vilenesses, when I sat down to write; so my indignation was raised. But on inquiry, and recollection, I find that the facts laid to his charge were all of them committed some time ago---not since he has had *strong* hopes of your favour.

This is saying something for him. His generous behaviour to the Innkeeper's daughter, is a more recent instance to his credit; to say nothing of the universal good character he has as a kind Landlord. And then I approve much of the motion he made to put you in possession of Mrs. Fretchville's house, while he continues at the other widow's, till you agree that one house shall hold you. I wish this were done. Be sure you embrace this offer, if you do not soon

soon meet at the Altar, and get one of his Cousins with you.

Were you once married, I should think you cannot be *very* unhappy, tho' you may not be so happy with him as you deserve to be. The stake he has in his country, and his reversions; the care he takes of his affairs; his freedom from obligation; nay, his pride, with your merit, must be a tolerable security for you, I should think. Tho' particulars of his wickedness, as they come to my knowledge, hurt and incense me; yet, after all, when I give myself time to reflect, all that I have heard of him to his disadvantage was comprehended in the general character given of him long ago, by Lord M's and his own dismissed bailiff (a), and which was confirmed to me by Mrs. Fortescue, as I heretofore told you (b), and to you by Mrs. Greme (c).

You can have nothing therefore, I think, to be deeply concerned about, but his future good, and the bad example he may hereafter set to his own family. These indeed are very just concerns: But were you to leave him now, either *with* or *without* his consent, his fortune and alliances so considerable, his person and address so engaging (every-one excusing you now on those accounts, and because of your relations follies) it would have a very ill appearance for your reputation. I cannot therefore, on the most deliberate consideration, advise you to think of that, while you have no reason to doubt his honour. May eternal vengeance pursue the villain if he give room for an apprehension of this nature!

Yet his teasing ways are intolerable: His acquiescence with your slight delays, and his resignedness to the distance you now keep him at (for a fault so much slighter as he must think, than the punishment) are unaccountable: He doubts your Love of him, that is very probable; but you have reason to

be surpris'd at *his* want of ardour ; a Blessing so great within his *reach*, as I may say.

By the time you have read to this place, you will have no doubt of what has been the issue of the conference between the *Two Gentlemen*. I am equally shocked, and enraged against them All. Against them *All*, I say ; for I have tried your good Norton's weight with your Mother (tho' at first I did not intend to tell you so) to the same purpose as the gentleman sounded your Uncle. Never were there such determined brutes in the world ! Why should I mince the matter ? Yet would I fain methinks make an exception for your Mother.

Your Uncle will have it, that you are ruined. ' He can believe every-thing bad of a creature, he says, ' who could run away with a man : with such a one ' especially as Lovelace. They all *expected* applications ' from you, when some heavy distress had fallen upon ' you. But they are all resolved not to stir an inch in ' your favour ; no, not to save your life !

My dearest soul ! resolve to assert your right. Claim your own, and go and live upon it, as you ought. Then, if you marry not, how will the wretches creep to you, for your reversionary dispositions !

You were accused (as in your Aunt's Letter) ' of ' premeditation and contrivance in your escape.' Instead of pitying *you*, the mediating person was called upon ' to pity *them* ; who once, your Uncle said, doted ' upon you : Who took no joy but in your presence : ' Who devoured your words as you spoke them : Who ' trod over again your footsteps, as you walked before ' them.'—And I know not what of this sort.

Upon the whole, it is now evident to me, and so it must be to you, when you read this Letter, that you must be his. And the sooner you are so the better. Shall we suppose that marriage is not in your power ?—I cannot have patience to suppose that.

I am

I am concerned, methinks, to know how you will do to condescend (now you see you must be his) after you have kept him at such a distance; and for the revenge his pride may put him upon taking for it. But let me tell you, that if my going up, and shareing fortunes with you, will prevent such a noble creature from stooping too low; much more, were it likely to prevent your ruin; I would not hesitate a moment about it. What is the whole world to me, weighed against such a friend as you are? Think you, that any of the enjoyments of this life, could be enjoyments to me, were you involved in calamities, from which I could either alleviate or relieve you, by giving up those enjoyments? And what in saying this, and acting up to it, do I offer you, but the fruits of a friendship your worth has created?

Excuse my warmth of *expression*. The warmth of my *heart* wants none. I am enraged at your relations; for, bad as what I have mentioned is, I have not told you all; nor now, perhaps, ever will. I am angry at my own Mother's narrowness of mind, and at her indiscriminate adherence to old notions. And I am exasperated against your foolish, your *low-vanity'd* Lovelace. But let us stoop to take the wretch as he is, and make the best of him, since you are destined to stoop, to keep grovelers and worldlings in countenance. He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you. Nor *dare* he.—Not so much of a devil as that comes to neither. Had he such villainous intentions, so much in his power as you are, they would have shewn themselves before now to such a penetrating and vigilant eye, and to such a pure heart as yours. Let us save the wretch then, if we can, tho' we soil our fingers in lifting him up from his dirt.

There is yet, to a person of your fortune and independence, a good deal to do, if you enter upon those terms which *ought* to be entered upon. I don't find, that he has once talked of Settlements; nor yet of the  
Licence.

Licence. A foolish wretch!—But as your evil destiny has thrown you out of all other protection and mediation, you must be Father, Mother, Uncle to yourself; and enter upon the requisite points for yourself. It is hard upon you; but indeed you must. Your situation requires it. *What room for delicacy now?* Or would you have *me* write to him? Yet that would be the same thing, as if you were to write yourself. Yet write you should, I think, if you cannot speak. But speaking is certainly best: For words leave no traces; they pass as breath; and mingle with air; and may be explained with latitude. But the pen is a witness on record.

I know the gentleness of your spirit; I know the laudable pride of your heart; and the just notion you have of the dignity of our Sex, in these delicate points. But once more, all this is nothing now: Your honour is concerned that the dignity I speak of, should not be stood upon.

‘Mr. Lovelace,’ would I say; yet hate the foolish fellow, for his low, his stupid pride, in wishing to triumph over the dignity of his own wife;—‘I am by your means deprived of every friend I have in the world. In what light am I to look upon *you*? I have well considered of every thing. You have made some people, much against my liking, think *me* a *wife*: Others know I am *not* married; nor do I desire any body should believe I *am*. Do you think your being here in the same house with me can be to my reputation? You talk to me of Mrs. Fretchville’s house.’ This will bring him to renew his last discourse on that subject, if he does not revive it of himself. ‘If Mrs. Fretchville knows not her own mind, what is her house to me? You talked of bringing up your Cousin Montague to bear me company: If my Brother’s schemes be your pretence for not going yourself to *fetch her*, you can *write* to her. I insist upon bringing these two points to an issue: Off or on, ought to be indifferent to *me*, if so to *them*.”

Such

Such a declaration must bring all forward. There are twenty ways, my dear, that you would find out for another in your circumstances. He will disdain, from his native insolence, to have it thought he has *any-body* to consult. Well then, will he not be obliged to declare himself? And if he *does*, no delays on your side, I beseech you. Give him the day. Let it be a short one. It would be derogating from your own merit, and *honour* too, let me tell you, even altho' he should *not* be so explicit as he ought to be, to seem but to doubt his meaning; and to wait for that explanation for which I should for ever despise him, if he makes it necessary. Twice already have you, my dear, if not oftener, *modestly* d away such opportunities as you ought not to have slipt. As to Settlements, if they come not in naturally, e'en leave them to his own justice, and to the justice of his family. And there's an end of the matter.

This is *my* advice: Mend it as circumstances offer, and follow *your own*. But indeed, my dear, this, or something like it, would I do.

As witness

Your ANNA HOWE.

*Inclosed in the above.*

I Must trouble you with my concerns, tho' your own are so heavy upon you. A piece of news I have to tell you. Your Uncle Antony is disposed to marry. With *whom*, think you? With my Mother. True indeed. Your family know it. All is laid with redoubled malice at your door. And there the *old Soul* himself lays it.

Take no notice of this intelligence, not so much as in your Letters to me, for fear of accidents.

I think it can't do. But were I to provoke my Mother, that might afford a pretence. Else, I should have been with you before now, I fancy.

The first likelihood that appears to me of encouragement, I dismiss Hickman, that's certain. If my

Mother

Mother disoblige me in so important an article, I shan't think of obliging her in such another. It is impossible, surely, that the desire of *popping me off* to that honest man can be with such a view.

I repeat, that it cannot come to any thing. But these *widows*---Then such a love in us all, both old and young, of being courted and admired!---And so irresistible to their *Elderships* to be flattered that all power is not over with them; but that they may still class and prank it with their daughters.---It vexed me heartily to have her tell me of this proposal with self-complaisant simperings; and yet she affected to speak of it, as if she had no intention to encourage it.

These antiquated bachelors (old before they believe themselves to be so) imagine, that when they have once persuaded *themselves* to think of the State, they have nothing more to do than to make their minds known to the woman.

Your Uncle's overgrown fortune is indeed a bait; a tempting one. A saucy daughter to be got rid of! The memory of the Father of that daughter not precious enough to weigh much!---But let him advance if he dare---Let her encourage---But I hope she won't.

Excuse me, my dear. I am nettled. They have *fearfully rumpled my gorget*. You'll think me faulty. So I won't put my name to this separate paper. Other hands may resemble mine. You did not see me write it.

## L E T T E R X I.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.

*Monday Afternoon, May 15.*

NOW indeed, it is evident, my best, my only friend, that I have but one choice to make. And now do I find, that I have carried my resentment against this man too far; since now I am to appear as if under an obligation to his patience with me for a conduct, which perhaps he will think, (if not but-  
mourfome

mourfome and childish) plainly demonstrative of my little esteem of him ; of but a *secondary* esteem at least, where before, his pride rather than his merit, had made him expect a *first*. O my dear ! to be cast upon a man, that is not a *generous* man ; that is indeed a *cruel* man ! A man that is capable of creating a distress to a young creature, who by her evil destiny is thrown into his power ; and then of *enjoying* it, as I may say ! (I verily think I may say so, of this savage ! ) — What a fate is mine !

You give me, my dear, good advice, as to the peremptory manner in which I ought to treat him : But do you consider to *whom* it is that you give it. — And then should I take it, and should he be capable of delay, I unprotected, desolate, no-body to fly to, in what a wretched light must I stand in his eyes ; and, what is still as bad, in my own ! O my dear, see you not, *as I do*, that the *occasion* for this my ingelicate, my shocking situation, should never have been given by *me*, of all creatures ; since I am unequal, utterly unequal to the circumstances to which my inconsideration has reduced me ! What, *I*, to challenge a man for a husband ! — *I*, to exert myself to quicken the delayer in his resolutions ! And, having as you think lost an opportunity, to begin to try to recal it, as *from myself*, and *for myself* ! To *threaten* him, as I may say, into the Marriage State ! — O my dear ! if this be right to be done, how difficult is it, where Modesty and Self (or where Pride if you please) is concerned, to do that right ? Or, to express myself in your words, to be Father, Mother, Uncle, to myself ! — Especially where one thinks a triumph over one is intended.

You say, you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my Mother. — Bad as the returns are which my application by Mr. Hickman has met with, you tell me, 'that you have not acquainted me with all the bad ; ' nor now, perhaps, ever will.' But why so, my dear ? What is the bad, what *can* be the bad, which now you will

will never tell me of? — What worse, than renounce me! and for ever! ‘My Uncle, you say, believes me ruined: He declares, that he can believe every thing bad of a creature who could run away with a man: And they have all made a resolution, not to stir an inch in my favour; no, not to save my life.’---Have you worse than this, my dear, behind?---Surely my Father has not renewed his dreadful malediction! ---Surely, if so, my Mother has not joined in it! Have my Uncles given it their sanction, and made it a family act! What, my dear, is the worst, that you will leave for ever unrevealed?

O Lovelace! why comest thou not just now, while these black prospects are before me! For now, couldst thou look into my heart, wouldst thou see a distress worthy of thy barbarous triumph!



I was forced to quit my pen.

And you say you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my Mother?

What is done cannot be remedied: But I wish you had not taken a step of this importance to me without first consulting me. Forgive me, my dear; but I must tell you that that high-soul'd and noble friendship, which you have ever avowed with so obliging and so uncommon a warmth, altho it has been always the subject of my grateful admiration, has been often the ground of my apprehension, because of its unbridled fervor.

Well, but now to look forward, you are of opinion that I must be his: And that I cannot leave him with reputation to myself, whether with or without his consent. I must, if so, make the best of the bad matter.

He went out in the morning; intending not to return to dinner, unless (as he sent me word) I would admit him to dine with me.

I excused myself. The man, whose anger is now to be of such high importance to me, was, it seems, displeased.

As

As he (as well as I) expected, that I should receive a Letter from you this day by Collins, I suppose he will not be long before he returns; and then, possibly, he is to be mighty stately, mighty *mannish*, mighty *coy*, if you please! And then must I be very humble, very submissive, and try to insinuate myself into his good graces: With downcast eye, if not by speech, beg his forgiveness for the distance I have so perversely kept him at!---Yes, I warrant!---But I shall see how this behaviour will sit upon me!---You have always railied me upon my meekness, I think: Well then, I will try, if I can be still meeker, shall I!---O my dear!---

But let me sit with my hands before me, all patience, all resignation; for I think I hear him coming up. Or shall I roundly accost him, in the words, in the form, which you, my dear, have prescribed?

He is come in. He has sent to me, all impatience, as Dorcas says, by his aspect.--But I cannot, cannot see him!

*Munday Night.*

THE contents of your Letter, and my own heavy reflections, rendered me incapable of seeing this expecting man. The first word he asked Dorcas, was, If I had received a Letter since he had been out? She told me this; and her answer, that I had; and was fasting, and had been in tears ever since.

He sent to desire an Interview with me.

I answered by her, That I was not very well. In the morning, if better, I would see him as soon as he pleased.

*Very humble!* was it not, my dear? Yet he was *too royal* to take it for humility; for Dorcas told me, he rubbed one side of his face impatiently; and said a rash word, and was out of humour; stalking about the room.

Half an hour after, he sent again; desiring very earnestly, that I would admit him to supper with me.

He

He would enter upon no subjects of conversation, but what I should lead to.

So I should have been at *liberty*, you see, to court him!

I again desired to be excused.

Indeed, my dear, my eyes were swelled: I was very low-spirited; and could not think of entering all at once, after the distance I had kept him at for several days, into the freedom of conversation which the utter rejection I have met with from my relations, as well as your advice, have made necessary.

He sent up to tell me, that as he heard I was fasting, if I would promise to eat some chicken which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered for supper, he would acquiesce.—*Very kind in his anger!—Is he not?*

I promised that I would. Can I be more *preparatively* condescending?—How happy, I'll warrant, if I may meet him in a *kind* and *forgiving* humour!

I hate myself!—But I won't be insulted—Indeed I won't, for all this.

## LETTER XII.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.

*Tuesday, May 16.*

I Think once more, we seem to be in a kind of train; but through a storm. I will give you the particulars.

I heard him in the dining-room at five in the morning. I had rested very ill, and was up too. But opened not my door till six: When Dorcas brought me his request for my company.

He approached me, and taking my hand, as I entered the dining-room, I went not to bed, Madam, till two, said he, yet slept not a wink. For God's sake, torment me not, as you have done for a week past.

He paused. I was silent.

At first, proceeded he, I thought your resentment of a curiosity, in which I had been disappointed, could  
not

not be deep ; and that it would go off of itself : But when I found, it was to be kept up till you knew the success of some new overtures which you had made, and which complied with, might have deprived me of you for ever ; how, Madam, could I support myself under the thoughts of having, with such an union of interests, made so little impression upon your mind in my favour ?

He paused again. I was still silent. He went on.

I acknowledge that I have a *proud heart*, Madam. I cannot but hope for some instances of previous and preferable favour from the Lady I am ambitious to call mine ; and that her choice of me should not appear, not *flagrantly* appear, directed by the perverseness of her selfish persecutors, who are my irreconcilable enemies.

More to the same purpose he said. You know, my dear, the room he had given me to recriminate upon him in twenty instances. I did not spare him.

Every one of these instances, said I (after I had enumerated them) convinces me of your *pride* indeed, Sir, but not of your *merit*. I confess, that I have as much *pride* as you can have, altho' I hope it is of another kind than that you so readily avow. But if, Sir, you have the least mixture in yours, of that pride which may be expected, and thought laudable, in a Man of your birth, alliances, and fortune, you should rather wish, I will presume to say, to promote what you call my pride, than either to suppress it, or to regret that I have it. It is this my acknowledged pride, proceeded I, that induces me to tell you, Sir, that I think it beneath me to disown what have been my motives for declining, for some days past, any conversation with you, or visit from Mr. Mennell, that might lead to points out of my power to determine upon, until I heard from my Uncle Harlowe ; whom, I confess, I have caused to be sounded, whether I might be favoured with his interest, to obtain for me a Reconciliation with

with my friends, upon terms which I had caused to be proposed.

I know not, said he, and suppose must not presume to ask, what these terms were. But I can but too well guess at them; and that I was to have been the preliminary Sacrifice. But you must allow me, Madam, to say, That as much as I admire the nobleness of your sentiments in general, and in particular that *laudable pride* which you have spoken of; I wish that I could compliment you with such an *uniformity* in it, as had set you as much above all submission to minds implacable and unreasonable (I hope I may, without offence, say, that your Brother's and Sister's are such) as it has above all favour and condescension to me.

*Duty* and *Nature*, Sir, call upon me to make the Submissions you speak of: There is a Father, there is a Mother, there are Uncles in the one case, to justify and demand those Submissions—What, pray, Sir, can be pleaded for the *Condescension*, as you call it?—Will you say, your Merits, either with regard to *them*, or to *myself*, may?

This, Madam, to be said, after the persecutions of those relations! After what you have suffered! After what you have made me hope! Let me, my dearest creature, ask you (we have been talking of *pride*) What sort of pride must *his* be, which can dispense with inclination and preference in the Lady whom he adores?—What must be that Love—

*Love*, Sir! who talks of *Love*?—Was not *Merit* the thing we were talking of?—Have I ever professed, have I ever required of *you* professions of a passion of that nature?—But there is no end of these debates; each *so* faultless, each *so* full of self—

I do not think myself *faultless*, Madam:—But—

But what, Sir!—Would you evermore argue with me, as if you were a child?—Seeking palliations, and making promises?—Promises of what, Sir? Of

being in future the man it is a shame a gentleman is not?---Of being the man---

Good God! interrupted he, with eyes lifted up, if *thou* wert to be thus severe---

Well, well, Sir, (impatiently) I need only to observe, that all this vast difference in sentiments shews how unpaired our minds are---So let us---

Let us, *what*, Madam!--My soul is rising into tumults! And he looked so wildly, that I was a good deal terrified---Let us *what*, Madam---

I was, however, resolved not to desert myself---Why, Sir, let us resolve to quit every regard for each other---Nay, flame not out---I am a poor weak-minded creature in some things: But where what I *should be*, or not deserve to live, if I *am not*, is in the question, I have great and invincible spirit, or my own conceit betrays me---Let us resolve to quit every regard for each other that is more than civil. *This* you may depend upon; I will never marry any other man. I have seen enough of your Sex; at least of *You*.---A Single Life shall ever be *my* choice---While I will leave you at liberty to pursue *your own*.

Indifference, *worse* than indifference! said he, in a passion---

Interrupting him---Indifference let it be---You have not (in *my* opinion at least) deserved that it should be other: If you have in *your own*, you have cause (at least your *pride* has) to hate me for misjudging you.

Dearest, dearest creature! snatching my hand with fierceness, let me beseech you to be *uniformly* noble! *Civil regards*, Madam!--*Civil regards*!--Can you so expect to narrow and confine such a passion as mine!

Such a passion as yours, Mr. Lovelace, *deserves* to be narrowed and confined. It is either the passion you do not think it, or *I* do not. I question whether your mind is capable of being *so* narrowed and *so* widened, as is necessary to make it be what I wish it to be. Lift up your hands and your eyes, Sir, in silent wonder,

wonder, if you please: But what does that wonder express, what does it convince me of, but that we are not born for one another?

By my Soul, said he, and grasped my hand with an eagerness that hurt it, we *were* born for one another: You *must* be mine — You *shall* be mine (and put his other arm round me) altho' my damnation were to be the purchase!

I was still more terrified — Let me leave you, Mr. Lovelace, said I; or do you be gone from me. Is the passion you boast of, to be thus shockingly demonstrated?

You must not go, Madam! — You must not leave me in anger —

I will return — I will return — When you can be less violent — less shocking.

And he let me go.

The man quite frightened me; insomuch that when I got into my chamber, I found a sudden flow of tears a great relief to me.

In half an hour, he sent a little billet, expressing his concern for the vehemence of his behaviour, and praying to see me.

I went. Because I could not help myself, I went.

He was full of his excuses. — O my dear, what would you, even *you*, do with such a man as this; and in my situation?

It was very possible for him now, he said, to account for the workings of a beginning phrensy. For his part, he was near distraction. All last week to suffer as he had suffered; and now to talk of *Civil Regards* only, when he had hoped from the nobleness of my mind —

Hope what you will, interrupted I; I must insist upon it, that our minds are by no means suited to each other. You have brought me into difficulties. I am deserted of every friend but Miss Howe. My true sentiments I will not conceal. — It is against my will, that

that I must submit to owe protection from a Brother's projects, which Miss Howe thinks are not given over, to you, who have brought me into these streights; *not* with my own concurrence brought me into them; remember that ---

I do remember that, Madam! --- So often reminded, how can I forget it? ---

Yet I *will* owe to you this protection, if it be necessary, in the earnest hope, that you will *shun* rather than *seek* mischief, if any further inquiry after me be made. But what hinders you from leaving me? --- Cannot I send to you? The Widow Fretchville, it is plain, knows not her own mind: The people here indeed are more civil to me every day than other: But I had rather have lodgings more agreeable to my circumstances. I best know what will suit them; and am resolved not to be obliged to any body. If you leave me, I will privately retire to some one of the neighbouring villages, and there, wait my Cousin Morden's arrival with patience.

I presume, Madam, replied he, from what you have said, that your application to Harlowe-place has proved unsuccessful: I therefore hope, that you will now give me leave to mention the terms in the nature of Settlements, which I have long intended to propose to you; and which having till now delayed to do, thro' accidents not proceeding from myself, I had thoughts of urging to you *the moment you entered upon your new house*; and upon your finding yourself as independent in *appearance* as you are in *fact*. Permit me, Madam, to propose these matters to you --- Not with an expectation of your *immediate answer*; but for your *consideration*.

Were not hesitation, a self-felt glow, a downcast eye, encouragement more than enough? And yet, you will observe (as I now do on recollection) that he was in no great hurry to solicit for a *Day*; since he had no thoughts of proposing Settlements, till I had

got

got into my new house; and now, in his great Complaisance to me, he desired leave to propose his Terms, not with an Expectation of my *immediate answer*; but for my *consideration* only---Yet, my dear, your advice was too much in my head at this time. I hesitated.

He urged on upon my silence: He would call God to witness to the justice, nay to the *generosity* of his intentions to me, if I would be so good as to hear what he had to propose to me, as to Settlements.

Could not the man have fallen into the subject without this *parade*? Many a point, you know, *is* refused, and *ought to be* refused, if leave be asked to introduce it; and when *once* refused, the refusal must in honour be adhered to---Whereas, had it been *slid* in upon one, as I may say, it might have merited further consideration. If such a man as Mr. Lovelace knows not this, who should?

As he then kept at a greater distance than I thought there was occasion for, and gazed in my face very confidently, as if to dash me, I thought myself obliged, tho' not to depart from this subject intirely, yet, to give it a more diffuse turn; in order, on the one hand, to save myself the mortification of appearing too ready in my compliance, after such a distance as had been between us; and on the other, to avoid (in pursuance of your advice) the necessity of giving him such a repulse, as might again throw us out of the course.

A cruel alternative to be reduced to!

You talk of *Generosity*, Mr. Lovelace, said I; and you talk of *Justice*; perhaps without having considered the force of the words, in the sense you use them on this occasion.---Let me tell you what *Generosity* is, in my sense of the word--TRUE GENEROSITY is not confined to pecuniary instances: It is *more* than politeness: It is *more* than good faith: It is *more* than honour: It is *more* than *justice*: Since all these are but duties, and what a worthy mind cannot dispense with.

But TRUE GENEROSITY is Greatness of Soul. It incites us to do more by a fellow-creature, than can be strictly required of us. It obliges us to hasten to the relief of an object that wants relief; anticipating even such a one's hope or expectation. Generosity, Sir, will not surely permit a worthy mind to doubt of its honourable and beneficent intentions: Much less will it allow itself to shock, to offend any one; and, least of all, a person thrown by adversity, mishap, or accident, into its protection.

What an opportunity had he to clear his intentions, had he been so disposed, from the *latter part* of this home observation? --- But he run away with the *first*, and kept to that.

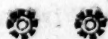
Admirably defined! he said.---But who at this rate, Madam, can be said to be *generous* to you? --- Your *Generosity* I implore; while *Justice*, as it must be my sole merit, shall be my aim. Never was there a woman of such nice and delicate sentiments!

It is a reflection upon yourself, Sir, and upon the company you have kept, if you think these notions either nice or delicate. Thousands of my Sex are more nice than I; for they would have avoided the devious path I have been surprized into: The consequences of which surprize have laid me under the sad necessity of telling a man, *who has not delicacy enough to enter into those parts of the female character which are its glory and distinction*, what True Generosity is.

His divine monitress, he called me. He would endeavour to form his manners (as he had often promised) by my example. But he hoped I would now permit him to mention briefly the *Justice* he proposed to do me, in the terms of the Settlements; a subject so proper, *before now*, to have been entered upon; and which would have been entered upon long ago, had not my *frequent displeasure* [*I am ever in fault, my dear!*] taken from him the *opportunity* he had often wished for: But now having ventured to lay hold of *this*, nothing should divert him from improving it. I

I have no spirits just now, Sir, to attend to such weighty points. What you have a mind to propose, write to me : And I shall know what answer to return. Only one thing let me remind you of, that if you touch upon any subject, in which my Father has a concern, I shall judge by your treatment of the Father, what value you have for the Daughter.

He *looked* as if he would chuse rather to speak than write : But had he *said* so, I had a severe return to have made upon him ; as possibly he might see by *my* looks.



In this way are we now : A sort of Calm, as I said, succeeding a Storm. What may happen next, whether a Storm or a Calm, with such a spirit as I have to deal with, who can tell ?

But be that as it will, I think, my dear, I am not *meanly* off : And that is a great point with me ; and which I know you will be glad to hear : If it were only, that I can see this man without losing any of that dignity (what other word can I use, speaking of *myself*, that betokens *decency*, and not *arrogance* ?) which is so necessary to enable me to look *up*, or rather with the *mind's* eye, I may say, to look *down* upon a man of this man's cast.

Altho' circumstances have so offered, that I could not take your advice as to the *manner* of dealing with him ; yet you gave me so much courage by it, as has enabled me to conduct things to this issue ; as well as determined me against leaving him : Which *before*, I was thinking to do, at all adventures. Whether, when it came to the point, I *should* have done so, or not, I cannot say, because it would have depended upon his behaviour at the time.

But let his behaviour be what it will, I am afraid, (with you) that, should any thing offer at last to oblige me to leave him, I shall not mend my situation in the world's eye ; but the contrary. And yet I will not

be treated by him with indignity while I have any power to help myself.

You, my dear, have accused me of having *modesty* *d-away*, as you phrase it, several opportunities of being -- Being what, my dear? -- Why, the Wife of a Libertine: And what a Libertine and his Wife are, my Cousin Morden's Letter tells us. --- Let me here, once for all, endeavour to account for the motives of my behaviour to this man, and for the principles I have proceeded upon, as they appear to me upon a close self-examination.

Be pleased then to allow me to think, that my motives on this occasion, arise not *altogether* from maidenly niceness; nor yet from the apprehension of what my present tormentor, and future husband, may think of a precipitate compliance, on such a disagreeable behaviour as his: But they arise principally from what offers to my own heart; respecting, as I may say, its own rectitude, its own judgment of the *Fit* and the *Unfit*; as I would, without study, answer for myself to myself, in the *first* place; to *him*, and to the *world*, in the *second* only. Principles, that *are* in my mind; that I *found* there; implanted, no doubt, by the first gracious Planter: Which therefore *impell* me, as I may say, to act up to them, that thereby I may, to the best of my judgment, be enabled to comport myself worthily in both States (the Single and the Married) let others act as they will by *me*.

I hope, my dear, I do not deceive myself, and, instead of setting about rectifying what is amiss in my heart, endeavour to find excuses for habits and peculiarities, which I am unwilling to cast off or overcome. The heart is very deceitful: Do you, my dear friend, lay mine open (*but surely it is always open before you!*) and spare me not, if you think it culpable.

This observation, once for all, as I said, I thought proper to make, to convince you, that, to the best of my judgment, my errors, in matters as well of the  
 lesser

lesser moment, as the greater, shall rather be the fault of my Understanding, than of my Will.

I am, my dearest friend,

*Your ever-obliged*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XIII.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE; To Miss HOWE.*

*Tuesday Night, May 16.*

**M**R. Lovelace has sent me, by Dorcas, his proposals, as follow :

‘ To spare a delicacy so extreme, and to obey you, I write : And the rather, that you may communicate this paper to Miss Howe, who may consult any of her friends you shall think proper to have intrusted on this occasion. I say, *intrusted* ; because, as you know, I have given it out to several persons, that we are actually married.

‘ In the first place, Madam, I offer to settle upon you, by way of jointure, your whole Estate. And moreover to vest in trustees such a part of mine in Lancashire, as shall produce a clear four hundred pounds a year, to be paid to your sole and separate use, quarterly.

‘ My own Estate is a clear not nominal 2000 *l. per annum*. Lord M. proposes to give me possession either of That which he has in Lancashire (to which, by the way, I think I have a better title than he has himself) or That we call *The Lawn* in Hertfordshire, upon my nuptials with a Lady whom he so greatly admires ; and to make That I shall chuse a clear 1000 *l. per annum*.

‘ My too great contempt of censure has subjected me to much slander. It may not therefore be improper to assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that no part of my Estate was ever mortgaged : And that altho’ I lived very expensively abroad, and

made large draughts, yet, that Midsummer-Day next will discharge all that I owe in the world. My notions are not all bad ones. I have been thought, in pecuniary cases, *generous*. It would have deserved *another* name, had I not first been *just*.

If, as your own Estate is at present in your Father's hands, you rather chuse that I should make a jointure out of mine, tantamount to yours, be it what it will, it shall be done. I will engage Lord M. to write to *you*, what he proposes to do on the happy occasion: Not as your desire or expectation, but to demonstrate, that no advantage is intended to be taken of the situation you are in with your own family.

To shew the beloved Daughter the consideration I have for her, I will consent, that she shall prescribe the terms of agreement in relation to the large sums, which must be in her Father's hands, arising from her Grandfather's Estate. I have no doubt, but he will be put upon making large demands upon you. All those it shall be in your power to comply with, for the sake of your own peace. And the remainder shall be paid into your hands, and be entirely at your disposal, as a fund to support those charitable donations, which I have heard you so famed for *out* of your family; and for which you have been so greatly reflected upon *in* it.

As to cloaths, jewels, and the like, against the time you shall chuse to make your appearance, it will be my pride, that you shall not be beholden for such of these as shall be answerable to the rank of both, to those who have had the stupid folly to renounce a daughter they deserved not. You must excuse me, Madam: You would mistrust my sincerity in the rest, could I speak of these people with less asperity, tho' so nearly related to you.

These, Madam, are my proposals. They are such as I always designed to make, whenever you  
would

' would permit me to enter into the delightful subject.  
 ' But you have been so determined to try every method for reconciling yourself to your relations, even  
 ' by giving me absolutely up for ever, that you have  
 ' seemed to think it but justice to keep me at a distance, till the event of that your *predominant* hope  
 ' could be seen. It is *now* seen!—And altho' I *have*  
 ' *been*, and perhaps still *am*, ready to regret the want  
 ' of that preference I wished for from you as Miss  
 ' Clarissa Harlowe; yet I am sure, as the husband of  
 ' Mrs. Lovelace, I shall be more ready to adore than  
 ' to blame you for the pangs you have given to a heart,  
 ' the generosity, or rather *justice* of which, my implacable enemies have taught you to doubt: And  
 ' this still the readier, as I am persuaded, that those  
 ' pangs never would have been given by a mind so  
 ' noble, had not the doubt been entertained (perhaps  
 ' with too great an appearance of reason) and as I  
 ' hope I shall have it to reflect, that the moment the  
 ' doubt shall be overcome, the indifference will cease.

' I will only add, that if I have omitted any thing,  
 ' that would have given you further satisfaction; or  
 ' if the above terms be short of what you would wish;  
 ' you will be pleased to supply them as you think fit.  
 ' And when I know your pleasure, I will instantly  
 ' order articles to be drawn up conformably; that nothing  
 ' in my power may be wanting to make you  
 ' happy.

' You will now, dearest Madam, judge, how far  
 ' all the rest depends upon yourself.'

You see, my dear, what he offers. You see it is  
 all my fault, that he has not made these offers before.  
 I am a strange creature!—To be to blame in *everything*,  
 and to *every-body*; yet neither intend the ill at  
 the time, nor know it to *be* the ill till too late, or so  
 nearly too late, that I must give up all the delicacy he  
 talks of, to compound for my fault!

*I shall now judge how far all the rest depends upon myself!* So coldly concludes he such warm, and, in the main, unobjectible proposals! Would you not, as you read, have supposed, that the paper would conclude with the most earnest demand of a Day? — I own, I had that expectation so strong, resulting *naturally*, as I may say, from the premises, that without studying for dissatisfaction, I could not help being dissatisfied when I came to the conclusion.

But you say there is no help. I must perhaps make *further* sacrifices. All delicacy it seems is to be at an end with me! — But if so, this man knows not what every *wise* man knows, that prudence, and virtue, and delicacy of mind in a *wife*, do the husband more *real* honour in the eye of the world, than the same qualities (were *she* destitute of them) in *himself*: As the *want* of them in her does him more *dis-honour*: For are not the wife's errors the husband's reproach? How *justly* his reproach, is another thing.

I will consider this paper; and write to it, if I am able: For it seems *now*, *all the rest depends upon myself*.

## L E T T E R   X I V .

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.*

*Wednesday Morning, May 17.*

**M**R. Lovelace would fain have engaged me last night. But as I was not prepared to enter upon the subject of his proposals (intending to consider them maturely) and was not highly pleased with his conclusion, I desired to be excused seeing him till morning; and the rather, as there is hardly any getting from him in tolerable time over-night.

Accordingly, about Seven o'clock we met in the dining-room.

I find, he was full of expectation that I should meet him

him with a very favourable, who knows but with a thankful aspect? And I immediately found by his swollen countenance that he was under no small disappointment that I did not.

My dearest Love, are you well? Why look you so solemn upon me? Will your indifference never be over? If I have proposed terms in any respect short of your expectation—

I told him, that he had very considerably mentioned my shewing his proposals to Miss Howe; and as I should have a speedy opportunity to send them to her by Collins, I desired to suspend any talk upon that subject till I had her opinion upon them.

Good God!—If there were but the least loop-hole; the least room for delay!—But he was writing a Letter to Lord M. to give him an account of his Situation with me, and could not finish it so satisfactorily, either to my Lord or to himself, as if I would condescend to say, whether the terms he had proposed were acceptable or not.

Thus far, I told him, I could say, That my principal point was peace and reconciliation with my relations. As to other matters, the genteelness of his own spirit would put him upon doing more for me than I should ask; or expect. Wherefore, if all he had to write about was to know what Lord M. would do on my account, he might spare himself the trouble; for that my utmost wishes as to myself, were much more easily gratified than he perhaps imagined.

He asked me then, If I would so far permit him to touch upon the happy Day, as to request the presence of Lord M. on the occasion, and to be my Father?

Father had a sweet and venerable sound with it, I said. I should be glad to have a Father who would own me!

Was not this plain speaking, think you, my dear? Yet it rather, I must own, appears so to me on reflection, than was designed freely at the time. For I then,

then, with a sigh from the bottom of my heart, thought of my *own Father* ; bitterly regretting, that I am an outcast from him and from my Mother.

Mr. Lovelace I thought seemed a little affected ; at the *manner* of my speaking, and perhaps at the sad reflection.

I am but a very young creature, Mr. Lovelace, said I (and wiped my eyes as I turned away my face) altho' you have *kindly*, and in *love to me*, introduced so much sorrow to me already : So you must not wonder, that the word *Father* strikes so sensibly upon the heart of a child ever dutiful till she knew you, and whose tender years still require the paternal wing.

He turned towards the window [Rejoice with me, my dear, since I seem to be devoted to him, that the man is not absolutely impenetrable !] His emotion was visible ; yet he endeavoured to suppress it. Approaching me again ; again he was obliged to turn from me ; Angelic something, he said : But then, obtaining a heart more *suitable* to his wish, he once more approached me.---For his own part, he said, as Lord M. was so subject to the gout, he was afraid, that the compliment he had just proposed to make him, might, if made, occasion a *longer suspension* than he could bear to think of : And if it did, it would vex him to the heart that he had made it.

I could not say a single word to this, you know, my dear. But you will guess at my thoughts of what he said—So much passionate Love, *lip-deep* ! So prudent, and so dutifully patient *at heart* to a relation he had till now so undutifully despised !—Why, why, am I thrown upon such a man, thought I !

He hesitated, as if contending with himself, and after taking a turn or two about the room, He was at a great loss what to determine upon, he said, because he had not the honour of knowing when he was to be made the happiest of men—Would to God it might that very instant be resolved upon !

He

He stopped a moment or two, staring in his usual confident way, in my downcast face [Did I not, O my beloved friend, think you, want a Father or a Mother just then?] But if he could not, so soon as he wished, procure my consent to a day; in that case, he thought the compliment might *as well* be made to Lord M. as *not*:—[See, my dear!] Since the Settlements might be drawn and ingrossed in the intervenient time, which would pacify his impatience, *as no time would be lost*.

You will suppose how *I* was affected by this speech, by repeating the substance of what *he* said upon it; as follows.

—But by his Soul, he knew not, so much was *I* upon the reserve, and so much latent meaning did my eye import, whether, when he most hoped to please me, he was not farthest from doing so. Would I vouchsafe to say, Whether *I* approved of his compliment to Lord M. or not?

To leave it to *me*, to chuse whether the speedy Day he ought to have urged for with Earnestness, should be accelerated or suspended!—Miss Howe, thought *I*, at that moment, says, *I must not run away from This man!*

To be sure, Mr. Lovelace, if this matter *be ever to be*, it must be agreeable to me to have the full approbation of *one* side, since *I* cannot have that of the *other*.

*If this matter be ever to be!* Good God! what words were those at this time of day! And full *approbation* of one side! Why that word *approbation*? When the greatest pride of all his family was, That of having the honour of so dear a creature for their relation? Would to Heaven, my dearest life, added he, that, without complimenting *Any-body*, to morrow might be the happiest day of my life!--What say you, my angel? With a trembling impatience, that *seemed* not affected---What say you for *to-morrow*?

It was likely, my dear, *I* could say much to it, or  
name

name another day, had I been disposed to the latter, with such an *hinted delay from him*.

I was silent.

*Next day, Madam, if not to-morrow? ---*

Had he given me *time* to answer, it could not have been in the affirmative, you must think --- But *in the same breath*, he went on---Or the *day after that? ---*

And taking both my hands in his, he stared me into a half confusion --- Would you have had patience with him, my dear?

No, no, said I, as calmly as possible, you cannot think, that I should imagine there can be reason for such a hurry. It will be most agreeable, to be sure, for my Lord to be present.

I am all obedience and resignation, returned the wretch, with a self-pluming air, as if he had acquiesced to a proposal *made by me*, and had complimented me with a great piece of *self-denial*.

Is it not plain, my dear, that he designs to vex, and tease me. Proud, yet mean, and foolish man, if so!-- But you say all Punctilio is at an End with me; Why, why will he take pains to make a heart wrap it self up in Reserve, that wishes only, and that for his sake as well as my own, to observe due decorum?

Modesty, I think, required of me, that it should pass as he had put it: Did it not?---I think it did. Would to Heaven---But what signifies wishing?

But when he would have *rewarded himself*, as he had heretofore called it, for this self-supposed concession, with a kiss, I repulsed him with a just and very sincere disdain.

He seemed both vexed and surprized, as one who had made the most agreeable proposals and concessions. He plainly said, that he thought our Situation would intitle him to such an innocent freedom: And he was both amazed and grieved to be thus scornfully repulsed.

No reply could be made by me on such a subject. I abruptly broke from him. I recollect, as I passed by one

one of the pier-glasses, that I saw in it his clenched hand offered in wrath to his forehead: The words, *Indifference, by his Soul, next to hatred*, I heard him speak: And something of *Ice* he mentioned: I heard not what.

Whether he intends to write to my Lord, or to Miss Montague, I cannot tell. But *as all delicacy ought to be over with me now*, perhaps I am to blame to expect it from a man who may not know *what it is*. If he does *not*, and yet thinks himself very polite, and intends not to be otherwise, I am rather to be pitied, than he to be censured.

And after all, since I *must* take him as I find him, I *must*: That is to say, as a man so vain, and so accustomed to be admired, that, not being conscious of internal defect, he has taken no pains to polish more than his outside: And as his proposals are higher than my expectations; and as in his own opinion, he has a great deal to bear from *me*, I *will* (no new offence preventing) sit down to answer them:---And, if possible, in terms as unobjectible to him, as his are to me.

But after all, see you not, my dear, more and more, the mismatch that there is in our minds?

However, I am willing to compound for my fault, by giving up (if that may be all my punishment) the expectation of what is deemed happiness in this life, with such a husband as I fear he will make. In short, I will content myself to be a *suffering person* thro' the State to the end of my life.---A long one it cannot be!--

This may qualify him (as it may prove) from stings of conscience from misbehaviour to a *first* wife, to be a more tolerable one to a *second*, tho' not perhaps a better deserving one: While my Story, to all who shall know it, will afford these instructions: *That the eye is a traitor, and ought ever to be mistrusted. That form is deceitful.* In other-words; *That a fine person is seldom paired by a fine mind: And that sound principles, and a good heart, are the only bases on which the hopes of a happy future, either with respect to this world, or the other, can be built.* And

And so much at present for Mr. Lovelace's proposals: Of which I desire your opinion (a).

*Four Letters are written by Mr. Lovelace from the date of his last, giving the state of affairs between him and the Lady, pretty much the same as in hers in the same period, allowing for the humour in his, and for his resentments expressed with vehemence on her resolution to leave him, if her friends could be brought to be reconciled to her---A few extracts from them will be only given.*

What, says he, might have become of me, and of my projects, had not her Father, and the rest of the Implacables, stood my friends?

*After violent threatnings and vows of Revenge, he says,*  
'Tis

(a) We cannot forbear observing in this place, that the Lady has been particularly censured, even by some of her own Sex, as over-nice in her part of the above conversations. But surely this must be owing to want of attention to the circumstances she was in, and to her character, as well as to the character of the Man she had to deal with: For altho' she could not be supposed to know so much of his designs as the Reader does by means of his Letters to Belford; yet she was but too well convinced of his faulty morals, and of the necessity there was, from the whole of his behaviour to her, to keep such an incroacher, as she frequently calls him, at a distance. In Vol. III. Letter xxxi. the Reader will see, that upon some favourable appearances she blames herself for her readiness to suspect him. 'But his character, his principles, says she, are so faulty; he is so light, so vain, so various!—Then, my dear, I have no Guardian now, no Father, no Mother! Nothing but God and my own vigilance to depend upon!' In Letter viii. of the same Volume, 'Must I not with such a man, says she, be wanting to myself, were I not jealous and vigilant?' By this time the Reader will see, that she had still greater reason both for her jealousy and vigilance. And Lovelace will tell the Sex, as he does Letter xlv. of this Volume, 'That the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms, must be lost. Love is an incroacher, says he: Love never goes backward. Nothing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an indulged Love.'

But the Reader perhaps is too apt to form a judgment of Clarissa's conduct in critical cases by Lovelace's complaints of her coldness; not considering his Views upon her, and that she is proposed as an Example; and therefore in her trials and distresses must not be allowed to dispense with those Rules which perhaps some others of her Sex, in her delicate situation, would not have thought themselves so strictly bound to observe; altho', if she had not observed them, a Lovelace would have carried all his points.

'Tis plain she would have given me up for ever : nor should I have been able to prevent her abandoning of me, unless I had *torn up the tree by the roots to come at the fruit* ; which I hope *still to bring down by a gentle shake or two*, if I can but have patience to stay the ripening season.

*Thus triumphing in his unpolite cruelty, he says,*

After her haughty treatment of me, I am resolved she shall speak out. There are a thousand beauties to be discovered in the face, in the accent, in the *bush-beating* hesitations of a woman who is earnest about a subject which she wants to introduce, yet knows not how. Silly fellows, calling themselves generous ones, would value themselves for sparing a Lady's confusion : But they are silly fellows indeed ; and rob themselves of prodigious pleasure by their forwardness ; and at the same time deprive her of displaying a world of charms, which only can be manifested on these occasions. *Hard-heartedness*, as it is called, is an *essential* of the *Libertine's character*. Familiarized to the distresses he occasions, he is seldom betrayed by tenderness into a complaisant weakness unworthy of himself. How have I enjoyed a charming creature's confusion, as I have sat over-against her ; her eyes lost in admiration of my shoe-buckles, or meditating some uncouth figure in the carpet !

*Mentioning the Settlements, he says,*

I am in earnest as to the terms. If I marry her (and I have no doubt but that I shall, after my Pride, my Ambition, my *Revenge*, if thou wilt) is gratified, I will do her noble justice. The more I do for such a prudent, such an excellent oeconomist, the more shall I do for myself.---But, by my Soul, Belford, her haughtiness shall be brought down to own both Love and Obligation to me. Nor will this sketch of Settlements bring us forwarder than I would have it. Modesty of Sex will stand my friend at any time. At the  
very

very Altar, our hands joined, I would engage to make this proud Beauty leave the parson and me, and all my friends who should be present, tho' twenty in number, to look like fools upon one another, while she took wing, and flew out of the church-door, or window (if that were open and the door shut) and this only by a single word.

*He mentions his rash expression, that she should be his, altho' damnation were to be the purchase;*

At that instant, says he, I was upon the point of making a violent attempt; but was checked in the very moment, and but just in time to save myself by the awe I was struck with on again casting my eye upon her terrified but lovely face, and seeing as I thought, her spotless heart in every line of it.

O Virtue, Virtue! *proceeds he*, what is there in thee, that can thus against his will affect the heart of a Lovelace!---Whence these involuntary tremors, and fear of giving mortal offence?---What art thou, that acting in the breast of a feeble woman, canst strike so much awe into a spirit so intrepid! Which never before, no, not in my first attempt, young as I then was, and frightened at my own boldness (till I found myself *forgiven*) had such an effect upon me!

*He paints, in lively colours, that part of the scene between him and the Lady, where she says, 'The word Father has a sweet and venerable sound with it.'*

I was exceedingly affected, *says he*, upon the occasion. But was ashamed to be surprised into such a fit of unmanly weakness:---*So ashamed*, that I was resolved to subdue it at the instant, and to guard against the like for the future. Yet, at that moment, I more than half regretted, that I could not permit her to enjoy a triumph which she so well deserved to glory in---Her youth, her beauty, her artless innocence, and her manner, equally beyond comparison or description. But her

her *Indifference*, Belford !---That she could resolve to sacrifice me to the malice of my enemies ; and carry on the design in so clandestine a manner---Yet love her, as I do, to frenzy !---Revere her, as I do, to adoration !---These were the recollections with which I fortified my recreant heart against her !---Yet, after all, if she persevere, she must conquer !---Coward, as she has made me, that never was a coward before !

*He concludes his fourth Letter in a vehement rage, upon her repulsing him, when he offered to salute her ; having supposed, as he owns, that she would have been all condescension on his proposals to her.*

This, says he, I will for ever remember against her, in order to steel my heart, that I may cut thro' a rock of ice to hers ; and repay her for the disdain, the scorn, which glowed in her countenance, and was apparent in her air, at her abrupt departure from me, after such obliging behaviour on my side, and after I had so earnestly pressed her for an early day. The women below say, She hates me, she despises me !---And 'tis true : She does ; she must.---And why cannot I take their advice ?---I will not long, my Fair one, be despised by *thee*, and laughed at by *them* !

Let me acquaint thee, Jack, adds he, by way of *postscript*, That this effort of hers to leave me, if she could have been received ; her sending for a coach on Sunday ; no doubt, resolving not to return, if she had gone out without me (for did she not declare, that she had thoughts to retire to some of the villages about town, where she could be safe and private ?) have all together so much alarmed me, that I have been adding to the written instructions for my fellow and the people below how to act in case she should elope in my absence : Particularly letting Will. know what he shall report to strangers in case she shall throw herself upon any such with a resolution to abandon me. These instructions I shall further add to as circumstances offer.

L E T T E R

## LETTER XV.

Miss HOWE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thursday, May 18.

I Have neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to answer every material article in your last Letters just now received. Mr. Lovelace's proposals are all I like of him. And yet (as you do) I think, that he concludes them not with that warmth and earnestness which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of so patient a man, with such a blessing in his reach. But wretches of his cast, between you and me, my dear, have not, I fancy, the ardors that honest men have. Who knows, as your Bell once spitefully said, but he may have half a dozen creatures to quit his hands of before he engages for life?—Yet I believe you must not expect him to be honest on this side of his grand climacteric.

He, to suggest delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M. and to give time for Settlements!—He, a part of whose character it is, not to know what complaisance to his relations is—I have no patience with him! You did indeed want an interposing friend on the affecting occasion which you mention in yours of yesterday morning. But, upon my word, were I to have been that moment in your situation, and been so treated, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his own heart, when I had done, to furnish the reason for it.

*Would to Heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any-body, might be his happy day!—Villain!* After he had himself suggested the compliment!—And I think he accuses YOU of delaying!—Fellow, that he is!—How my heart is wrung---

But, as matters now stand betwixt you, I am very unseasonable in expressing my resentments against him.---Yet I don't know whether I am or not, neither;

ther; since it is the most cruel of fates, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart despises. You must, at *least*, despise him; at times, however. His clenched fist offered to his forehead on your leaving him in just displeasure---I wish it had been a pole-ax, and in the hand of his worst enemy.

I will endeavour to think of some method, of some scheme, to get you from him, and to fix you safely somewhere till your Cousin Morden arrives---A scheme to lie by you, and to be pursued as occasion may be given. You are sure, that you can go abroad when you please? and that our correspondence is safe? I cannot, however (for the reasons heretofore mentioned respecting your own reputation) wish you to leave him while he gives you not cause to suspect his honour. But your heart I know would be the easier if you were sure of some asylum in case of necessity.

Yet once more, I say, I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you dishonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear---that's all.

However, since you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the first opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the most ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, since you cannot as a reward. In short, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

I shall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my dearest friend,

*Your ever-affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XVI.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

*Wednesday, May 17.*

I Cannot conceal from you any thing that relates to yourself so much as the inclosed does. You will see what

what the noble writer apprehends from you, and wishes of you, with regard to Miss Harlowe, and how much at heart all your relations have it that you do honourably by her. They compliment me with an influence over you, which I wish with all my soul you would let me have in this article.

Let me once more intreat thee, Lovelace, to reflect, before it be too late (before the mortal offence be given) upon the graces and merits of this Lady. Let thy frequent remorse at last end in one effectual remorse. Let not pride and wantonness of heart ruin thy fairer prospects. By my faith, Lovelace, there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonsense, in our wild schemes. As we grow older, we shall be wiser, and looking back upon our foolish notions of the present hour (our youth dissipated) shall certainly despise ourselves when we think of the honourable engagements we might have made: Thou, more especially, if thou lettest such a matchless creature slide thro' thy fingers. A creature pure from her cradle. In all her actions and sentiments uniformly noble. Strict in the performance of all her even *unrewarded* duties to the most *unreasonable of Fathers*, what a *Wife* will she make the man who shall have the honour to call her his!

Reflect likewise upon her sufferings for thee. Actually at the time thou art forming schemes to ruin her (at least in *her* sense of the word) is she not labouring under a Father's Curse laid upon her by thy means, and for thy sake? And would'st thou give operation and completion to this curse?

And what, Lovelace, all the time is thy pride? — Thou that vainly imaginest, that the whole family of the Harlowes, and that of the Howes too, are but thy machines, unknown to themselves, to bring about thy purposes, and thy revenge; what art thou more, or better, than the instrument even of her implacable Brother, and envious Sister, to perpetuate the disgrace of

of the most excellent of Sisters, which they are moved to by vilely low and sordid motives? — Canst thou bear, Lovelace, to be thought the machine of thy inveterate enemy James Harlowe? — Nay, art thou not the cully of that still viler Joseph Leman, who serves himself as much by thy money, as he does thee by the double part he acts by thy direction? — And further still, art thou not the devil's agent, who only can, and who certainly will, suitably reward thee, if thou proceedest, and if thou effectest thy wicked purpose?

Could any man but you put together upon paper the following questions with so much unconcern as you seem to have written them? — Give them a refusal, O heart of adamant! 'Whither can she fly to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her; her Uncles will not entertain her: Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miss Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but ME: Is entirely a stranger to the town (a). --- What must that heart be that can triumph in a distress so deep, into which she has been plunged by thy elaborate arts and contrivances? And what a sweet, yet sad reflection was that; which had almost had its due effect upon thee, arising from thy naming Lord M. for her nuptial father! Her tender years inclining her to *wish* a Father, and to *hope* a Friend. --- O my dear Lovelace, canst thou resolve to be, instead of the Father thou hast robbed her of, a devil?

Thou knowest, that I have no interest, that I can have no view, in wishing thee to do justice to this admirable creature. For thy own sake, once more I conjure thee, for thy family's sake, and for the sake of our *common humanity*, let me beseech thee to be just to Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

No matter whether these expostulations are in character from me, or not. I *have* been and *am* bad enough. If thou takest my advice, which is (as the inclosed

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will

(a) See p. 17. of this Volume.

will shew thee) the advice of all thy family, thou wilt perhaps have it to reproach me (and but perhaps neither) that thou art not a worse man than myself. But if thou dost *not*, and if thou ruinest such a virtue, all the complicated wickedness of ten devils, let loose among the innocent with full power over them, will not do so much vile and base mischief as thou wilt be guilty of.

It is said, that the prince on his throne is not safe, if a mind so desperate can be found, as values not its *own* life. So may it be said, that the most immaculate virtue is not safe, if a man can be met with, who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jest of the most solemn vows and protestations.

Thou mayest by trick, chicane, and false colours, thou who art worse than a pickeroon in Love, overcome a poor Lady so intangled as thou hast intangled her; so unprotected as thou hast made her: But consider, how much more generous and just to her, and noble to thyself, it is, to overcome *thyself*.

Once more, it is no matter, whether my past or future actions countenance my preachment, as perhaps thoult call what I have written: But this I promise thee, that whenever I meet with a woman of but one half of Miss Harlowe's perfections, who will favour me with her acceptance, I will take the advice I give, and marry. Nor will I attempt to try her honour at the hazard of my own. In other words, I will not degrade an excellent creature in *her own eyes*, by trials, when I have no cause for suspicion. And let me add, with respect to thy *Eagleship's* manifestation, of which thou boastest, in thy attempts upon the innocent and uncorrupted, rather than upon those whom thou humourously comparest to wrens, wagtails, and philtits, as thou callest them (*a*), that I hope I have it not once to reproach myself, that I ruined the morals of any one creature, who otherwise would have been uncorrupted.

rupted. Guilt enough in contributing to the continued guilt of other poor wretches, if I am one of those who take care she shall never rise again, when she has once fallen.

Whatever the capital devil, under whose banner thou hast listed, will let thee do, with regard to this incomparable woman, I hope thou wilt act with honour, in relation to the inclosed, between Lord M. and me; since his Lordship, as thou wilt see, desires, that thou mayest not know he wrote on the subject; for reasons, I think, very far from being creditable to thyself: And that thou wilt take as meant, the honest zeal for thy service, of

*Thy real Friend,*

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XVII.

Lord M. To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*[Inclosed in the preceding.]*

SIR, *M. Hall, Monday May 15.*

IF any man in the world has power over my Nephew, it is you. I therefore write this, to beg you to interfere in the affair depending between him and the most accomplished of women, as every one says; and *what every one says, must be true.*

I don't know that he has any bad designs upon her; but I know his temper too well, not to be apprehensive upon such long delays: And the Ladies here have been for some time in fear for her; Lady Sarah in particular, who (as you must know) is a wise woman, says, that these delays, in the present case, must be from him, rather than from the Lady.

He had always indeed a strong antipathy to marriage, and may think of playing his dog's tricks by her, as he has by so many others. If there's any danger of this, 'tis best to prevent it in time: For, *when a thing is done, advice comes too late.*

He has always had the folly and impertinence to make a jest of me for using proverbs : But as they are the wisdom of whole nations and ages collected into a small compass, I am not to be shamed out of sentences, that often contain more wisdom in them, than the tedious harangues of most of our parsons and moralists. Let him laugh at them, if he pleases : You and I know better things, Mr. Belford,---*Tho' you have kept company with a wolf, you have not learnt to howl of him.*

But nevertheless, you must not let him know that I have written to you on this subject. I am ashamed to say it ; but he has ever treated me as if I were a man of very common understanding ; and would perhaps think never the better of the best advice in the world, for coming from me. *Those, Mr. Belford, who most love, are least set by.---But who would expect Velvet to be made out of a Sow's ear?*

I am sure, he has no reason however, to slight me as he does. He may and will be the better for me, if he outlives me ; tho' he once told me to my face, That I might do as I would with my Estate ; for that he, for his part, *loved his Liberty as much as he despised Money.* And at another time, twitting me with my phrases, *That the man was above controul, who wanted not either to borrow or flatter.* He thought, I suppose, that *I could not cover him with my wings, without pecking at him with my bill ;* tho' I never used to be pecking at him, without very great occasion : And, God knows, he might have my very heart, if he would but endeavour to oblige me, by studying his own good ; for that is all I desire of him. Indeed, it was his poor mother that first spoiled him ; and I have been but too indulgent to him since. A fine grateful disposition, you'll say, to *return evil for good!* But that was always his way. It is a good saying, and which was verified by him with a witness---*Children when little, make their parents fools, when great,*

*great, mad.* Had his parents lived to see what I have seen of him, they would have been mad indeed.

This match, however, as the Lady has such an extraordinary share of wisdom and goodness, might set all to rights; and if you can forward it, I would enable him to make whatever Settlements he could wish; and should not be unwilling to put him in possession of another pretty Estate besides. I am no covetous man he knows. And indeed, what is a covetous man to be likened to so fitly, as to a dog in a wheel which roasts meat for others. And what do I live for (as I have often said) but to see him and my two Nieces well married and settled? May Heaven settle him down to a better mind, and turn his heart to more of goodness and consideration!

If the delays are on his side, I tremble for the Lady; and, if on hers (as he tells my Niece Charlotte) I could wish she were apprized that *Delays are dangerous*. Excellent as she is, she ought not to depend on her merits with such a changeable fellow, and such a professed marriage-hater, as he has been. *Desert and Reward, I can assure her, seldom keep company together.*

But let him remember, that *Vengeance, tho' it comes with leaden feet, strikes with iron hands*. If he behaves ill in this case, he may find it so. What a pity it is, that a man of his talents and learning should be so vile a Rake! Alas! alas! *Une poignée de bonne vie vaut mieux que plein muid de clergé*; a handful of good life is better than a whole bushel of learning.

You may throw in, too, as a friend, that, should he provoke me, it may not be too late for me to marry. My old friend Wycherly did so, when he was older than I am, on purpose to plague his Nephew: And, in spite of this gout, I might have a child or two still. I have not been without some thoughts that way, when he has angered me more than ordinary: But these thoughts have gone off again hither-

to, upon my considering, that *the children of very young and very old men (tho' I am not so very old neither) last not long*; and that *old men, when they marry young women, are said to make much of death*: Yet who knows but that matrimony might be good against the gouty humours I am troubled with?

No man is every thing — You, Mr. Belford, are a learned man, I am a Peer. And do you (as you best know how) inculcate upon him the force of these wise sayings which follow, as well as those which went before; but yet so discreetly, as that he may not know, that you *borrow your darts from my quiver*. These be they — *Happy is the man who knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, lives long. Again, He that lives ill one year, will sorrow for it seven.* And again, as the Spaniards have it — *Who lives well, sees afar off!* Far off indeed; for he sees into Eternity, as a man may say. Then that other fine saying, *He who perishes in needless dangers, is the Devil's Martyr*. Another Proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington in his Embassy to Spain, which might teach our Nephew more Mercy and Compassion than is in his Nature I doubt to shew; which is this, *That he who pities another, remembers himself*. And this that is going to follow, I am sure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, *That he who does what he will, seldom does what he ought*. Nor is that unworthy of his notice, *Young mens frolicks, old men feel*. My devilish gout, God help me — But I will not say what I was going to say.

I remember, that you yourself, complimenting me for my taste in pithy and wise sentences, said a thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and it was this. “Men of talents, said you, are sooner to be convinced by short sentences than by long preachments, because the short sentences drive themselves into the heart, and stay there, while long discourses, tho’ ever so good, tire the attention, and

“ one

"one good thing drives out another, and so on, till  
"all is forgotten."

May your good counsels, Mr. Belford, founded upon these hints which I have given, pierce his heart, and incite him to do what will be so happy for himself, and so necessary for the honour of that admirable Lady whom I long to see his wife; and, if I may, I will not think of one for myself:

Should he abuse the confidence she has placed in him, I myself shall pray, that vengeance may fall upon his head. — *Raro* — (I quite forget all my Latin; but I think it is) *Raro antecedentem scelustum deseruit pede poena claudo*: Where vice goes before, vengeance (sooner or later) will follow. But why do I translate these things for you.

I shall make no apologies for this trouble. I know how well you love him and me; and there is nothing in which you could serve us both more importantly, than in forwarding this match to the utmost of your power. When it is done, how shall I rejoice to see you at M. Hall! Mean time, I shall long to hear that you are likely to be successful with him; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful Friend and Servant,

M.

Mr. Lovelace having not returned an answer to Mr. Belford's expostulatory Letter, so soon as Mr. Belford expected, he wrote to him, expressing his apprehension, that he had disoblighed him by his honest freedom. Among other things, he says—

I pass my time here at Watford, attending my dying Uncle, very heavily. I cannot therefore, by any means, dispense with thy correspondence. And why shouldst thou punish me, for having more Conscience and more Remorse than thyself? Thou, who never thoughtest either Conscience or Remorse an honour to thee. And I have, besides, a melancholy Story to tell

thee, in relation to Belton and his Thomazine; and which may afford a lesson to all the Keeping Class.

I have a Letter from each of our three companions in the time. They have all the wickedness that thou hast, but not the wit. Some new rogueries do two of them boast of, which, I think, if completed, deserve the gallows.

I am far from hating intrigue upon principle. But to have awkward fellows plot, and commit their plots to paper, destitute of the seasonings, of the *acumen*, which is thy talent, how extremely shocking must their Letters be! — But do thou, Lovelace, whether thou art, or art not, determined upon thy measures with regard to the fine Lady in thy power, enliven my heavy heart by thy communications; and thou wilt oblige

*Thy melancholy Friend,*

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Friday Night, May 19.*

WHEN I have opened my views to thee so amply, as I have done in my former Letters; and have told thee, that my principal design is but to bring Virtue to a Trial, that, *if* Virtue, it need not be afraid of; and that the Reward of it will be Marriage (that is to say, if, after I have carried my point, I cannot prevail upon her to live with me the Life of Honour (a); for that thou knowest is the wish of my heart); I am amazed at the repetition of thy wambling nonsense.

I am of opinion with thee, that some time hence, when I am grown wiser, I shall conclude, that *there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonsense, in my present wild schemes.* But what is this saying, but that I must be *first* wiser? I do

(a) See Vol. III. p. 112.

I do not intend to let this matchless creature slide through my fingers.

Art thou able to say half the things in her praise, that I have said, and am continually saying or writing?

Her gloomy Father cursed the sweet creature, because she put it out of his wicked power to compel her to have the man she hated. Thou knowest how little merit she has with me on this score.—And shall I not try the Virtue I intend, upon full proof, to reward, because her Father is a tyrant?—Why art thou thus eternally reflecting upon so excellent a woman, as if thou wert assured she would fail in the trial?—Nay, thou declarest, every time thou writest on the subject, that she will, that she must yield, intangled as she is: And yet makest her Virtue the pretence of thy solicitude for her.

An instrument of the vile James Harlowe, dost thou call me?—O Jack! how I could curse thee!—I an instrument of that Brother! of that Sister!—But mark the end—And thou shalt see what will become of that Brother, and of that Sister!

Play not against me my own acknowledged sensibilities, I desire thee. Sensibilities, which at the same time that they contradict thy charge of an adamant heart in thy friend, thou hadst known nothing of, had I not communicated them to thee.

If I ruin such a Virtue, sayest thou!—Eternal monotonist!—Again; The most immaculate Virtue may be ruined by men who have no regard to their honour, and who make a jest of the most solemn oaths, &c. What must be the Virtue that will be ruined without oaths? Is not the world full of these deceptions? And are not Lovers Oaths a jest of hundreds of years standing? And are not cautions against the perfidy of our Sex, a necessary part of the Female Education?

I do intend to endeavour to overcome myself; but I must first try, if I cannot overcome this Lady. Have I not said, that the Honour of her Sex is concerned that I should try?

*Whenever thou meetest with a woman of but half her perfections, thou wilt marry—Do, Jack.*

Can a girl be degraded by trials, who is not overcome?

I am glad that thou takest crime to thyself, for not endeavouring to convert the poor wretches whom others have ruined. I will not recriminate upon thee, Belford, as I might, when thou flatterest thyself, that thou never ruinedst the morals of any young creature, who otherwise would not have been corrupted.—The palliating consolation of an Hottentot heart, determined rather to gluttonize on the garbage of other soul feeders, than to reform. — But tell me, Jack, wouldst thou have spared such a girl as my Rosebud, had I not, by my example, engaged thy generosity? Nor was my Rosebud the only girl I spared:—When my power was acknowledged, who more merciful than thy friend?

*It is Resistance that inflames desire,*

*Sharpens the darts of Love, and blows its fire.*

*Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease;*

*He languishes, and does not care to please.*

The women know this as well as the men. They love to be addressed with Spirit;

*And therefore 'tis their golden fruit they guard*

*With so much care, to make possession hard.*

Whence, for a by-reflection, the ardent, the complaisant Gallant is so often preferred to the cold, the un-adoring Husband. And yet the Sex do not consider, that Variety or Novelty gives the Ardour and the Obsequiousness; and that, were the Rake as much used to them as the Husband is, he would be (and is to his own wife, if married) as indifferent to their favours, as their Husbands are; and the Husband, in his turn, would, to another woman be the Rake. Let the women, upon the whole, take this Lesson from a

Love-

Lovelace--“Always to endeavour to make themselves  
 ‘as New to a Husband, and to appear as elegant and  
 ‘as obliging to him, as they are desirous to appear to  
 ‘a *Lover*, and actually were to *him* as *such*; and then  
 ‘the *Rake*, which all women love, will last longer in  
 ‘the *Husband*, than it generally does.”

But to return! ... If I have not sufficiently cleared  
 my conduct to thee in the above; I refer thee once  
 more to mine of the 13th of last month (a). And  
 prythee, Jack, lay me not under a necessity to repeat  
 the same things so often. I hope thou readest what I  
 write *more than once*.

I am not displeased that thou art so apprehensive of  
 my resentment, that I cannot miss a day, without  
 making thee uneasy. Thy conscience, 'tis plain, tells  
 thee, that thou hast deserved my displeasure: And if  
 it has convinced thee of *that*, it will make thee afraid  
 of repeating thy fault. See that this be the consequence.  
 Else, now that thou hast told me how I can punish  
 thee, it is very likely that I do punish thee by my  
 silence, altho' I have as much pleasure in writing on  
 this charming subject, as thou canst have in reading  
 what I write.

When a boy, if a dog ran away from me thro'  
 fear, I generally looked about for a stone, or a stick;  
 and if neither offered to my hand, I skimmed my hat  
 after him to make him afraid for something. What  
 signifies power, if we do not exert it?

Let my Lord know that thou *hast* scribbled to me.  
 But give him not the contents of thy epistle. Tho'  
 a parcel of crude stuff, *he* would think there was some-  
 thing in it. Poor arguments will do when brought in  
 favour of what we like. But the stupid Peer little  
 thinks, that this Lady is a Rebel to Love. On the con-  
 trary, not only he, but all the world believes her to be  
 a Volunteer in his Service.--So I shall incur blame, and  
 she will be pitied, if any thing happen amiss.

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Since

(a) See Vol. III. p. 103.

Since my Lord's heart is so set upon this match, have written already to let him know, ' That my unhappy character has given my Beloved an ungenerous diffidence of me. That she is so mother-sick and father-fond, that she had rather return to Harlowe-Place, than marry. That she is even apprehensive, that the step she has taken of going off with me, will make the Ladies of a family of such rank and honour as ours, think slightly of her. That therefore I desire his Lordship (tho' this hint, I tell him, must be very delicately touched) to write me such a Letter as I can shew her. (Let him treat me in it ever so freely, I shall not take it amiss I tell him, because I know his Lordship takes pleasure in writing to me in a corrective style.) That he may make what Offers he pleases on the Marriage. That I desire his Presence at the Ceremony; that I may take from his hand the greatest Blessing that mortal man can give me.'

I have not absolutely told the Lady that I would write to his Lordship to this effect; yet have given her reason to think I will. So that without the last necessity I shall not produce the answer I expect from him: For I am very loth, I own, to make use of any of my family's names for the furthering of my designs. And yet I must make all secure, before I pull off the mask. *Was not this my motive for bringing her hither?*

Thus, thou seest, that the old Peer's Letter came very seasonably. I thank thee for it. But as to his Sentences, they cannot possibly do me good. I was early suffocated with his *Wisdom of nations*. When a boy, I never asked any thing of him, but out flew a proverb; and if the tendency of that was to deny me, I never could obtain the least favour. This gave me so great an aversion to the very word, that, when a child, I made it a condition with my Tutor, who was an honest Parson, that I would not read my Bible at all, if he would not excuse me one of the wisest books

in it : To which, however, I had no other objection, than that it was called *The Proverbs*. And as for Solomon, he was then a hated character with me, not because of his Polygamy, but because I had conceived him to be such another musty old fellow as my Uncle.

Well, but let us leave old Saws to old men. --- What signifies thy tedious whining over thy departing relation ? Is it not generally agreed, that he cannot recover ? Will it not be kind in thee, to put him out of his misery ? I hear, that he is pestered still with visits from Doctors, and Apothecaries, and Surgeons ; that they cannot cut so deep as the mortification has gone ; and that in every visit, in every scarification, inevitable death is pronounced upon him. Why then do they keep tormenting him ? Is it not to take away more of his living fleece than of his dead flesh ? --- When a man is given over, the Fee should surely be refused. Are they not now robbing his heirs ? --- What hast thou to do, if the Will be as thou'dst have it ? --- He sent for thee (did he not ?) to close his eyes. He is but an *Uncle*, is he ?

Let me see, if I mistake not, it is in the Bible, or some other good book : Can it be in Herodotus ? -- O, I believe it is in Josephus ; A half-sacred and half-profane author. He tells us of a king of Syria, put out of his pain by his prime minister, or one who deserved to be so for his contrivance. The Story says, if I am right, that he spread a wet cloth over his face, which killing him, he reigned in his place. A notable fellow ! Perhaps this wet cloth in the original, is what we now call *Laudanum* ; a potion that overspreads the faculties, as the wet cloth did the face of the royal patient ; and the translator knew not how to render it.

But how like a forlorn varlet thou subscribeest, *Thy melancholy Friend*, J. BELFORD ! Melancholy ! for what ? To stand by, and see fair play between an Old Man and Death ? I thought thou hadst been more of a man ; thou that art not afraid of an *acute* death, a sword's

sword's point, to be so plaguily hyp'd at the consequences of a *chronical* one?---What tho' the scarificators work upon him day by day; it is only upon a *caput mortuum*: And pr'ythee *Go to*, to use the *stylum veterum*, and learn of the *Royal butchers*; who, for sport (an hundred times worse men than thy Lovelace) widow ten thousand at a brush, and make twice as many fatherless---Learn of *them*, I say, how to support a *single* death.

But art thou *sure*, Jack, it is a mortification? --- My Uncle once gave promises of such a root-and-branch distemper: But, alas! it turned to a smart gout-fit; and *I* had the mortification instead of *him*--I have heard that bark in proper doses will arrest a mortification in its progress, and at last cure it. Let thy Uncle's Surgeon know, that it is worth more than his ears, if he prescribe one grain of the bark.

I wish my Uncle had given *me* the opportunity of setting thee a better example: Thou shouldst have seen what a brave fellow I had been. And had I had occasion to write, my conclusion would have been this: 'I hope the old Trojan's happy. In that hope, 'I am so; and

*Thy rejoicing Friend,*

R. LOVELACE.'

Dwell not always, Jack, upon one subject. Let me have poor Belton's Story. The sooner the better. If I can be of service to him, tell him he may command me either in purse or person. Yet the former with a freer will than the latter; for how can I leave my goddess? But I'll issue my commands to my other vassals to attend thy summons.

If ye want *Head*, let me know. If not, my quota on this occasion is *Money*.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Saturday, May 20.

**N**OT one word will I reply to such an abandoned wretch, as thou hast shewn thyself to be in thine of last night. I will leave the Lady to the protection of that Power who only can work miracles; and to her own merits. Still I have hopes that these will save her.

I will proceed, as thou desirest, to poor Belton's case; and the rather, as it has thrown me into such a train of thinking upon our past lives, our present courses, and our future views, as may be of service to both, if I can give due weight to the reflections that arise from it.

The poor man made me a visit on *Thursday*, in this my melancholy attendance. He began with complaints of his ill health and spirits, his hectic cough, and his increased malady of spitting of blood; and then led to his Story.

A confounded one it is; and which highly aggravates his other maladies: For it has come out, that his *Thomazine* (who, truly, would be new-christened, you know, that her name might be nearer in sound to the christian name of the man whom she pretended to doat upon) has for many years carried on an intrigue with a fellow who had been hostler to her father (an innkeeper at *Darking*); of whom, at the expence of poor Belton, she has made a gentleman; and managed it so, that having the art to make herself his cashier, she has been unable to account for large sums, which he thought forthcoming at his demand, and had trusted to her custody, in order to pay off a mortgage upon his paternal Estate in Kent, which his heart had run upon leaving clear; but which cannot now be done, and will soon be foreclosed. And yet she has so long passed  
for

for his wife, that he knows not what to resolve upon about her; nor about the two boys he was so fond of, supposing them to be his; whereas now he begins to doubt his share in them.

So KEEPING don't do, Lovelace. 'Tis not the eligible life. 'A man may keep a Woman, said the poor fellow to me, but not his Estate!—Two interests!—Then, my tottering fabric!' pointing to his emaciated carcase.

We do well to value ourselves upon our *Liberty*, or, to speak more properly, upon the *Liberties* we take! We had need to run down Matrimony as we do, and to make that State the subject of our frothy jests; when we frequently render ourselves (for this of Tom's is not a singular case) the dupes and fools of women who generally govern us (by Arts our wise heads penetrate not) more absolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Let us consider this point a little; and that upon our own principles, as *Libertines*, setting aside what is exacted from us by the *Laws of our Country*, and its *Customs*; which, nevertheless, we cannot get over, till we have got over almost all moral obligations, as members of society.

In the first place, let us consider (we, who are in possession of Estates by *legal descent*) how we should have liked to have been such naked destitute varlets, as we must have been, had our fathers been as wise as ourselves; and despised Matrimony as we do---And then let us ask ourselves, If we ought not to have the same regard for our posterity, as we are glad our fathers had for theirs?

But this, perhaps, is too moral a consideration.---To proceed therefore to those considerations which will be more striking to us, How can we reasonably expect Oeconomy or Frugality (or any thing indeed but Riot and Waste) from creatures who have an interest, and must therefore have *views*, different from our own?

They

They know the uncertain tenure (our fickle humours) by which they hold: And is it to be wondered at, supposing them to be provident barlots, that they should endeavour, if they have the power, to lay up against a rainy day? or, if they have not the power, that they should squander all they can come at, when they are sure of *nothing but the present hour*; and when the life they live, and the sacrifices they have made, put Conscience and Honour out of the question?

Whereas a *Wife*, having the same family-interest with her husband, lies not under either the same *apprehensions* or *temptations*; and has not broken through (of necessity, at least, has not) *those* restraints which education has fastened upon her: And if she make a private purse, which we are told by anti-matrimonialists, all wives love to do, and has children, it goes all into the same family at the long-run.

Then, as to the great article of fidelity to your bed, are not women of family, who are well-educated, under greater restraints, than creatures, who, if they ever *had* reputation, sacrifice it to sordid interest, or to more sordid appetite, the moment they give up to you? Does not the example you furnish, of having succeeded with her, give encouragement for *others* to attempt her likewise? For, with all her blandishments, can any man be so credulous, or so vain, as to believe, that the woman *he* could persuade, *another* may not prevail upon?

Adultery is so capital a guilt, that even Rakes and Libertines, if not wholly abandoned, and, as I may say, *invited* by a woman's levity, disavow and condemn it: But here, in a State of *KEEPING*, a woman is in no danger of incurring (*legally*, at least) that guilt; and you yourself have broken thro' and overthrown in her all the fences and boundaries of moral honesty, and the modesty and reserves of her Sex: And what Tie shall hold her against inclination, or interest? And what shall deter an attempter?

While

While a husband has this security from *legal* sanctions, that if his wife be detected in a criminal conversation with a man of fortune (the *most* likely by bribes to seduce her) he may recover very great damages, and procure a Divorce besides: Which, to say nothing of the ignominy, is a consideration that must have some force upon *both* parties. And a wife must be vicious indeed, and a reflection upon a man's own choice, who, for the sake of change, and where there are no qualities to seduce, nor affluence to corrupt, will run so many hazards to injure her husband in the tenderest of all points.

But there are difficulties in procuring a divorce: (And so there ought)—And none, says the Rake, in parting with a mistress whenever you suspect her; or, whenever you are weary of her and have a mind to change her for another.

But must not the man be a brute indeed, who can cast off a woman whom he has seduced (If he take her from the town, that's another thing) without some flagrant reason; something that will better justify him to *himself*, as well as to *her*, and to the *world*, than mere *power* and *novelty*?

But I don't see, if we judge by *fact*, and by the *practice* of all we have been acquainted with, of the *Keeping Class*, that we know how to part with them when we have them.

That we know we *can* if we *will*, is all we have for it: And this leads us to bear many things from a *mistress*, which we would not from a *wife*. But if we are good-natured and humane: If the woman has *Art* (And what woman *wants* it, who has fallen by *Art*? and to whose precarious situation *Art* is so necessary?) If you have given her the credit of being called by your name: If you have a settled place of abode, and have received and paid visits in her company, as your wife: If she has brought you children—You will allow, that these are strong obligations upon you, in the world's

world's eye, as well as to your own heart, against tearing yourself from such close connexions. She will stick to you as your skin : And it will be next to slaying yourself to cast her off.

Even if there be *cause* for it, by Infidelity, she will have managed ill, if she have not her defenders. Nor did I ever know a cause, or a person, so *bad*, as to want advocates, either from ill-will to the one, or pity to the other ; and you will then be thought a hard-hearted miscreant : And even were she to go off without credit to *herself*, she will leave *you* as little ; especially with all those whose good opinion a man would wish to cultivate.

Well, then, shall this poor privilege, that we may part with a woman if we *will*, be deemed a balance for the other inconveniencies ? Shall it be thought by *us*, who are men of family and fortune, an equivalent for giving up *equality of degree* ; and taking for the partner of our Bed, and very probably more than the partner in our Estates (to the breach of all family-rule and order) a low-born, a low-educated creature, who has not brought any-thing into the Common Stock ; and can possibly make no returns for the solid benefits she receives, but those libidinous ones, which a man cannot boast of, but to *his* disgrace, nor think of, but to the shame of *both* ?

Moreover, as the man advances in years, the fury of his Libertinism will go off. He will have different aims and pursuits, which will diminish his appetite to ranging, and make such a regular life as the matrimonial and family-life, palatable to him, and every day more palatable.

If he has Children, and has reason to think them *his*, and if his lewd courses have left him *any* estate, he will have cause to regret the *restraint* his boasted *liberty* has laid him under, and the valuable *privilege* it has deprived him of ; when he finds, that it must descend to some relation, for whom, whether near or distant,

distant; he cares not one farthing; and who perhaps (if a man of virtue) has held him in the utmost contempt, for his dissolute life.

And were we to suppose his Estate in his power to bequeath as he pleases; why should a man resolve, for the gratifying of his foolish humour only, to bastardize his race? Why should he wish to expose his children to the scorn and insults of the rest of the world? Why should he, whether they are Sons or Daughters, lay them under the necessity of complying with proposals of marriage, either *inferior as to Fortune*, or *unequal as to Age*? Why should he deprive the children he loves, who themselves may be guilty of no fault, of the respect they would wish to have, and to deserve; and of the opportunity of associating themselves with *proper*, that is to say, with *reputable* company? And why should he make them think themselves under obligation to every person of character, who will vouchsafe to visit them? What little reason, in a word, would such children have to bless their Father's obstinate defiance of the Laws and Customs of his Country; and for giving them a Mother, whom they could not think of with honour; to whose *Crime* it was, that they owed their very Beings, and whose Example it was their duty to shun?

If the Education and Morals of these children are left to Chance, as too generally they are (for the man who has humanity and a feeling heart, and who is capable of fondness for his offspring, I take it for granted, will marry); the case is still worse; his crime is perpetuated, as I may say, by his children: And the Sea, the Army, perhaps the Highway, for the Boys; the Common for the Girls; too often point out the way to a worse Catastrophe.

What therefore, upon the whole, do we get by treading in these crooked paths, but danger, disgrace, and a too late repentance?

And

And after all, do we not frequently become the Cullies of our own Libertinism ; sliding into the very State with those half-worn-out doxies ; which perhaps we might have entered into with their Ladies ; at least with their Superiors, both in degree and fortune ? And all the time, lived handsomely like ourselves ; not sneaking into holes and corners ; and, when we crept abroad with our women, looking about us, and at every one that passed us, as if we were confessedly accountable to the censures of all honest people.

My cousin Tony Jenyns, thou knewest. He had not the actively mischievous spirit, that Thou, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and *myself*, have : But he imbibed the same notions we do, and carried them into practice.

How did he prate against wedlock ! How did he strut about as a *Wit* and a *Smart* ! And what a *Wit* and a *Smart* did all the boys and girls of our family, (myself among the rest, then an urchin) think him, for the airs he gave himself ?—Marry ! No, not for the world ; what man of sense would bear the insolences, the petulances, the expensiveness of a wife ! He could not for the heart of him think it tolerable, that a woman of *equal* rank and fortune, and, as it might happen, *superior* talents to his own, should look upon herself to have a right to share the benefit of that fortune which she brought him.

So, after he had fluttered about the town for two or three years, in all which time he had a better opinion of himself than any-body else had, what does he do, but enter upon an affair with his Fencing-master's daughter ?

He succeeds, takes private lodgings for her at Hackney ; visits her by stealth ; both of them tender of Reputations that were *extremely* tender, but which neither had quite given up ; for Rakes of either Sex are always the last to condemn or cry down themselves : Visited by nobody, nor visiting : The life of a thief,

or

or of a man beset by creditors, afraid to look out of his own house, or to be seen abroad with her. And thus went he on for twelve years, and, tho' he had a good Estate, hardly making both ends meet; for, tho' no Glare, there was no Oeconomy; and besides, he had every year a child, and very fond of his children was he. But none of them lived above three years: And being now, on the death of the dozenth, grown as dully sober, as if he had been a real husband, his good Mrs. Thomas (for he had not permitted her to take his own name) prevailed upon him to think the loss of their children a judgment upon the parents for their wicked way of Life [A time will come, Lovelace, if we live to advanced years, in which Reflection will take hold of the enfeebled mind]; and then it was not difficult for his woman to induce him, by way of compounding with Heaven, to marry her. When this was done, he had leisure to sit down, and contemplate; and to recollect the many offers of persons of family and fortune which he had declined in the prime of his life: His expences *equal* at least: His reputation not only *less*, but *lost*: His enjoyments *stolen*: His partnership *unequal*, and such as he had always been ashamed of. But the women said, That after twelve or thirteen years cohabitation, Tony did an honest thing by her. And that was all my poor cousin got by making his old mistress his new wife—Not a drum, not a trumpet, not a fife, not a tabret, nor the expectation of a new joy, to animate him on!

What Belton will do with his Thomastine, I know not; nor care I to advise him: For I see the poor fellow does not like that any-body should curse her but himself. This he does very heartily. And so low is he reduced, that he blubbers over the reflection upon his past fondness for her cubs, and upon his present doubts of their being his: 'What a damn'd thing is it, Belford, if Tom and Hall should be the hostler's dog's puppies, and not mine!

Very

Very true! and I think the strong health of the chubby-faced muscular whelps, confirms the too great probability. But I say not so to him.

You, he says, are such a gay, lively mortal, that this sad tale would make no impression upon you: Especially now, that your whole heart is engaged as it is. *Mowbray* would be too violent upon it; he has not, he says, a feeling heart: *Tourville* has no discretion: And, a pretty jest! although he and his *Thomafine* lived without reputation in the world (People guessing that they were not married, notwithstanding the went by his name); yet 'he would not too much discredit the *curst ingrate* neither!

Could a man act a weaker part, had he been really married; and were he sure he was going to separate from the mother of his own children?

I leave this as a lesson upon thy heart, without making any application: Only, with this remark, 'That after we Libertines have indulged our licentious appetites, reflecting (in the conceit of our vain hearts) both with our lips and by our lives, upon our ancestors, and the good old ways, we find out, when we come to years of discretion, if we live till then (what all who knew us found out before, that is to say, we find out) our own despicable folly; that those good old ways would have been best for us, as well as for the rest of the world; and that in every step we have deviated from them, we have only exposed our vanity, and our ignorance at the same time;'

J. BELFORD.

## LETTER XX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Saturday, May 20.

I Am pleased with the sober reflection with which thou concludest thy last; and I thank thee for it.

Poor

Poor Belton!—I did not think his Thomazine would have proved so very a devil. But this must everlastingly be the risque of a keeper, who takes up with a low-bred girl. This I never did. Nor had I occasion to do it. Such a one as I, Jack, needed only, till now, to shake the stateliest tree, and the mellowed fruit dropt into my mouth: Always of Montaigne's taste, thou knowest:—Thought it a glory to subdue a girl of family.—More truly delightful to me the seduction-progress than the crowning act: For that's a vapour, a bubble! And most cordially do I thank thee for thy indirect hint, that I am right in my present pursuit.

From such a woman as Miss Harlowe, a man is secured from all the inconveniencies thou expatiatest upon.

Once more, therefore, do I thank thee, Belford, for thy approbation!—A man need not, as thou sayest, *sneak into holes and corners*, and shun the day, in the company of such a woman as this. How friendly in thee, thus to abet the favourite purpose of my heart!—Nor can it be a disgrace to me, to permit *such a Lady* to be called by my name!—Nor shall I be at all concerned about the *world's censure*, if I live to the years of discretion, which thou mentionest, should I be taken in, and prevailed upon to tread with her the good old path of my ancestors.

A blessing on thy heart, thou honest fellow! I *thought* thou wert in jest, and but acquitting thy self of an engagement to Lord M, when thou wert pleading for Matrimony in behalf of this Lady!—It could not be Principle, I knew, in thee: It could not be Compassion—A little *Envy* indeed I suspected!—But now I see thee once more thyself: And once more, say I, A blessing on thy heart, thou true friend, and very honest fellow!

Now will I proceed with courage in all my schemes, and oblige thee with the continued narrative of my progressions towards bringing them to effect!—But

I could not forbear to interrupt my Story, to shew my gratitude!

## LETTER XXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

AND now will I favour thee with a brief account of our present situation.

From the highest to the lowest we are all extremely happy.—*Dorcas* stands well in her Lady's graces. *Polly* has asked her advice in relation to a Courtship-affair of her own. No oracle ever gave better. *Sally* has had a quarrel with her Woollen-draper, and made my Beloved Lady-chancellor in it. She blamed *Sally* for behaving tyrannically to a man who loves her. Dear creature! to stand against a glass, and to shut her eyes because she will not see her face in it! —Mrs. *Sinclair* has paid her court to so unerring a judge, by requesting her advice with regard to both Nieces.

This the way we have been in for several days with the people below. Yet *sola* generally at her meals, and seldom at other times in their company. They now, used to her ways (*Perseverance must conquer*) never press her; so when they meet, all is civility on both sides. Even married people, I believe, Jack, prevent abundance of quarrels, by seeing one another but seldom.

But how stands it between Thyself and the Lady, methinks thou askest, since her abrupt departure from thee, and undutiful repulse of Wednesday morning?

Why, pretty well in the main. Nay, very well. For why? The dear saucy-face knows not how to help herself. Can fly to no other protection. And has, besides, overheard a conversation (Who would have thought she had been so near?) which passed between Mrs. *Sinclair*, Miss *Martin*, and myself, that

very Wednesday afternoon ; which has set her heart at ease with respect to several doubtful points.

Such as, particularly, ‘ Mrs. Fretchville’s unhappy state of mind.—Most humanely pitied by Miss Martin, who knows her very well—The husband she has lost, another self, (as Sally says) Lovers from their cradles. Pity from one begets pity from another, be the occasion either strong or weak ; and so many circumstances were given to poor Mrs. Fretchville’s distress, that it was impossible but my Beloved must *extremely* pity her whom the less tender-hearted Miss Martin *greatly* pitied.

‘ My Lord M’s gout his only hindrance from visiting my spouse.

‘ Lady Betty and Miss Montague soon expected in town.

‘ My earnest desire signified to have my spouse receive those Ladies in her own house, if Mrs. Fretchville would but know her own mind.

‘ My intention to stay at *their* house notwithstanding, *as I said I had told them before*, in order to gratify her utmost punctilio.

‘ My passion for my Beloved (which as I told them in a high and fervent accent, was the truest that man could have for woman) I boasted of. It was, in short, I said, of the *true Platonic kind* ; or I had no notion of what Platonic Love was.’

So it is, Jack ; and must end as Platonic Love generally does end.

‘ Sally and Mrs. Sinclair next praised, *but not grossly*, my Beloved. Sally particularly admired her purity, called it exemplary ; yet (to avoid suspicion) expressed her thoughts, that she was *rather over-nice*, if she might presume to say so *before me*. But nevertheless she applauded me for the strict observation I made of my vow.

‘ I more freely blamed her reserves to me ; called her cruel ; inveighed against her relations ; doubted her

her Love. Every favour I asked of her denied me. Yet my behaviour to her as pure and delicate when alone, as when before them---Hinted at something that had passed between us that very day, that shewed her indifference to me in so strong a light, that I could not bear it. But that I would ask her for her company to the Play of *Venice preserved*, given out for Saturday night, as a Benefit-play; the prime actors to be in it; and this, to see if I were to be denied every favour.---Yet, for my own part, I loved not *Tragedies*; tho' she did, for the sake of the Instruction, the Warning, and the Example generally given in them.

I had too much *feeling*, I said. There was enough in the world to make our hearts sad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.

True enough, Belford; and I believe, generally speaking, that all the men of our cast are of my mind--They love not any *Tragedies* but those in which they themselves act the parts of tyrants and executioners; and, afraid to trust themselves with serious and solemn reflections, run to *Comedies*, to laugh away the distresses they have occasioned, and to find examples of men as immoral as themselves. For very few of our comic performances, as thou knowest, give us good ones.---I answer, however, for myself---Yet thou, I think, on recollection, lovest to deal in the *Lamentable*.

Sally answered for Polly, who was absent, Mrs. Sinclair for herself, and for all her acquaintance, even for Miss Partington, in preferring the comic to the tragic scenes.---And I believe they are right; for the devil's in it, if a confided-in Rake does not give a girl enough of *Tragedy* in his *Comedy*.

I asked Sally to oblige my Fair-one with her company.

She was engaged (That was right, thou'lt suppose) I asked Mrs. Sinclair's leave for Polly. To

‘ be sure, she answered, Polly would think it an honour to attend Mrs. Lovelace: But the poor thing was tender-hearted; and as the Tragedy was deep, would weep herself blind.

‘ Sally, mean time, objected Singleton, that I might answer the objection, and save my Beloved the trouble of making it, or debating the point with me.

‘ I then, from a Letter just before received from one in her Father’s family, warned them of a person who had undertaken to find us out, and whom I thus in writing (calling for pen and ink) described, that they might arm all the family against him---“A sun-burnt, pock-fretten sailor, ill-looking, big-boned; his stature about six foot; an heavy eye, an overhanging brow, a deck-treading stride in his walk; a couteau generally by his side; lips parched from his gums, as if by staring at the sun in hot climates; a brown coat; a coloured handkerchief about his neck; an oaken plant in his hand, near as long as himself, and proportionably thick.”

‘ No questions asked by this fellow must be answered. They should call *me* to him. But not let my Beloved know a tittle of this, so long as it could be helped. And I added, that if her Brother or Singleton came, and if they behaved civilly, I would for *her sake*, be civil to *them*: And in this case, she had nothing to do, but to own her Marriage, and there could be no pretence for violence on either side. But most fervently I swore, that if she were conveyed away, either by *persuasion* or *force*, I would directly, on missing her but one day, go to demand her at Harlowe-place, whether she were there or not; and if I recovered not a Sister, I would have a Brother; and should find out a captain of a ship as well as he.

And now, Jack, dost thou think she’ll attempt to get from me, do what I will?

‘ Mrs. Sinclair began to be afraid of mischief in her house---I was apprehensive that she would overdo

‘ the matter, and be out of character. I therefore  
 ‘ winked at her. She primmed ; nodded, to shew  
 ‘ she took me ; twanged out a high-ho, lapped one  
 ‘ horse-lip over the other, and was silent.’

Here’s preparation, Belford ! --- Dost think I will  
 throw it all away for any thing thou canst say, or  
 Lord M. write?---*No indeed!*--- as my Charmer says,  
 when she bridles.

\* \* \* \*

AND what must necessarily be the consequence of  
 all this, with regard to my Beloved’s behaviour to  
 me?--- Canst thou doubt, that it was all complaisance  
 next time she admitted me into her presence?

Thursday we were very happy. All the morning  
*extremely* happy. I kissed her charming hand,---I need  
 not describe to thee her hand and arm. When thou  
 sawest her, I took notice that thy eyes dwelt upon  
 them whenever thou couldst spare them from that  
 beauty-spot of wonders, her face---*Fifty-times* kissed  
 her hand, I believe,---Once her cheek, intending her  
 lip, but so rapturously, that she could not help seem-  
 ing angry.

Had she not thus kept me at arms-length ; had  
 she not denied me those innocent liberties which our  
 Sex, from step to step, aspire to ; could I but have  
 gained access to her in her hours of heedlessness and  
 disthable (for full dress creates dignity, augments  
 consciousness, and compels distance) we had been  
 familiarized to each other long ago. But keep her up  
 ever so late ; meet her ever so early ; by breakfast-  
 time she is dressed for the day ; and at her *earliest-*  
*hour*, as nice as others dressed. All her forms thus  
 kept up, wonder not that I have made so little progress  
 in the proposed trial,---But how must all this distance  
 stimulate !

Thursday morning, as I said, we were extremely  
 happy --- About *noon*, she numbered the hours she  
 had been with me ; all of them to me but as one

minue; and desired to be left to herself. I was loth to comply; But observing the Sun-shine begin to shut in, I yielded.

I dined out. Returning I talked of the house, and of Mrs. Fretchville--Had seen Mennell--Had pressed him to get the widow to quit. She pitied Mrs. Fretchville (Another good effect of the overheard conversation) Had written to Lord M; expected an answer soon from him. I was admitted to sup with her. I urged for her approbation or correction of my written terms. She again promised an answer as soon as she had heard from Miss Howe.

Then I pressed for her company to the Play on Saturday night. She made objections, as I had foreseen: Her Brother's projects, warmth of the weather, &c. But in such a manner, as if half-afraid to disoblige me. (Another happy effect of the overheard conversation). I soon got over these therefore; and she consented to favour me.

Friday passed as the day before.

Here were two happy days to both. Why cannot I make every day equally happy? It looks *as if it were in my power to do so*. Strange I should thus delight in teasing a woman I so dearly love! I must, I doubt, have something in my temper like Miss Howe, who loves to plague the man who puts himself in her power.—But I could not do thus by such an angel as this, did I not believe, that after her probation-time shall be expired, and if she be not to be brought to *cohabitation* (my darling view) I shall reward her as she wishes.

Saturday is half-over. We are equally happy—Preparing for the Play. Polly has offered her company, and is accepted. I have directed her where to weep; And this not only to shew her humanity (a weeping eye indicates a gentle heart) but to have a pretence to hide her face with her fan or handkerchief.—Yet Polly

is far from being every man's girl; and we shall sit in the gallery green-box.

The woes of others so well represented, as those of Belvidera particularly will be, must, I hope, unlock and open my Charmer's heart. Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend her to a Play, I have thought myself sure of her. The female heart, (all gentleness and harmony naturally) when obliged, expands, and forgets its forms, when attention is carried out of itself at an agreeable or affecting entertainment—Music, and perhaps a Collation afterwards, co-operating.

Indeed, I have no hope of such an effect here; but I have more than one end to answer by getting her to a Play. To name but one—Dorcas has a master-key, as I have told thee.—But it were worth while to carry her to *Venice preserved*, were it but to shew her, that there have been, and may be, much deeper distresses than she can possibly know.

Thus exceedingly happy are we at present. I hope we shall not find any of Nat. Lee's left-handed gods at work, to dash our bowl of joy with wormwood.

R. LOVELACE.

*The Lady, in her next Letter, dated Friday May 19. thus writes*

My prospects are once more mended; and I have known four and twenty hours together, since my last, not unhappy ones, my situation considered. How willing am I, to compound for tolerable appearances! how desirous to turn the sunny side of things towards me, and to *hope*, where *reason* for hope offers! And this, not only for my own sake, but for yours, who take such generous concern in all that befalls me.

*She then gives the particulars of the conversation which she had overheard between Mr. Lovelace, Mrs. Sinclair, and Miss Martin; but accounts more minutely than he had done, for the*

*opportunity she had of overhearing it, unknown to them.*

*She gives the reason she has to be pleased with what she heard from each: But is shocked at the measure he is resolved to take, if he misses her but for one day. Yet is pleased, that he proposes to avoid aggressive violence, if her Brother and he meet in town.*

I think myself obliged, proceeds she, from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wednesday, and from what I overheard him say, to consent to go with him to the Play; and the rather, as he had the discretion to propose one of the Nieces to accompany me.

I cannot but acknowledge that I am pleased to find, that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promised to give Mr. Lovelace an answer to his proposals, as soon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the subject: I hope that in my next Letter I shall have reason to confirm these favourable appearances. Favourable I must think them in the wreck I have suffered.

I think it will not, however, be amiss, that you should perfect the scheme (whatever it be) which you tell me (a) you have thought of, in order to procure for me an asylum, in case of necessity. Mr. Lovelace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it is therefore but prudence to be watchful, and to be provided against the worst. Lord bless me, my dear, how am I reduced! — Could I ever have thought — But I will look forward, and hope the best.

I am certain, that your Letters are safe. --- Be perfectly easy, therefore, on that head.

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by his good-will; otherwise I have no doubt that I am mistress of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my Brother, and Capt. Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

LETTER

(a) See p. 71.

## LETTER XXII.

*Miss Howe, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.**Saturday, May 20.*

**I** Did not know, my dear, that you deferred giving an answer to Mr. Lovelace's proposals, till you had my opinion of them. A particular hand occasionally going to town, will leave this at Wilson's, that no delay may be made on that account.

I never had any doubt of the man's justice and generosity in matters of Settlement; and all his relations are as noble in their spirits, as in their descent: But *now*, it may not be amiss for you to wait, to see what returns my Lord makes to his Letter of invitation.

The scheme I think of is this.

There is a person whom I believe you have seen with me; her name Townsend, who is a great dealer in Indian Silks, Brussels and French Laces, Cambricks, Linen, and other valuable goods; which she has a way of coming at, duty-free; and has a great vend for them (and for other curiosities which she imports) in the private families of the gentry round us.

She has her days of being in town, and then is at a chamber she rents in an Inn in Southwark, where she keeps patterns of all her Silks, and much of her portable goods, for the conveniency of her London customers. But her place of residence, and where she has her principal warehouse, is at Deptford, for the opportunity of getting her goods on shore.

She was first brought to me by my Mother, to whom she was recommended, on the supposal of my speedy marriage; that I might have an opportunity to be as fine as a princess, was my Mother's expression, at a moderate expence.

Now, my dear, I must own, that I do not love to encourage these contraband traders. What is it, but bidding defiance to the Laws of our Country, when

we do; and hurting fair traders; and at the same time robbing our Prince of his legal due, to the diminution of those duties which possibly must be made good by new levies upon the public?

But however Mrs. Townsend and I, though I have not yet had dealings with her, are upon a very good foot of understanding. She is a sensible woman; she has been abroad, and often goes abroad in the way of her business; and gives very entertaining accounts of all she has seen. And having applied to me, to recommend her to you (as it is her view to be known to young ladies who are likely to change their condition) I am sure I can engage her to give you protection at her house at Deptford; which she says is a populous village; and one of the last, I should think, in which you would be sought for. She is not much there, you will believe, by the course of her dealings; but, no doubt, must have somebody on the spot, in whom she can confide: And there perhaps you might be safe, till your Cousin comes. And I should not think it amiss, that you write to him out of hand. I cannot suggest to you *what* you should write. That must be left to your own discretion. For you will be afraid, no doubt, of the consequence of a variance between the two men.

I will think further of my projected scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend, if you find it necessary that I should. But I hope there will be no occasion to do so, since your prospects seem to be changed, and that you have had *twenty-four not unhappy hours together*. How my indignation rises for this poor consolation in the courtship (*courtship* must I call it?) of such a woman.

Mrs. Townsend, as I have recollected, has two Brothers, each a master of a vessel; and who knows, as she and they have concerns together, but that, in case of need, you may have a whole Ship's Crew at your devotion? If Lovelace give you cause to leave him,

him, take no thought for the people at Harlowe-place. Let them take care of one another. It is a care they are *used* to. The Law will help to secure *them*. The wretch is no assassin, no night-murderer. He is an *open*, because a *fearless* enemy; and should he attempt any thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of Society, you might have a fair riddance of him either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

Had you not been so minute in your account of the circumstances that attended the opportunity you had of overhearing the dialogue between Mr. Lovelace and two of the women, I should have thought the conference contrived on purpose for your ear.

I shewed Mr. Lovelace's proposals to Mr. Hickman, who had chambers once at Lincoln's-Inn, being designed for the Law, had his elder brother lived. He looked so wise, so proud, and so important, upon the occasion; and wanted to take so much consideration about them---Would take them home if I pleased---and weigh them well---and so-forth---and the like---and all that---that I had no patience with him, and snatched them back with anger.

O dear!---to be so angry, an't please me, for his zeal---

Yes, zeal without knowlege, I said---like most other zeals---If there were no objections that struck him at once, there were none.

So *hasty*, dearest Madam!---

And so *slow*, un-dearest Sir, I could have said---But, SURELY, said I, with a look which implied, *Would you rebel, Sir!*

He begged my pardon---Saw no objection, indeed!---But might he be allowed once more---

No matter---No matter---I would have shewn them to my Mother, I said, who, tho' of no Inn of Court, knew more of these things than half the lounging Lubbers of them; and that at first sight--only that

she would have been angry, at the confession of our continued correspondence.

But, my dear, let the Articles be drawn up, and ingrossed; and solemnize upon them; and there's no more to be said.

Let me add, that the Sailor fellow has been tampering with my Kitty, and offered a bribe, to find where to direct to you. Next time he comes, I will have him laid hold of, and if I can get nothing out of him, will have him drawn through one of our deepest fishponds. His attempt to corrupt a servant of mine will justify my orders.

I send this Letter away directly. But will follow it by another; which shall have for its subject only my Mother, Myself, and your Uncle Antony. And as your prospects are more promising than they have been, I will endeavour to make you smile upon the occasion. For you will be pleased to know, that my Mother has had a formal tender from that grey goose; which may make her skill in Settlements useful to herself, were she to encourage it.

May your prospects be still more and more happy, prays

*Your own* ANNA HOWE.

## L E T T E R XXIII.

*Miss* HOWE, To *Miss* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

*Sat. Sunday, May 20, 21.*

NOW, my dear, for the promised Subject. You must not ask me, how I came by the Originals (such they really are) that I am going to present you with: For my Mother would not read to me those parts of your Uncle's Letter, which bore hard upon myself, and which leave him without any title to mercy from me: Nor would she let me hear but what she pleased of hers in answer; for she has condescended to answer him --- with a denial, however:

But

But such a denial, as no-one but an *Old Bachelor* would take from a Widow.

Any-body, except myself, who could have been acquainted with such a fal-lal Courtship as this must have been had it proceeded, would have been glad it had gone on; and I dare say, but for the saucy daughter, it had. My good Mamma, in that case, would have been ten years the younger for it, perhaps: And could I but have approved of it, I should have been considered by her as if ten years older than I am: Since, very likely, it would have been: 'We Widows, my dear, know not how to keep men at a distance---So as to give them pain, in order to try their Love.---You must advise me, child: You must teach me to be cruel---Yet not *too* cruel neither.---So as to make a man heartless, who has no time, God wot, to throw away.' Then would my behaviour to Mr. Hickman have been better liked; and my Mother would have bridled like her daughter.

O my dear, how might we have been diverted, by the practisings for recovery of the *Long-forgottens*! could I have been sure that it would have been in my power to have put them asunder, in the Irish stile, *before they had come together*. But there's no trusting to a Widow whose goods and chattels are in her own hands, addressed by an *Old Bachelor*, who has *fine things*, and offers to leave her *Ten thousand pounds better* than he found her, and sole mistress besides, of all her *Notables*! for these, as you will see by-and-by, are his proposals.

The old Triton's address carries the writer's marks upon the very Superscription --- *To the equally amiable, and worthily admired* (There's for you!) *Mrs. ANNA-BELLA HOWE, Widow*; the last word added, I suppose, as *Esquire* to a man, as a word of honour; or for fear the *bella* to *Anna*, should not enough distinguish the person meant from the Spinster [Vain huffey you'll

you'll call me, I know]: And then follows: --- *These humbly present.* --- Put down as a memorandum, I presume, to make a leg, and behave handsomely at presenting it; he intending very probably to deliver it himself.

And now stand by---To see

Enter OLD NEPTUNE.

His head adorned with Sea-weed, and a crown of Cockle-shells, as we see him decked out in Mrs. Robinson's ridiculous Grotto.

*Madam,*

*Monday, May 15.*

I Did make a sort of resolution ten years ago, never to marry. I saw in other families, where they lived *best*, you will be pleased to mark that, *queernesses* I could not away with. Then, liked well enough to live single for sake of my brother's family; and for one child in it more than the rest. But that girl has turned us all off the hinges: And why I should deny myself any comforts for them as will not thank me for so doing, I don't know.

So much for my motives, as from Self and Family: But the dear Mrs. Howe makes me go further.

I have a very great Fortune, I bless God for it, all of my own getting, or *most* of it; you will be pleased to mark that; for I was the youngest brother of three. You have also, God be thanked, a great Estate, which you have improved by your own frugality and wise management. Frugality, let me stop to say, is one of the greatest virtues in this mortal life, because it enables us to do justice to *all*, and puts it in our power to benefit *some* by it, as we see they *deserve*.

You have but one child; and I am a Batchelor, and have never a one.---All Batchelors cannot say so: Wherefore your daughter may be the better for me; if she will keep up with my humour; which was never thought bad: Especially to my Equals. Servants, indeed,

deed, I don't matter being angry with, when I please : They are paid for bearing it, and too-often deserve it ; as we have frequently taken notice of to one another. And moreover, if we keep not servants at distance, they will be familiar. I always made it a rule to find fault, whether reasonably or not, that so I might have *no reason* to find fault. Young women and servants, in general (as worthy Mr. Solmes observes) are better governed by Fear than Love. But this my humour as to servants, will not affect either you or Miss, you know.

I will make very advantageous Settlements ; such as any common friend shall judge to be so. But must have all in my own power, while I live : Because, you know, Madam, it is as creditable to the wife, as to the husband, that it should be so.

I aim not at fine words. We are not children ; tho' it is hoped we may have some ; for I am a very healthy sound man, I bless God for it : And never brought home from my Voyages and Travels, a *worser* constitution than I took out with me. I was none of those, I will assure you. But this I will undertake, that if you are the survivor, you shall be at *the least* Ten thousand pounds the better for me : What, in the contrary case, I shall be the better for you, I leave to you, as you shall think my kindness to you shall deserve.

But one thing, Madam, I should be glad of, that Miss Howe might not live with us then (She need not know I write thus)---But go home to Mr. Hickman. as she is upon the point of marriage, I hear. And if she behaves dutifully, as she should do, to us both, she shall be the better ; for so I said before.

You shall manage all things, both mine and your own ; for I know little of Land-matters. All my opposition to you shall be out of Love, when I think you take too much upon you for your health.

It will be very pretty for you, I should think, to  
have

have a man of experience, in a long Winter's Evening, to sit down by you and tell you Stories of Foreign Parts, and the Customs of the Nations he has conversed with. And I have fine Curiosities of the Indian growth, such as Ladies love, and some that even my Niece Clary, when she was good, never saw. These, one by one, as you are kind to me (which I make no question of, because I shall be kind to you) shall all be yours. — Prettier entertainment by much, than sitting with a *too smartish* daughter, sometimes out of humour, and thwarting, and vexing, as daughters will (when women-grown especially, as I have heard you often observe); and thinking their parents old, without paying them the reverence due to years; when, as in your case, I make no sort of doubt, they are young enough to wipe their noses. You understand me, Madam.

As for me myself, it will be very happy, and I am delighted with the thinking of it, to have, after a pleasant Ride, or so, a Lady of like experience with myself, to come home to, and but one Interest betwixt us: To reckon up our comings-in together; and what this day and this week has produced: --- O how this will increase Love! --- Most mightily will it increase it! --- And I believe I should never love you enough, or be able to shew you all my Love.

I hope, Madam, there need not be *such* maiden niceties and hangings-off, as I may call them, between us (for hanging-off sake) as that you will deny me a line or two to this proposal, written down, altho' you would not answer me so readily when I spoke to you; your daughter being, I suppose, hard by; for you looked round you, as if not willing to be overheard. So I resolved to write: That my writing may stand as upon record, for my upright meaning; being none of your Lovelaces; you will mark that Madam; but a downright, true, honest, faithful Englishman. So hope you will not disdain to write a line or two to this  
my

my proposal : And I shall look upon it as a great honour, I will assure you, and be proud thereof.---What can I say more ?---For you are your own mistress, as I am my own master : And you shall *always* be your own mistress ; Be pleased to mark that ; for so a Lady of your prudence and experience ought to be.

This is a long Letter. But the subject requires it ; because I would not write twice where once would do : So would explain my sense and meaning at one time.

I have had writing in my head, *two whole months very near* ; but hardly knew how (being unpractised in these matters) to begin to write. And now, good Lady, be favourable to

*Your most humble Lover,  
and obedient Servant,*

ANT. HARLOWE.

Here's a Letter of Courtship, my dear !—And let me subjoin to it, that if now, or hereafter, I should treat this hideous Lover, who is so free with me to my Mother, with asperity, and you should be disgusted at it ; I shall think you don't give me that preference in your Love, which you have in mine.

And now, which shall I first give you ; the answer of my good Mamma ; or, the dialogue that passed between the widow-mother and the pert daughter, upon her letting the latter know that she had a Love-letter ?

*I think* you shall have the *dialogue*. But let me premise one thing ; that if you *think* me too free, you must not let it run in your head, that I am writing of *your* Uncle, or of *my* Mother : But of a couple of old Lovers, no matter whom. Reverence is too apt to be forgotten by children, where the *Reverends* forget *first* what belongs to their own characters. A *grave* remark, and therefore at *your* service, my dear.

Well then, suppose my Mamma (after twice coming into my closet to me, and as often going out, with very meaning features, and lips ready to burst open,  
but

but still closed, as if by compulsion, a speech going off, in a slight cough, that never went near the lungs) grown more resolute the third time of entrance, and sitting down by me, thus begin.

*Mother.* I have a very serious matter to talk with you upon, Nancy, when you are disposed to attend to matters *within* ourselves, and not let matters *without* ourselves wholly engross you.

A good *selve-ish* speech! — But I thought that Friendship, and Gratitude, and Humanity, were matters that ought to be deemed of the most *intimate* concern to us. But not to dwell upon words :

*Daughter.* I am *now* disposed to attend to every thing my Mamma is *disposed* to say to me.

*M.* Why then, child. — Why then, my dear — (and the good Lady's face looked *so* plump, *so* smooth, and *so* shining!) — I see you are all attention, Nancy! — But don't be surpris'd! — Don't be uneasy! — But I have — I have — Where is it? — [And yet it lay next her heart, never another near it. — So no difficulty to have found it] — I have a *Letter*, my dear! — [And out from her bosom it came: But she still held it in her hand] — I have a *Letter*, child. — It is — It is — It is from --- from a *Gentleman*, I assure you! — [lifting up her head, and smiling].

There is no delight to a daughter, thought I, in such surprizes as seem to be *collecting*. I will deprive my Mother of the satisfaction of making a *gradual* discovery.

*D.* From Mr. Antony Harlowe, I suppose, Madam?

*M.* [Lips drawn closer: Eye raised] Why, my dear? --- I cannot but own --- But how, I wonder, could you think of Mr. Antony Harlowe?

*D.* How, Madam, could I think of any-body *else*?

*M.* How could you think of any-body *else*? --- [angrily, and drawing back her face] but do you know the subject, Nancy?

*D.* You

D. You have told it, Madam, by your manner of breaking it to me. But, indeed, I questioned not that he had *two* motives in his visits here---*Both* equally agreeable to me; for all that family love me dearly.

M. No Love lost, if so, between you and them. But this [*Rising*] is what I get---So like your papa!--I never could open my heart to *him*!

D. Dear Madam, excuse me. Be so good as to open your heart to *me*,---I don't love the Harlowes--But pray excuse me.

M. You have put me quite out with your forward temper! [*Angrily sitting down again*].

D. I will be all patience and attention. May I be allowed to read his Letter?

M. I wanted to *advise* with you upon it.--But you are such a strange creature!--You are always for answering one, before one speaks!

D. You'll be so good as to forgive me, Madam.--But I thought every-body (he among the rest) knew, that you had always declared against a Second Marriage.

M. And so I have. But then *it was in the mind I was in*. Things may offer---

I stared.

M. Nay, don't be surprised!--I don't intend---I don't intend---

D. Not, perhaps, in *the mind you are in*, Madam.

M. Pert creature! [*Rising again*]---We shall quarrel, I see!--There's no--

D. Once more, dear Madam, I beg your excuse. I will attend in silence. --- Pray, Madam, sit down again--- Pray do. [*She sat down*]--- May I see the Letter?

No; there are some things in it, you won't like.--Your temper is known, I find, to be unhappy.--But nothing *bad* against you; intimations, on the contrary, that you shall be the better for him, if you oblige him.

Not

Not a living soul but the Harlowes, I said, thought me ill tempered; And I was contented that *they* should who could do as they had done by the most universally acknowledged Sweetness in the world.

Here we broke out a little; but at last, she read me some of the passages in the Letter. But not the *most mightily* ridiculous; yet I could hardly keep my countenance neither, especially when she came to that passage which mentions his *sound health*; and at which she stopt; she best knew why---But soon resuming;

*M.* Well now, Nancy, tell me what you think of it?

*D.* Nay, pray, Madam, tell me what *you* think of it?

*M.* I expect to be answered by an Answer; not by a Question!-- You don't *use* to be so shy to speak your mind.

*D.* Not when my Mamma commands me to do so.

*M.* Then speak it now.

*D.* Without hearing the whole of the Letter?

*M.* Speak to what you *have* heard.

*D.* Why then, Madam--You won't be my Mamma HOWE, if you give way to it.

*M.* I am surpris'd at your assurance, Nancy!

*D.* I mean, Madam, you will then be my Mamma HARLOWE.

*M.* O dear heart!--But I am not a fool.

And her colour went and came.

*D.* Dear, Madam (But, indeed, I don't love a Harlowe--that's what I meant) I *am* your Child, and *must* be your Child, do what you will.

*M.* A very pert one, I am sure, as ever Mother bore! And you *must* be my Child, do what I *will*!-- As much as to say, you would not, if you could help it, if I--

*D.* How could I have such a thought!--It would be *forward*, indeed, if I had --- when I don't know what your *mind* is as to the proposal: --- When the proposal is so very advantageous a one too.

*M.* [looking

M. [looking a little less discomposed] Why, indeed, Ten thousand pounds—

D. And to be sure of out-living him, Madam!

This staggered her a little—

M. Sure!—Nobody can be sure—But it is very likely, that—

D. Not at all, Madam. You was going to read something (but stopt) about his Constitution: His Sobriety is well known.—Why, Madam, these gentlemen who have been at Sea, and in different Climates, and come home to relax from cares in a temperate one, and are sober—are the likeliest to live long of any men in the world. Don't you see, that his very Skin is a Fortification of Buff?

M. Strange creature!

D. God forbid, that any-body I love and honour, should marry a man in hopes to bury him.—But suppose, Madam, at your time of life—

M. My time of life!—Dear heart!—What is my time of life, pray?

M. Not old, Madam; and that you are not may be your danger!

As I hope to live (my dear) my Mother smiled, and looked not displeased with me.

M. Why, indeed, child—Why, indeed, I must needs say—And then I should chuse to do nothing (froward as you are sometimes) to hurt you.

D. Why, as to that, Madam, I can't expect that you should deprive yourself of any satisfaction—

M. Satisfaction, my dear!—I don't say, it would be a Satisfaction—But could I do any thing that would benefit you, it would perhaps be an inducement to hold one conference upon the subject.

D. My Fortune already will be more considerable than my Match, if I am to have Mr. Hickman.

M. Why so?—Mr. Hickman has Fortune enough to intitle him to yours.

D. If you think so, that's enough.

M. No

*M.* Not but I should think the worse of myself, if I desired any body's death; but I think, as you say, Mr. Antony Harlowe is a healthy man, and bids fair for a long life.

Bless me, thought I, how shall I do to know whether this be an Objection or a Recommendation!

*D.* Will you forgive me, Madam?

*M.* What would the girl say? [Looking as if she was half afraid to hear what.]

*D.* Only, that if you marry a man of *his* time of life, you stand two chances instead of one, to be a Nurse at *your* time of life.

*M.* Saucebox!

*D.* Dear Madam! — What I mean is only, that these healthy old men sometimes fall into lingering disorders all at once. And I humbly conceive, that the Infirmities of age are too uneasily borne with, where the remembrance of the pleasanter season comes not in to relieve the healthier of the two.

*M.* A strange girl! — Yet his healthy constitution an objection just now! — But I always told you, that you know either too much to be argued with, or too little for me to have patience with you.

*D.* I can't but say, I should be glad of your commands, Madam, how to behave myself to Mr. Antony Harlowe next time he comes.

*M.* How to behave yourself! — Why, if you retire with contempt of him, when he next comes, it will be but as you have been used to do of late.

*D.* Then he is to come again, Madam?

*M.* And suppose he be?

*D.* I can't help it, if it be your pleasure, Madam. He desires a line in answer to his fine Letter. If he come, it will be in pursuance of that line, I presume?

*M.* None of your arch and pert leers, girl! — You know I won't bear them. I had a mind to hear what you would say to this matter. I have not written; but I shall presently,

*D.* It

D. It is mighty good of you, Madam (I hope the man will think so); to answer his first application by Letter.—*Pity he should write twice, if once will do.*

M. That fetch won't let you into my intention, as to *what* I shall write. It is too saucily put.

D. Perhaps I can guess at your intention, Madam, were it to become me so to do.

M. Perhaps I would not make a *Mr. Hickman* of any man; using him the worse for respecting me.

D. Nor, perhaps, would I, Madam, if I *liked* his respects.

M. I understand you. But, perhaps, it is in *your* power to make me hearken, or not, to *Mr. Harlowe*.

D. Young men, who have probably a great deal of time before them, need not be in haste for a wife. *Mr. Hickman*, poor man! must stay his time, or take his remedy.

M. He bears more from you, than a man ought.

D. Then, I doubt, he gives a reason for the treatment he meets with.

M. Provoking creature!

D. I have but one request to make you, Madam.

M. A *dutiful* one, I suppose. What is it, pray?

D. That if *you* marry, I may be permitted to live single.

M. Perverse creature, I'm sure!

D. How can I expect, Madam, that you should refuse such terms? *Ten thousand pounds!*—At the least ten thousand pounds!—A very handsome proposal!—So many *fine things* too, to give you *one by one*!—Dearest Madam, forgive me!—I hope it is not yet so far gone, that raillying *this man* will be thought want of duty to you.

M. Your raillying of *him*, and your reverence to *me*, it is plain, have *one* source.

D. I hope not, Madam. But Ten thousand pound.—

M. Is no unhandsome proposal.

D. Indeed

D. Indeed I think so. I hope, Madam, you will not be behindhand with him in generosity.

M. He won't be Ten thousand pounds the better for me, if he survive me.

D. No, Madam, he can't expect that, as you have a daughter, and as he is a *batchelor*, and has not a *child*!—Poor Old Soul!

M. *Old Soul*, Nancy!—And thus to call him for being a batchelor, and not having a child?—Does this become you!

D. Not *Old Soul* for that, Madam.—But half the sum; Five thousand pounds; you can't engage for less, Madam.

M. That Sum has *your* approbation then? [Looking as if she'd be even with me.]

D. As he leaves it to your generosity, Madam, to reward his kindness to you, it *can't* be less.—Do, dear Madam, permit me, without incurring your displeasure, to call him *poor old Soul* again.

M. Never was such a whimsical creature!—Turning away to hide her involuntary smile [for I believe, I looked very archly; at least I intended to do so]—I hate that wicked fly look. You give yourself very free airs—Don't you?

D. I snatched her hand, and kissed it—My dear Mamma, be not angry with your girl!—You have told me, that *you* was very lively formerly.

M. *Formerly*! Good lack!—But were I to encourage his proposals, you may be sure, that for Mr. Hickman's sake, as well as yours, I should make a wise agreement.

D. You have both lived to years of prudence, Madam.

M. Yes, I suppose I am an *Old Soul* too.

D. *He* also is for making a *wise agreement*, or hinting at one, at least.

M. Well, the short and the long I suppose is this: I have not your consent to marry.

D. Indeed,

D. Indeed, Madam, you have not my *wishes* to marry.

M. Let me tell you, that if prudence consists in wishing well to *one's self*, I see not but the *Young Flirts* are as prudent as the *Old Souls*.

D. Dear Madam, Would you blame me, if to wish you *not* to marry Mr. Antony Harlowe, is to wish well to *myself*?

M. You are mighty witty. I wish you were as dutiful.

D. I am more dutiful, I hope, than witty; or I should be a Fool, as well as a Saucebox.

M. Let me judge of both.—Parents are only to live for their Children, let them deserve it or not. That's *their* dutiful notion!

D. Heaven forbid that I should wish, if there be Two interests between my Mother and me, that my Mother postpone her own for mine! or give up any thing that would add to the real comforts of her life, to oblige me!—Tell me, my dear Mamma, if you think the closing with this proposal *will*?

M. I say, That Ten thousand pounds is such an acquisition to one's family, that the offer of it deserves a civil return.

D. Not the *Offer*, Madam: The *Chance* only!—If indeed you have a view to an increase of family, the money may provide—

M. You cannot keep within tolerable bounds!—That saucy leer I cannot away with—

D. Dearest, dearest Madam, forgive me, but *Old Soul* ran in my head again!—Nay, indeed and upon my word, I will not be robbed of that charming smile! And again I kissed her hand.

M. Away, bold creature! Nothing can be so provoking as to be made to smile when one would *chuse*, and *ought* to be angry.

D. But, dear Madam, if it be to *be*, I presume you won't think of it before *next winter*.

*M.* What now would the pert one be at?

*D.* Because he only proposes to entertain you with pretty Stories of Foreign Nations in a Winter's Evening. Dearest, dearest Madam, let me have the reading of his Letter thro'. I will forgive him all he says about me.

*M.* It may be a very difficult thing perhaps, for a man of the best sense to write a Love-letter, that may not be cavilled at.

*D.* That's because Lovers in their Letters hit not the medium. They either write too much nonsense, or too little. But do you call this *Odd Soul's* letter (no more will I call him *Old Soul*, if I can help it) a Love-letter?

*M.* Well, well, I see you are averse to this matter. I am not to be your *Mother*; you will live single, if I marry. I had a mind to see if generosity governed you in your views. I shall pursue my own inclinations; and if *they* should happen to be suitable to yours, pray let me for the future be better rewarded by you, than hitherto I have been.

And away she flung, without staying for a reply.—Vexed, I dare say, that I did not better approve of the proposal.—Were it only that the merit of denying might have been all her own, and to lay the stronger obligation upon her saucy daughter.

She wrote such a widow-like refusal when she went from me, as might not exclude hope in any other wooer; whatever it may do in Mr. Tony Harlowe.

It will be my part, to take care to beat her off the visit she half-promises to make him (as you will see in her answer) upon condition that he withdraw his suit. For who knows what effect the old batchelor's exotics (*Far fetched and dear-bought* you know is a proverb) might otherwise have upon a woman's mind, wanting nothing but Unnecessaries, Gewgaw, and Fineries, and offered such as are not easily to be met with, or purchased?

Well,

Well, but now I give you leave to read here, in this place, the copy of my Mother's Answer to your Uncle's Letter. Not one comment will I make upon it. I know my duty better. And here therefore, taking the liberty to hope, that I may, in your present less disagreeable, tho' not wholly agreeable situation, provoke a smile from you, I conclude myself,

*Your ever-affectionate and faithful*

ANNA HOWE.

Mrs. ANNABELLA HOWE, To ANTONY  
HARLOWE, Esq;

Mr. Antony Harlowe,

SIR,

Friday, May 19.

IT is not usual I believe for our Sex to answer by pen and ink the first Letter on these occasions. The *first* Letter! How odd is that! As if I expected another; which I do not. But then I think, as I do not judge proper to encourage your proposal, there is no reason why I should not answer in civility where so great a civility is intended. Indeed, I was always of opinion, that a person was intitled to That, and not to ill-usage, because he had a respect for me. And so I have often and often told my Daughter.

A woman I think makes but a poor figure in a man's eye afterwards, and does no reputation to her Sex neither, when she behaves like a tyrant to him beforehand.

To be sure, Sir, if I were to change my condition, I know not a gentleman whose proposal could be more agreeable. Your Nephew and your Nieces have enough without you: My Daughter is a fine fortune without me, and I should take care to double it, living or dying, were I to do such a thing: So nobody need to be the worse for it. But Nancy would not think so.

All the comfort I know of in children, is, that when young they do with us what they will, and all

is pretty in them to their very faults ; and when they are grown up, they think their Parents must live for them only ; and deny themselves every thing for their sakes. I know Nancy could not bear a Father-in-law. She would fly at the very thought of my being in earnest to give her one. Not that I stand in fear of my daughter neither. It is not fit I should. But she has her poor Papa's spirit. A very violent one that was. And one would not chuse, you know, Sir, to enter into any affair, that, one knows, one must renounce a Daughter for, or she a Mother. — Except indeed one's heart were much in it ; which, I bless God, mine is not.

I have now been a widow these ten years ; nobody to controul me : And I am said not to bear controul : So, Sir, you and I are best as we are, I believe : Nay, I am sure of it : For we want not what either has ; having both more than we know what to do with. And I know I could not be in the least accountable for any of my ways.

My Daughter indeed, tho' she is a fine girl, as girls go (She has too much sense indeed for one of her Sex ; and knows she has it) is more a check to me than one would wish a Daughter to be : For who would chuse to be always snapping at each other ? But she will soon be married ; and then, not living together, we shall only come together when we are pleased, and stay away when we are not ; and so, like other Lovers, never see any thing but the best sides of each other.

I own, for all this, that I love her dearly ; and she me, I dare say : So would not wish to provoke her to do otherwise. Besides, the girl is so much regarded every-where, that having lived so much of my prime a widow, I would not lay myself open to her censures, or even to her indifference, you know.

Your generous proposal requires all this explicitness. I thank you for your good opinion of me. When I know you acquiesce with This my civil refusal

ful (and indeed, Sir, I am as much in earnest in it, as if I had spoke broader) I don't know but Nancy and I may, with your permission, come to see your fine things; for I am a great admirer of Rarities that come from abroad.

So, Sir, let us only converse occasionally as we meet, as we used to do, without any other view to each other, than good wishes: Which I hope may not be lessened for this declining. And then I shall always think myself

*Your obliged Servant,*

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I sent word by Mrs. Lorimer, that I would write an answer: But would take time for consideration. So hope, Sir, you won't think it a slight, I did not write sooner.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Sunday, May 21.*

I AM too much disturbed in my mind, to think of any thing but Revenge; or I did intend to give thee an account of Miss Harlowe's observations on the Play. *Miss Harlowe's* I say. Thou knowest that I hate the name of *Harlowe*; and I am exceedingly out of humour with her, and with her saucy friend.

What's the matter now, thou'lt ask?

Matter enough; for while we were at the Play, Dorcas, who had her orders, and a key to her Lady's chamber, as well as a master-key to her drawers and mahogany chest, closet-key and all, found means to come at some of Miss Howe's last-written Letters. The vigilant wench was directed to them by seeing her Lady take a Letter out of her stays, and put it to the others, before she went out with me—Afraid, as the women upbraidingly tell me, that I should find it *there*.

Dorcas no sooner found them, than she assembled three ready writers of the *Non-apparents*; and Sally, and she, and they employed themselves with the utmost dilligence, in making Extracts, according to former directions, from these cursed Letters, for my use. *Cursed*, I may well call them—Such abuses! such virulence!—O this little fury Miss Howe!—Well might her saucy friend (who has been equally free with me, on the occasion could not have been given) be so violent as she lately was, at my endeavouring to come at one of these Letters.

I was sure, that this Fair-one, at so early an age, with a Constitution so firm, Health so blooming, Eyes so sparkling, Expectations therefore so lively, and Hope so predominating, could not be absolutely, and from her own vigilance, so guarded, and so apprehensive, as I have found her to be.

Sparkling eyes, Jack, when the poetical tribe have said all they can for them, are an infallible sign of a Rogue, or Room for a Rogue, in the heart.

Thou may'st go on with thy Preachments, and Lord M. with his Wisdom of Nations, I am now more assured of her than ever. And now my Revenge is up, and joined with my Love, all resistance must fall before it. And most solemnly do I swear, that Miss Howe shall come in for her snack.

And here, just now, is another Letter brought from the same little virulent devil. I hope to procure Transcripts from that too, very speedily, if it be put to the rest; for the saucy Fair-one is resolved to go to Church this morning; not so much from a spirit of Devotion, I have reason to think, as to try whether she can go out without check or controul, or my attendance.

I HAVE been denied breakfasting with her. Indeed she was a little displeased with me last night; because, on our return from the Play, I obliged her to pass the rest of the night with the women and me, in  
their

their parlour, and to stay till near One. She told me at parting, that she expected to have the whole next day to herself. I had not read the Extracts then; so was all affectionate respect, awe, and distance; for I had resolved to begin a new course, and, if possible, to banish all jealousy and suspicion from her heart. And yet I had no reason to be much troubled at her past suspicions; since, if a woman will continue with a man whom she suspects, when she can get from him, or think she can, I am sure it is a very hopeful sign.

\* \* \*

SHE is gone. Slept down before I was aware. She had ordered a chair, on purpose to exclude my personal attendance. But I had taken proper precautions. Will attended her by consent; Peter, the house-servant, was within Will's call.

I had, by Dorcas, represented her danger from Singleton, in order to dissuade her from going at all, unless she allowed me to attend her; but I was answered, with her usual saucy smartness, That if there were no cause of fear of being met with at the Play-house, when there were but two Playhouses, surely there was less at Church, when there were so many Churches. The chairmen were ordered to carry her to St. James's Church.

But she would not be so careless of obliging me, if she knew what I have already come at, and how the women urge me on; for they are continually complaining of the restraints they lie under; in their behaviour; in their attendance; neglecting all their concerns in the front-house; and keeping this elegant back one entirely free from company, that she may have no suspicion of them. They doubt not my generosity, they say: But why, for my own sake, in Lord M's style, should I make so long a harvest of so little corn?

Women, ye reason well. I think I will begin my operations the moment she comes in.

I HAVE come at the Letter brought her from Miss Howe to-day. Plot, Conjuración, Sorcery, Witchcraft, all going forward! I shall not be able to see this *Miss Harlowe* with patience. As the Nymphs below ask, so do I. Why is *night* necessary? And Sally and Polly upbraidingly remind me of my first attempts upon themselves. Yet *force* answers not my end—And yet it may, if there be truth in that part of the Libertines Creed, *That once subdued, is always subdued!* And what woman answers affirmatively to the question?

SHE is returned: But refuses to admit me; and insists upon having the day to herself. Dorcas tells me, that she believes her denial is from motives of Piety—Oons, Jack, is there Impiety in seeing me!—Would it not be the highest Act of Piety, to reclaim me? And is this to be done by her refusing to see me, when she is in a devouter frame than usual?—But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed.—But O the blasphemy!—Yet she is an Harlowe: And I do and *can* hate her for that.

But since I must not see her [She will be mistress of her *own will*, and of her *time* truly!] let me fill up mine, by telling thee what I have come at.

The first Letter the Women met with, is dated April 27 (a). Where can she have put the *preceding* ones!—It mentions Mr. Hickman as a busy fellow between them. Hickman had best take care of himself. She says, in it, *I hope you have no cause to repent returning my Norris*—*It is forthcoming on demand.* Now, what the devil can this mean!—Her Norris forthcoming on demand!—The devil take me, if I am *out-Norris'd!*—If such innocents can allow themselves to plot (to Norris) well may I.

She

(a) See Vol. III. Letter liii.

She is sorry, that *her Hannah can't be with her*— And what if she could?— What could Hannah do for her in such a house as this?

*The women in the house are to be found out in one breakfasting.* The women are enraged at both the correspondents for this; and more than ever make a point of my subduing her. I had a good mind to give Miss Howe to them in full property. Say but the word, Jack, and it shall be done.

*She is glad that Miss Harlowe had thoughts of taking me at my word.* She wondered I did not offer again. Advises her, if I don't soon, not to stay with me. Cautions her to keep me at distance; not to permit the least familiarity—See, Jack! See, Belford!—Exactly as I thought!—Her vigilance all owing to a cool friend; who can sit down quietly, and give that advice, which in her own case she could not take. What an encouragement to me to proceed in my devices, when I have reason to think, that my Beloved's reserves are owing more to Miss Howe's cautions, than to her own inclinations! But it is my Interest to be honest, Miss Howe tells her—INTEREST, fools!—I thought these girls knew, that my Interest was ever subservient to my Pleasure.

What would I give to come at the Copies of the Letters to which those of Miss Howe are Answers!

The next Letter is dated May 3 (a). In this the little Termagant expresses her astonishment, that her Mother should write to Miss Harlowe, to forbid her to correspond with her daughter. Mr. Hickman, she says, is of opinion, that she ought not to obey her Mother. How the creeping fellow trims between both! I am afraid, that I must punish him, as well as this virago; and I have a scheme rumbling in my head, that wants but half an hour's musing to bring into form, that will do my business upon both. I cannot bear, that the parental authority should be thus despised, thus

G 5

trampled

trampled under foot—But observe the vixen, 'Tis well he is of her opinion; for her Mother having set her up, she must have somebody to quarrel with.—Could a Lovelace have allowed himself a greater licence? This girl's a devilish Rake in her heart. Had she been a man, and one of us, she'd have outdone us all in Enterprize and Spirit.

She wants but very little farther provocation, she says, to fly privately to London. And if she does, she will not leave her till she sees her either honourably married, or quit of the wretch. Here Jack, the transcriber Sally has added a prayer—'For the Lord's sake, dear Mr. Lovelace, get this fury to London!'—Her fate, I can tell thee, Jack, if we had her among us, should not be so long deciding as her friend's. What a gantlope would she run, when I had done with her, among a dozen of her own pitiless Sex, whom my Charmer shall never see!—But more of this anon.

I find by this Letter, that my saucy captive had been drawing the characters of every varlet of ye. Nor am I spared in it more than you. *The man's a fool, to be sure, my dear.* Let me perish, if they either of them find me one. *A silly fellow, at least.* Cursed contemptible!—*I see not but they are a set of Infernals*—There's for thee, Belford—*and he the Beelzebub.* There's for thee, Lovelace!—And yet she would have her friend marry a Beelzebub.---And what have any of us done (within the knowlege of Miss Harlowe) that she should give such an account of us, as should excuse so much abuse from Miss Howe?---But the occasion that shall warrant this abuse is to come!

She blames her, for not admitting Miss Partington to her bed--*Watchful as you are, what could have happened?---If violence were intended, he would not stay for the night.* I am ashamed to have this hinted to me by this virago. Sally writes upon this hint---'See, Sir, what is expected from you. An hundred and an hundred times have we told you of this.'---And

so they have. But, to be sure, the advice from *them* was not of half the efficacy as it will be from *Miss Howe*. --- *You might have sat up after her, or not gone to bed.*

But can there be such apprehensions between them, yet the one advise her to stay, and the other resolve to wait my imperial motion for marriage? I am glad I know that.

She approves of my proposal about Mrs. Fretchville's house. She puts her upon expecting Settlements; upon naming a Day: And concludes, with insisting upon her writing, notwithstanding her Mother's prohibition; or bids her *take the consequence*. Undutiful wretches! How I long to vindicate against them both, the insulted parental character!

Thou wilt say to thyself, by this time, And can this proud and insolent girl be the same Miss Howe, who sighed for honest Sir George Colmar; and who, but for this her beloved friend, would have followed him in all his broken fortunes, when he was obliged to quit the kingdom?

Yes, she is the very same. And I always found in others, as well as in myself, that a first passion thoroughly subdued, made the Conqueror of it a Rover; the Conqueress a Tyrant.

Well, but now, comes mincing in a Letter from one who has the honour of dear Miss Howe's commands (a), to acquaint Miss Harlowe, that Miss Howe is *excessively concerned for the concern she has given her*.

*I have great temptations, on this occasion,* says the prim Gothamite, *to express my own resentments upon your present state.*

*My own resentments!* --- And why did he not fall into this temptation? --- Why, truly, because he knew not what that State was which gave him so tempting a subject --- *Only by conjecture,* and so forth.

He then dances in his style, as he does in his gait!

To be sure, to be sure, he must have made the grand Tour, and come home by the way of Tipperary.

And being moreover forbid, says the prancer, to enter into the cruel subject --- This prohibition was a mercy to thee, friend Hickman! --- But why cruel subject, if thou knowest not what it is, but *conjecture* only from the disturbance it gives to a girl, that is her Mother's disturbance, will be thy disturbance, and the disturbance, in turn, of every-body with whom she is intimately acquainted, unless I have the humbling of her?

In another Letter (a), She approves of her design to leave me, if she can be received by her friends.

She has heard some strange stories of me, which she woe to be the worst of men. Had I a dozen lives, I might have forfeited them all twenty crimes ago. An odd way of reckoning, Jack!

Miss Betterton, Miss Lockyer, are named --- The man (so she irreverently calls me) she says, is a villain. Let me perish, I repeat, if I am called a villain for nothing! --- She will have her Uncle (as Miss Harlowe requests) sounded about receiving her. Dorcas is to be attached to her interest: My Letters are to be come at by surprise or trick ---

What thinkest thou of this, Jack?

Miss Howe is alarmed at my attempt to come at a Letter of hers.

Were I to come at the knowledge of her freedoms with my character, she says, she should be afraid to stir out without a guard. I would advise the vixen to get her guard ready.

I am at the head of a gang of wretches [Thee, Jack, and thy brother varlets, she owns she means] who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to support one another in their villainies --- What sayest thou to this, Belford?

She wonders not at her melancholy reflections for meeting me,

me, for being forced upon me, and tricked by me. — I hope, Jack, thou'lt have done preaching after this!

But she comforts her, that she will be both a Warning and Example to all her Sex. — I hope the Sex will thank me for this.

The Nymphs had not time, they say, to transcribe all that was worthy of my resentment in this Letter. So I must find an opportunity to come at it myself. Noble Rant, they say, it contains. — But I am a seducer, and a hundred vile fellows, in it. — And the devil, it seems, took possession of my heart, and of the hearts of all her friends, in the same dark hour, in order to provoke her to meet me. Again, There is a fate in her error, she says. — Why then should she grieve? — Adversity is her shining-time, and I cannot tell what — Yet never to thank the man to whom she owes the shame!

In the next Letter (a), Wicked as I am, she fears I must be her Lord and Master. —

I hope so.

She retracts what she said against me in her last. — My behaviour to my Rosebud; Miss Harlowe to take possession of Mrs. Fretchville's house; I to stay at Mrs. Sinclair's; the Stake I have in my Country; my Reversions; my Oeconomy; my Person; my Address [Something like in all this!]; are brought in my favour, to induce her now not to leave me. How do I love to puzzle these long-sighted girls!

Yet my teasing ways, it seems, are intolerable. —

Are women only to teaze, I trow? — The Sex may thank themselves for learning me to out-teaze them. So the headstrong Charles XII. of Sweden learned the Czar Peter to beat him, by continuing a war with the Muscovites against the ancient maxims of his kingdom.

May eternal vengeance PURSUE the villain [Thank heaven, she does not say overtake] if he give room to doubt.

doubt his honour! — Women can't swear, Jack — Sweet souls! they can only curse.

I am laid, *to doubt her Love*. — Have I not reason? And she, *to doubt my Ardor*. — Ardor, Jack! — Why, 'tis very right — Women, as Miss Howe says, and as every Rake knows, love Ardors!

She apprises her of the *Ill-Success of the Application made to her Uncle*. — By Hickman, no doubt! — I must have this fellow's ears in my pocket, very quickly, I believe.

She says, *She is equally shocked and enraged against all her family: Mrs. Norton's weight has been tried upon Mrs. Harlowe, as well as Mr. Hickman's upon the Uncle: But never were there, says the vixen, such determined brutes in the world. Her Uncle concludes her ruined already. — Is not that a call upon me, as well as a reproach? — They all expected applications from her when in distress — but were resolved not to stir an inch to save her life. She was accused of premeditation and contrivance. Miss Howe is concerned, she tells her, for the revenge my pride may put me upon taking for the distance she has kept me at. — And well she may. — It is now evident to her, that she must be mine (for her Cousin Morden, it seems, is set against her too) — An act of Necessity, of Convenience. — Thy friend, Jack, to be already made a Woman's Convenience! — Is this to be borne by a Lovelace?*

I shall make great use of this Letter. From Miss Howe's hints of what passed between her Uncle Harlowe and Hickman (It must be Hickman) I can give room for my invention to play; for she tells her, that *she will not reveal all*. I must endeavour to come at this Letter myself. I must have the very words; Extracts will not do. This Letter, when I have it, must be my Compass to steer by.

The fire of friendship then blazes out and crackles. I never before imagined, that so fervent a friendship could subsist between two Sister-beauties, both Toasts.

But

But even *here* it may be inflamed by Opposition, and by that Contradiction which gives vigor to female spirits of a warm and romantic turn.

She raves about *coming up*, if by so doing she could prevent *so noble a creature from stooping too low*, or *save her from ruin*—One Reed to support another! I think I will contrive to bring her up.

How comes it to pass, that I cannot help being pleased with this virago's spirit, tho' I suffer by it? Had I her but here, I'd engage in a week's time, to teach her submission without reserve. What pleasure should I have in breaking such a spirit! I should wish for her but for one month, in all, I think. She would be too tame and spiritless for me after that. How sweetly pretty to see the two lovely friends, when humbled and tame, both sitting in the darkest corner of a room, arm in arm, weeping and sobbing for each other!—And I their Emperor, their then *acknowledged* Emperor, reclined at my ease in the same room, uncertain to which I should first, Grand Signior like, throw out my handkerchief?

Again mind the girl: *She is enraged at the Harlowes: She is angry at her own Mother; she is exasperated against her foolish and low-vanity'd Lovelace.*---FOOLISH, a little toad! (God forgive me for calling a virtuous girl a toad!) *Let us stoop to lift the wretch out of his dirt, tho' we soil our fingers in doing it! He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you.*—It seems extraordinary to Miss Howe that I have not.—*Nor dare he*—She should be sure of that. If women have such things in their heads, why should not I in my heart?---*Not so much of a devil as that comes to neither.* Such villainous intentions would have *shewn themselves before now if I had them.*—Lord help them!--

She then puts her friend upon urging for *Settlements, Licence*, and so forth.—*No room for delicacy now*, she says; and tells her what she shall say, to *bring all forward from me.*—Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it

it is to me, that I should have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen? She reproaches her for having *MODESTY* d-away, as she calls it, more than one opportunity, that she ought not to have *slip*.—Thus thou seest, that the noblest of the Sex mean nothing in the world by their shyness and distance, but to pound the poor fellow they dislike not, when he comes into their purlious.

Annexed to this Letter is a Paper the most saucy that ever was written of a Mother by a Daughter. There are in it such free reflections upon Widows and Batchelors, that I cannot but wonder how Miss Howe came by her Learning. Sir George Colmar, I can tell thee, was a greater fool than thy friend, if she had it all for nothing.

The contents of this paper acquaint Miss Harlowe, that her Uncle Antony has been making proposals of marriage to her Mother.

The old fellow's heart ought to be a tough one, if he succeed; or she who broke that of a much worthier man, the late Mr. Howe, will soon get rid of him.

But be this as it may, the stupid family is made more irreconcilable than ever to their goddess daughter for old Antony's thoughts of marrying: So I am more secure of her than ever. And yet I believe at last, that my tender heart will be moved in her favour. For I did not *wish*, that she should have *nothing* but persecution and distress.---But why loves she the *Brutes*, as Miss Howe justly calls them, so much; *me* so little?

I have still more unpardonable Transcripts from other Letters.

## LETTER XXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq.

THE next Letter is of such a nature, that, I dare say, these proud Rogues would not have had it fall into my hands for the world (a).

I see

I see, by it to what her displeasure with me, in relation to my proposals, was owing. They were not summed up, it seems, with the warmth, with the ardor, which she had expected.

This whole Letter was transcribed by Dorcas, to whose lot it fell. Thou shalt have copies of them all at full length shortly.

Men of our cast, this little devil says, *she fancies, cannot have the Ardors that honest men have.* Miss Howe has very pretty fancies, Jack. Charming girl! Would to heaven I knew whether my Fair-one answers her as freely as she writes! 'T would vex a man's heart, that this virago should have come honestly by her fancies.

Who knows but I may have half a dozen creatures to get off my hands, before I engage for life?—Yet, lest this should mean me a compliment, as if I would reform, she adds her belief, that *she must not expect me to be honest on this side my grand climacteric.* She has an high opinion of her Sex, to think they can charm so long a man so well acquainted with their Identicness.

He to suggest delays, she says, from a compliment to be made to Lord M.!—Yes, I, my dear---Because a man has not been accustomed to be dutiful, must he never be dutiful?---In so important a case as this too; the hearts of his whole family engaged in it? *You did indeed,* says she, *want an interposing friend--But were I to have been in your situation, I would have torne his eyes out, and left it to his own heart to furnish the reason for it.* See! See! What sayest thou to this, Jack?

Villain---Fellow that he is! follow. And for what? Only for wishing that the next day were to be my happy one; and for being dutiful to my nearest relation.

It is the cruellest of fates, she says, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart despises.---That is what I wanted to be sure of.---I was afraid, that my

my Beloved was too conscious of her talents; of her superiority!—I was afraid that she *indeed* despised me. And I cannot bear to think she does. But, Belford, I do not intend that this Lady shall be bound down by so cruel a fate. Let me perish, if I marry a woman who has given her most intimate friend reason to say, *she despises me*!---A Lovelace to be *despised*, Jack!

*His clenched fist to his forehead on your leaving him in just displeasure*---that is, when she was not satisfied with my Ardors, an't please ye!---I remember the motion: But her back was toward me at the time (a). Are these watchful Ladies all Eye?--But observe her wish, *I wish it had been a poll-ax, and in the hands of his worst enemy*.---

I will have patience, Jack; I will have patience! My day is at hand.---Then will I steel my heart with these remembrances.

But here is a scheme to be thought of, in order to get my fair prize out of my hands, in case I give her reason to suspect me.

This indeed alarms me. Now the contention becomes arduous. Now wilt thou not wonder, if I let loose my plotting genius upon them both. I will not be out-Norris'd, Belford.

But once more, *she has no notion*, she says, that I can or dare to mean her dishonour. But then the man is a fool---that's all.---I should indeed be a fool, to proceed as I do, and mean matrimony! However, *since you are thrown upon a fool*, says she, marry the fool, at the first opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the most unmanageable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a punishment, *since you cannot as a reward*.---Is there any bearing this, Belford?

But in the Letter I came at to-day, while she was at church, her scheme is further opened; and a cursed one it is. *Mr. Lov-*

(a) She tells Miss Howe, that she saw this motion in the piece. See p. 64, 65. of this volume.

Mr. Lovelace then transcribes from his short-hand notes, that part of Miss Howe's Letter, which relates to the design of engaging Mrs. Townsend (in case of necessity) to give her protection till Colonel Morden come (a): And repeats his vows of revenge; especially for those words; that should he attempt any-thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of society, she might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

He then adds;--'Tis my pride, to subdue girls who know too much to doubt their knowlege; and to convince them, that they know too little, to defend themselves from the inconveniencies of knowing too much.

How passion drives a man on! proceeds he--I have written a prodigious quantity in a very few hours!—Now my resentments are warm, I will see, and perhaps will punish, this proud, this double-armed Beauty. I have sent to tell her, that I must be admitted to sup with her. We have neither of us dined. She refused to drink Tea in the afternoon: And I believe neither of us will have much stomach to our supper.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.

Sunday morning, Seven o'clock.

I Was at the Play last night with Mr. Lovelace and Miss Horton. It is, you know, a deep and most affecting Tragedy in the reading. You have my Remarks upon it, in the little book you made me write upon the principal acting Plays. You will not wonder, that Miss Horton, as well as I, was greatly moved at the Representation, when I tell you, and have some pleasure in telling you, that Mr. Lovelace himself was very sensibly touched with some of the most affecting Scenes.

Scenes. I mention this in praise of the author's performance; for I take Mr. Lovelace to be one of the most hard-hearted men in the world. Upon my word, my dear, I do.

His behaviour, however, on this occasion, and on our return, was unexceptionable; only that he would oblige me to stay to supper with the women below, when we came back, and to sit up with him and them till near one o'clock this morning. I was resolved to be even with him; and indeed I am not very sorry to have the pretence; for I love to pass the Sundays by myself.

To have the better excuse to avoid his teasing, I am ready dressed to go to Church this morning. I will go only to St. James's Church, and in a chair; that I may be sure I can go out and come in when I please, without being intruded upon by him, as I was twice before.

*Near nine o'clock.*

I HAVE your kind Letter of yesterday. He knows I have. And I shall expect, that he will be inquisitive next time I see him after your opinion of his proposals. I doubted not your approbation of them, and had written an answer on that presumption; which is ready for him. He must *study* for occasions of procrastination, and to disoblige me, if now anything happen to set us at variance again.

He is very importunate to see me. He has desired to attend me to Church. He is angry that I have declined to breakfast with him. I am sure that I should not have been at my own liberty if I had. — I bid Dorcas tell him, that I desired to have this day to myself. I would see him in the morning, as early as he pleased. She says, she knows not what ails him, but that he is out of humour with every-body.

He has sent again in a peremptory manner. He warns me of Singleton. I sent him word, that if he was not afraid of Singleton at the Play-house last night,

night, I need not at Church to day: So many Churches to one Play-house. I have accepted of his servant's proposed attendance. But he is quite displeased, it seems. I don't care. I will not be perpetually at his insolent beck. — Adieu, my dear, till I return. The chair waits. He won't stop me, sure, as I go down to it.

I DID not see him as I went down. He is, it seems, excessively out of humour. Dorcas says, Not with me neither, she believes: But something has vexed him. This is put on perhaps to make me dine with him. But I will not, if I can help it. I shan't get rid of him for the rest of the day, if I do.

He was very earnest to dine with me. But I was resolved to carry this one small point; and so denied to dine myself. And indeed I was endeavouring to write to my Cousin Morden; and had begun three different times, without being able to please myself.

He was very busy in writing, Dorcas says, and pursued it without dining, because I denied him my company.

He afterwards *demanded*, as I may say, to be admitted to afternoon tea with me: And appealed by Dorcas to his behaviour to me last night; as if, as I sent him word by her, he thought he had a merit in being unexceptionable. However, I repeated my promise to meet him as early as he pleased in the morning, or to breakfast with him.

Dorcas says, he raved: I heard him loud, and I heard his servant fly from him, as I thought. You, my dearest friend, say, in one of yours (a), that you must have somebody to be angry at, when your Mother sets you up. I should be very loth to draw comparisons: But the workings of passion, when indulged, are but too much alike, whether in man or woman.

He

He has just sent me word, that he insists upon supping with me. As we had been in a good train for several days past, I thought it not prudent to break with him, for little matters. Yet, to be, in a manner, threatened into his will, I know not how to bear that.

WHILE I was considering, he came up, and, tapping at my door, told me, in a very angry tone, he must see me this night. He could not rest, till he had been told what he had done to deserve the treatment I gave him.

*Treatment I give him!*—A wretch!—Yet perhaps he has nothing new to say to me. I shall be very angry with him.

*As the Lady could not know what Mr. Lovelace's designs were, nor the cause of his ill humour, it will not be improper to pursue the subject from his Letter.*

*Having described his angry manner of demanding, in person, her company at supper; he proceeds as follows.*

'Tis hard, answered the fair Perverse, that I am to be so little my own mistress. I will meet you in the dining-room half an hour hence.

I went down to wait that half-hour. All the women set me hard to give her cause for this tyranny. They demonstrated, as well from the nature of the Sex, as of the Case, that I had nothing to hope for from my tameness, and could meet with no worse treatment, were I to be guilty of the last offence. They urged me vehemently to try at least what effect some greater familiarities than I had ever taken with her, would have: And their arguments being strengthened by my just resentments on the discoveries I had made, I was resolved to take some liberties, and, as they were received, to take still greater, and lay all the fault upon her tyranny. In this humour I went up,

up, and never had Paralytic so little command of his joints, as I had, as I walked about the dining-room, attending her motions.

With an erect mien she entered, her face averted, her lovely bosom swelling, and the more charmingly protuberant for the erectness of her mien. O Jack! that Sullenness and Reserve should add to the charms of this haughty maid! But in every attitude, in every humour, in every gesture, is Beauty beautiful. — By her averted face, and indignant aspect, I saw the dear insolent was disposed to be angry — But by the fierceness of mine, as my trembling hands seized hers, I soon made Fear her predominant passion. And yet the moment I beheld her, my heart was dastardized; and my reverence for the Virgin Purity so visible in her whole deportment, again took place. Surely, Belford, this is an Angel. And yet, had she not been known to be a Female, they would not from *babyhood* have dressed her as such, nor would she, but upon that conviction, have continued the dress.

Let me ask you, Madam, I beseech you tell me, what I have done to deserve this distant treatment?

And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, why are my Retirements to be thus invaded? — What can you have to say to me since last night, that I went with you so much against my will to the Play? And after sitting up with you, equally against my will, till a very late hour?

This I have to say, Madam, that I cannot bear to be kept at this distance from you under the same roof.

Under the same roof, Sir! — How came you —

Hear me out, Madam (letting go her trembling hands, and snatching them back again with an eagerness that made her start) — I have a thousand things to say, to talk of, relating to our present and future prospects; but when I want to open my whole soul to you, you are always contriving to keep me at a distance. You make me inconsistent with myself. Your heart is set upon delays.

lays. You must have views that you will not own. Tell me, Madam, I conjure you to tell me, this moment, without subterfuge or reserve, in what light am I to appear to you in future? I cannot bear this distance. The suspense you hold me in I cannot bear.

In what light, Mr. Lovelace (visibly terrified) In no bad light, I hope --- Pray Mr. Lovelace, do not grasp my hands so hard (endeavouring to withdraw them). Pray let me go---

You hate me, Madam---

I hate nobody, Sir---

You hate *me*, Madam, repeated I.

Instigated and resolved, as I came up, I wanted some new provocation. The devil indeed, as soon as my angel made her appearance, crept out of my heart; but he had left the door open, and was no farther off than my elbow.

You come up in no good temper, I see, Mr. Lovelace---But pray be not violent --- *I have done you no hurt*---Pray be not violent---

Sweet creature! And I clasped one arm about her, holding one hand in my other --- *You have done me no hurt!*---I could have devoured her --- But restraining myself--- You have done me the greatest hurt! --- In what have I deserved the distance you keep me at!-- I knew not what to say.

She struggled to disengage herself---Pray, Mr. Lovelace, let me withdraw. I know not why this is. I know not what I have done to offend you. I see you are come with a *design to quarrel with me*. If you would not terrify me by the ill-humour you are in, permit me to withdraw. I will hear all you have to say another time -- To-morrow morning, as I sent you word --- But indeed you frighten me. I beseech you, if you have any value for me, permit me to withdraw.

Night,

Night, mid-night, is necessary, Belford, Surprise, Terror, *must* be necessary to the ultimate Trial of this charming creature, say the women below what they will. I could not hold my purposes. This was not the first time that I had *intended* to try if she could forgive.

I kissed her hand with a fervor, as if I would have left my lips upon it --- Withdraw then, dearest and ever-dear creature. Indeed I entered in a very ill humour. I cannot bear the distance at which you so causlessly keep me. Withdraw, Madam, since it is your will to withdraw; and judge me generously; judge me but as I deserve to be judged; and let me hope to meet you to-morrow morning early, in such a temper as becomes our present situation, and my future hopes.

And so saying, I conducted her to the door, and left her there. But instead of going down to the women, I went into my own chamber, and locked myself in; ashamed of being awed by her majestic loveliness and apprehensive virtue, into so great a change of purpose, notwithstanding I had such just provocations from the Letters of her saucy Friend, founded on her own representations of facts and situations between herself and me.

*The Lady (dating Sunday night) thus describes her terrors, and Mr. Lovelace's behaviour, on this occasion.*

On my entering the dining-room, he took my hands in his, in such a humour, as I saw plainly he was resolved to quarrel with me—*And for what? — What had I done to him?*—I never in my life beheld in any-body such wild, such angry, such impatient aits. I was terrified; and instead of being as angry as I intended to be, I was forced to be all mildness, I can hardly remember what were his first words, I was so frightened. But, *You hate me, Madam! You hate me, Madam!* were some of them--with such a fierceness--I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him. I

hate no-body, said I; I thank God I hate no-body-- You terrify me, Mr. Lovelace--Let me leave you-- The man, my dear, looked *quite ugly*--I never saw a man look so ugly as passion made him look.--*And for what?*--And he so grasped my hands!--*fierce creature!*--He so grasped my hands!--In short, he seemed by his looks, and by his words (once putting his arms about me) to wish me to provoke him. So that I had nothing to do, but to beg of him (which I did repeatedly) to permit me to withdraw; and to promise to meet him at his own time in the morning.

It was with a very ill grace that he complied, on that condition; and at parting he kissed my hand with such a savageness, that a redness remains upon it still.

Perfect for me, my dearest Miss Howe, perfect for me, I beseech you, your kind scheme with Mrs. Townsend. --- And I will then leave this man. See you not how from step to step, he grows upon me?--I tremble to look back upon his incroachments. And now to give me cause to apprehend *more evil from him, than indignation will permit me to express!*--O my dear, perfect your scheme, and let me fly from so strange a wretch! He must certainly have views in quarrelling with me thus, which he dare not own!--Yet what can they be?

I was so disgusted with him, as well as frightened by him, that, on my return to my chamber, in a fit of passionate despair, I tore almost in two, the Answer I had written to his proposals.

I will see him in the morning, because I promised I would. But I will go out, and that without him, or any attendant. If he account not tolerably for his sudden change of behaviour, and a proper opportunity offer of a private lodging in some creditable house, I will not any more return to this: --- At present, I think so.---And there will I either attend the perfecting of your scheme; or, by your epistolary mediation,

tion, make my own terms with the wretch; since it is your opinion, that I must be his, and cannot help myself. Or, perhaps, take a resolution to throw myself at once into Lady Betty's protection; and this will hinder him from making his insolently-threatned visit to Harlowe-Place.

*The Lady writes again on Monday evening; and gives her friend an account of all that has passed between herself and Mr. Lovelace that day; and of her being terrified out of her purpose of going out: But Mr. Lovelace's next Letters giving a more ample account of all, hers are omitted.*

*It is proper, however, to mention, that she re-urges Miss Howe (from the dissatisfaction she has reason for from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself) to perfect her scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend. She concludes this Letter in these words:*

I should say something of your last favour (but a few hours ago received) and of your dialogue with your Mother. --- Are you not very whimsical, my dear? I have but two things to wish for on this occasion---The one, that your charming pleasantry had a better subject than that you find for it in this dialogue---The other, that my situation were not such, as must too often damp that pleasantry in you, and will not permit me to enjoy it, as I used to do. Be, however, happy in yourself, tho' you cannot in

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER XXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Monday Morn. May 22.*

NO generosity in this Lady. None at all. Wouldst thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for mischief as I was,

that she would meet me next morning early ; and that with a smile ; making me one of her best courties ?

I was in the dining-room before Six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up stairs and down, and hemm'd, and called Will, called Dorcas ; threw the doors hard to ; but still she opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after Eight, fooled I away my time ; and then (breakfast ready) I sent Dorcas to request her company.

But I was astonished, when (following the wench, as she did at the first invitation) I saw her enter dressed, all but her gloves, and those and her fan in her hand ; in the same moment, bidding Dorcas direct Will. to get her a chair to the door.

Cruel creature, thought I, to expose me thus to the derision of the women below !

Going abroad, Madam ?

I am, Sir.

I looked cursed silly, I am sure. You will breakfast first, I hope, Madam ; in a very humble strain ; yet with an hundred tenter-hooks in my heart.

Had she given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myself up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately came into my head all the virulence that had been transcribed for me from Miss Howe's Letters, and in that Letter which I had transcribed myself.

Yes, she would drink one dish ; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window just by.

I was perfectly disconcerted. I hemm'd, and was going to speak several times ; but knew not in what key. Who's modest now, thought I ! Who's insolent now ! --- How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bashful man ! --- She was acting Miss Howe, I thought ; and I the spiritless Hickman.

At last, I will begin, thought I.

She a dish --- I a dish.

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Sip, her eyes her own, she ; like an haughty and imperious sovereign, conscious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vassal, I ; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I sipp'd or tasted.

I was—I was—I sipp'd—(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, tho' I scalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, Madam—

Dorcas came in just then.—Dorcas, said she, is a chair gone for ?

Damn'd impertinence, thought I, thus to put me out in my speech ! And I was forced to wait for the servant's answer to the insolent mistress's question.

William is gone for one, Madam.

This cost me a minute's silence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes, and my hopes, that I should have been early admitted to—

What weather is it, Dorcas ? said she, as regardless of me, as if I had not been present.

A little lowering, Madam.—The Sun is gone in.—It was very fine half an hour ago.

I had no patience. Up I rose. Down went the Tea-cup, Saucer and all — Confound the Weather, the Sunshine, and the Wench ! — Begone for a devil, when I am speaking to your Lady, and have so little opportunity given me.

Up rose the saucy-face, half frightened ; and snatched from the window her gloves and fan.

You must not go, Madam !—Seizing her hand—By my soul, you must not—

*Must not*, Sir !—But I must—You can curse your maid in my absence, as well as if I were present — Except—Except—you intend for *me*, what you direct to *her*.

Dearest creature, you must not go—You must not leave me—Such determined scorn ! Such contempts !—

Questions asked your servant of no meaning but to break in upon me---I cannot bear it?

Detain me not, struggling. I will not be withheld. I like you not, nor your ways. You fought to quarrel with me yesterday, *for no reason in the world that I can think of, but because I was too obliging.* You are an ingrateful man; and I hate you with my whole heart, Mr. Lovelace!

Do not make me desperate, Madam. Permit me to say, that you shall not leave me in this humour. Where-ever you go, I will attend you. Had Miss Howe been my friend, I had not been thus treated. It is but too plain to whom my difficulties are owing. I have long observed, that every Letter you receive from her, makes an alteration in your behaviour to me. She would have you treat me, as *she* treats Mr. Hickman, I suppose: But neither does that treatment become your admirable temper to offer, nor me to receive.

This startled her. She did not care to have me think hardly of Miss Howe.

But recollecting herself, Miss Howe, said she, is a friend to virtue, and to good men. If she like not you, it is because you are not one of those.

Yes, Madam; and therefore, to speak of Mr. Hickman and Myself, as you both, I suppose, think of each, she treats *him* as she would not treat a *Lovelace*.--I challenge you, Madam, to shew me but one of the many Letters you have received from her, where I am mentioned.

Miss Howe is just; Miss Howe is good, replied she. She writes, she speaks of every-body as they deserve. If you point me out but any one occasion, upon which you have reason to build a merit to yourself, as either just or good, or even generous, I will look out for her Letter on that occasion (if such an occasion there be, I have certainly acquainted her with it); and will engage it shall be in your favour.

Devilish severe! And as indelicate as severe, to put a modest

a modest man upon hunting backward after his own merits.

She would have flung from me : I will not be detained, Mr. Lovelace. I will go out.

Indeed you must not, Madam, in this humour. And I placed myself between her and the door. — And then, fanning, she threw herself into a chair, her sweet face all crimsoned over with passion.

I cast myself at her feet. — Begone, Mr. Lovelace, said she, with a rejecting motion, her Fan in her hand ; for your own sake leave me ! — My soul is above thee, man ! with both her hands pushing me from her ! — Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee ! — Thou hast in mine, a proud, a too proud heart, to contend with ! — Leave me, and leave me for ever ! — Thou hast a proud heart to contend with !

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, tho' her words were so severe.

Let me worship an angel, said I, no woman. Forgive me, dearest creature ! — Creature if you be, forgive me ! — Forgive my inadvertencies ! Forgive my inequalities ! — Pity my infirmity ! — Who is equal to my Clarissa ?

I trembled between Admiration and Love ; and wrapt my arms about her knees, as she sat. She tried to rise at the moment ; but my clasping round her thus ardently, drew her down again ; and never was woman more affrighted. But free as my clasping emotion might appear to her apprehensive heart, I had not, at the instant, any thought but what reverence inspired. And till she had actually withdrawn (which I permitted under promise of a speedy return, and on her consent to dismiss the chair) all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

She kept not her word. An hour I waited before I sent to claim her promise. She could not possibly see me yet, was the answer. As soon as she could, she would.

Dorcas says, she still excessively trembled; and ordered her to give her water and hartshorn.

A strange apprehensive creature! Her terror is too great for the occasion. Evils in apprehension are often greater than evils in reality. Hast thou never observed, that the terrors of a bird caught, and actually in the hand, bear no comparison to what we might have supposed those terrors would be, were we to have formed a judgment of the same bird by its shyness before taken?

Dear creature! --- Did she never romp? Did she never from girlhood to now, hoyden? The innocent kinds of freedom taken and allowed on these occasions, would have familiarized her to greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment! --- Excess of delicacy! --- O the consecrated beauty! how can she think to be a wife!

But how do I know till I try, whether she may not by a less alarming treatment be prevailed upon, or whether [*Day, I have done with thee!*] she may not yield to *nightly surprizes*? This is still the burden of my song, I can marry her when I will. And if I do, after prevailing (whether by *surprize* or by *reluctant consent*) whom but myself shall I have injured?

\* \* \*

It is now eleven o'clock. She will see me as soon as she can, she tells Polly Horton, who made her a tender visit, and to whom she is less reserved than to any-body else. Her emotion, she assures her, was not owing to perverseness, to nicety, to ill-humour; but to *weakness of heart*. She has not *strength of mind* sufficient, she says, to enable her to support her condition, and her apprehensions, under the weight of a Father's curse; which she fears is more than beginning to operate.

Yet what a contradiction! — *Weakness of heart*, says she, with such a *strength of will*! — O Belford! she is a lion-hearted Lady, in every case where her Honour,

nour, her Punctilio rather, calls for spirit. But I have had reason more than once in her case, to conclude, that the passions of the gentlest, slower to be moved than those of the quick, are the most flaming, the most irresistible, when raised. — Yet her charming Body is not equally organized. The unequal partners pull two ways ; and the divinity within her tears her silken frame. But had the same soul informed a masculine body, never would there have been a truer hero.

*Monday, two o'clock.*

NOT yet visible !—My Beloved is not well. What *Expectations* had she from my ardent admiration of her ! — More Rudeness than Revenge apprehended. Yet, how my soul thirsts for Revenge upon both these Ladies ! I must have recourse to my *master-strokes*. This cursed project of Miss Howe and her Mrs. Townsend (if I cannot contrive to render it abortive) will be always a sword hanging over my head. Upon every little disobligation my Beloved will be for taking wing ; and the pains I have taken to deprive her of every other refuge or protection in order to make her absolutely dependent upon me, will be all thrown away. But perhaps I shall find out a Smuggler to counterplot Miss Howe.

Thou remembrest the contention between the Sun and the North-wind, in the Fable ; which should first make an honest Traveller throw off his cloak.

Boreas began first. He puffed away most vehemently ; and often made the poor fellow curve and stagger : But with no other effect, than to cause him to wrap his Surtout the closer about him.

But when it came to Phoebus's turn, he so played upon the Traveller with his beams, that he made him first unbutton, and then throw it quite off : — Nor left he, till he obliged him to take to the friendly shade of a spreading beech ; where prostrating himself on the thrown-off cloak, he took a comfortable nap.

The victor-god then laughed outright, both at Boreas and the Traveller, and pursued his radiant course, shining upon, and warming and cherishing a thousand new objects, as he danced along: And at night, when he put up his fiery couriers, he diverted his Thetis with the relation of his pranks in the passed day.

I, in like manner, will discard all my boistrous inventions; and if I can oblige my sweet Traveller to throw aside, *but for one moment*, the cloak of her rigid virtue, I shall have nothing to do, but, like the Sun, to bless new objects with my rays. But my chosen hours of conversation and repose, after all my peregrinations, will be devoted to my goddess.

AND now, Belford, according to my new system, I think this house of Mrs. Fretchville an embarrassment upon me. I will get rid of it; for some time at least. Mennell, when I am out, shall come to her, inquiring for me. What for? thou'lt ask. What for! Hast thou not heard what has befallen poor Mrs. Fretchville?—Then I'll tell thee.

One of her maids, about a week ago, was taken with the Small-pox. The rest kept their mistress ignorant of it till Friday; and then she came to know it by accident. The greater half of the plagues poor mortals of condition are tormented with, proceed from the Servants they take, partly for show, partly for use; and with a view to lessen their cares.

This has so terrified the widow, that she is taken with all the symptoms that threaten an attack from that dreadful enemy of fair faces.—So must not think of removing: Yet cannot expect, that we should be further delayed on her account.

She now wishes, with all her heart, that she had known her own mind, and gone into the country at first when I treated about the house: This evil then had not happened! A cursed cross accident for us, too!—High-ho! Nothing else, I think, in this mortal life!

life! -- People need not study to bring crosses upon themselves by their petulancies.

So this affair of the house will be over; at least, for one while. But then I can fall upon an expedient which will make amends for this disappointment. I must move *slow*, in order to be *sure*. I have a charming contrivance or two in my head, even supposing she should get away, to bring her back again.

But what is become of Lord M. I trow, that he writes not to me, in answer to my invitation? If he would send me such a Letter as I could shew, it might go a great way towards a perfect reconciliation. I have written to Charlotte about it. He shall soon hear from me, and that in a way he won't like, if he writes not quickly. He has sometimes threatened to disinherit me: But if I should renounce him, it would be but justice, and would vex him ten times more, than any thing he can do, will vex me. Then, the Settlements unavoidably delayed, by his neglect! -- How shall I bear such a life of procrastination! -- I, who, as to my will, and impatience, and so forth, am of the true *Lady-make*, and can as little bear controul and disappointment as the best of them!

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ANOTHER Letter, from Miss Howe. I suppose it is *that* which she promises in her last to send her relating to the Courtship between old Tony the Uncle, and Annabella the Mother. I should be extremely rejoiced to see it. No more of the Smuggler-plot in it, surely! This Letter, it seems, she has put in her pocket. But I hope I shall soon find it deposited with the rest.

Monday Evening.

At my repeated request she condescended to meet me in the dining-room to afternoon-tea, and not before.

She entered with bashfulness, as I thought; in a pretty confusion, for having carried her apprehensions

too far. Sullen and slow moved she towards the Tea-table. — Dorcas present, busy in tea-cup preparations. I took her reluctant hand, and pressed it to my lips — Dearest, loveliest of creatures, why this distance? Why this displeasure? — How can you thus torture the faithfullest heart in the world?

She disengaged her hand. Again I would have snatched it.

Be quiet, peevishly withdrawing it; and down she sat; a gentle palpitation in the Beauty of beauties indicating mingled sullenness and resentment; her snowy handkerchief rising and falling, and a sweet flush overspreading her charming cheeks.

For God's sake, Madam! — And a third time I would have taken her repulsing hand.

And for the same sake, Sir; no more teasing.

Dorcas retired; I drew my chair nearer hers, and with the most respectful tenderness took her hand, and told her, that I could not forbear to express my apprehensions (from the distance she was so desirous to keep me at) that if any man in the world was more indifferent to her, to use no harsher a word, than another, it was the unhappy wretch before her.

She looked steadily upon me for a moment, and with her other hand, not withdrawing that I held, pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket; and by a twinkling motion urg'd forward a tear or two, which having arisen in each sweet eye, it was plain by that motion, she would rather have dissipated. But answered me only with a sigh, and an averted face.

I urged her to speak; to look up at me; to bless me with an eye more favourable.

I had reason, she told me, for my complaint of her indifference. She saw nothing in my mind that was generous. I was not a man to be obliged or favoured. My strange behaviour to her since Saturday.

night,

night, for no cause at all that she knew of, convinced her of this. Whatever hopes she had conceived of me, were utterly dissipated. All my ways were disgustful to her.

This cut me to the heart. The guilty, I believe, in every case, less patiently bear the detecting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falsehood.

I bespoke her patience, while I took the liberty to account for this change, on my part. — I re-acknowledged the pride of my heart, which could not bear the thought of that want of preference in the heart of a Lady whom I hoped to call mine, which she had always manifested. Marriage, I said, was a State that was not to be entered upon with indifference on either side.

It is insolence, interrupted she, it is presumption, Sir, to expect tokens of value, without resolving to deserve them. You have no whining creature before you, Mr. Lovelace, overcome by weak motives, to love where there is no merit. Miss Howe can tell you, Sir, that I never loved the faults of my friends; nor ever wished her to love me for mine. It was a rule with us, not to spare each other. And would a man who has nothing but faults (for pray, Sir, what are your virtues?) expect that I should shew a value for him? Indeed if I did, I should not deserve even his value, but ought to be despised by him.

Well have you, Madam, kept up to this noble manner of thinking. You are in no danger of being despised for any marks of tenderness or favour shewn to the man before you. You have been perhaps, you'll think, laudably studious of making and taking occasions to declare, that it was far from being owing to your choice, that you had any thoughts of me. My whole soul, Madam, in all its errors, in all its wishes, in all its views, had been laid open and naked before you, had I been encouraged by such a share in your confidence and esteem,

esteem, as would have secured me against your apprehended worst constructions of what I should from time to time have revealed to you, and consulted you upon. For never was there a franker heart; nor a man so ready to accuse himself, [*This, Belford, is true*]. But you know, Madam, how much otherwise it has been between us.---Doubt, distance, reserve, on your part, begat doubt, fear, awe, on mine.---How little confidence! as if we apprehended each other to be a Plotter rather than a Lover. How have I dreaded every Letter that has been brought you from Wilson's!---And with reason; since the last, from which I expected so much, on account of the proposals I had made you in writing, has, if I may judge by the effects, and by your denial of seeing me yesterday (tho' you could go abroad, and in a chair too, to avoid my attendance on you) set you against me more than ever.

I was guilty, it seems, of going to church, said the indignant Charmer; and without the company of a man, whose choice it would not have been to go, had I not gone.---I was guilty of desiring to have the whole Sunday to myself, after I had obliged you, against my will, at a Play; and after you had detained me (equally to my dislike) to a very late hour over night.---These were my faults: For these I was to be punished; I was to be compelled to see you, and to be terrified when I did see you, by the most shocking ill-humour that was ever shewn to a creature in my circumstances, and not bound to bear it. You have pretended to find free fault with my Father's temper, Mr. Lovelace: But the worst that he ever shewed after marriage, was not in the least to be compared to what you have shewn twenty times *beforehand*.---And what are my prospects with you, at the very best?---My indignation rises against you, Mr. Lovelace, while I speak to you, when I recollect the many instances, equally ungenerous and unpolite, of your behaviour

behaviour to one whom you have brought into distress-- And I can hardly bear you in my sight.

She turned from me, standing up; and lifting up her folded hands and charming eyes, swimming in tears--O my Father, said the inimitable creature, you might have spared your heavy curse, had you known how I have been punished, ever since my swerving feet led me out of your garden-doors to meet this man!--Then, sinking into her chair, a burst of passionate tears forced their way down her glowing cheeks.

My dearest life, taking her still folded hands in mine, who can bear an invocation so affecting, tho' so passionate?

And, as I hope to live, my nose tingled, as I once when a boy, remember it did (and indeed once more very lately) just before some tears came into my eyes; and I durst hardly trust my face in view of hers.

What have I done to deserve this impatient exclamation?--Have I, at any time, by word, by deeds, by looks, given you cause to doubt my honour, my reverence, my adoration, I may call it, of your virtues? All is owing to misapprehension, I hope, on both sides. Condescend to clear up but your part, as I will mine, and all must speedily be happy.--Would to Heaven I loved that Heaven as I love you!--And yet, if I doubted a Return in Love, let me perish if I should know how to wish you mine!--Give me hope, dearest creature, give me but hope, that I am your preferable choice!--Give me but hope, that you hate me not; that you do not *despise me*.

O Mr. Lovelace, we have been long enough together, to be tired of each others humours and ways; ways and humours so different, that perhaps you ought to dislike *me*, as much as I do *you*.--I think, I think, that I cannot make an answerable return to the value you profess for me. My temper is utterly ruined. You have given me an ill opinion of all mankind;

mankind ; of yourself in particular : And withal so bad a one of myself, that I shall never be able to look up, having utterly and for ever lost all that self-complacency, and conscious pride, which are so necessary to carry a woman through this life with tolerable satisfaction to herself.

She paused: I was silent. By my Soul, thought I, this sweet creature will at last undo me!

She proceeded.---What now remains, but that you pronounce me free of all obligation to you? And that you hinder me not from pursuing the destiny that shall be allotted me?

Again she paused. I was still silent; meditating whether to renounce all further designs upon her; whether I had not received sufficient evidence of a virtue, and of a greatness of soul, that could not be questioned, or impeached.

She went on: Propitious to me be your silence, Mr. Lovelace!--Tell me, that I am free of all obligation to you. You know, I never made you promises.--You know, that you are not under any to me.--My broken fortunes I matter not--

She was proceeding--My dearest life, said I, I have been all this time, tho' you fill me with doubts of your favour, busy in the nuptial preparations. I am actually in treaty for Equipage.

Equipage, Sir!--Trappings, Tinsel!--What is Equipage; what is Life; what is Any-thing; to a creature sunk so low as I am in my own opinion!--Labouring under a Father's Curse!--Unable to look backward without reproach, or forward without terror!--These reflections strengthened by every cross accident!--And what but cross accidents besal me!--All my darling schemes dashed in pieces; all my hopes at an end; deny me not the liberty to refuge myself in some obscure corner, where neither the enemies you have made me, nor the few friends you have left me, may ever hear of the supposed Rake

one, till those happy moments are at hand, which shall expiate for all!

I had not a word to say for myself. Such a war in my mind had I never known. Gratitude, and Admiration of the excellent creature before me, combating with villainous Habit, with resolutions so premeditatedly made, and with views so much gloried in!—An hundred new contrivances in my head, and in my heart, that, to be honest, as it is called, must all be given up, by a heart delighting in intrigue and difficulty—Miss Howe's virulences endeavoured to be recollected—Yet recollection refusing to bring them forward with the requisite efficacy—I had certainly been a lost man, had not Dorcas come seasonably in, with a Letter.—On the superscription written—*Be pleased, Sir, to open it now.*

I retired to the window—opened it.—It was from Dorcas herself.—These the contents—‘Be pleased to detain my Lady; a paper of importance to transcribe. I will cough when I have done.’

I put the paper in my pocket, and turned to my Charmer, less disconcerted, as she, by that time, had also a little recovered herself.—One favour, dearest creature—Let me but know, whether Miss Howe approves or disapproves of my proposals?—I know her to be my enemy. I was intending to account to you for the change of behaviour you accused me of at the beginning of this conversation; but was diverted from it by your vehemence. Indeed, my beloved creature, you was *very* vehement. Do you think, it must not be matter of high regret to me, to find my wishes so often delayed and postponed in favour of your predominate view to a Reconciliation with relations who will not be reconciled to you?—To this was owing your declining to celebrate our Nuptials before we came to town, tho’ you were so atrociously treated by your Sister, and your whole family; and tho’ so ardently pressed to celebrate by me?—To this was owing the  
ready

ready offence you took at my four friends ; and at the unavailing attempt I made to see a dropt Letter ; little imagining that there could be room for mortal displeasure on that account, from what two such Ladies could write to each other.---To this was owing the week's distance you held me at, till you knew the issue of another application.---But when they had rejected that ; when you had sent my coldly-received proposals to Miss Howe for her approbation or advice, as indeed I advised, and had honoured me with your company at the Play on Saturday night (my whole behaviour unobjectible to the last hour) ; must not, Madam, the sudden change in your conduct the very next morning, astonish and distress me ?---And this persisted in with still stronger declarations, after you had received the impatiently-expected Letter from Miss Howe ; must I not conclude, that all was owing to her influence ; and that some other application or project was meditating, that made it necessary to keep me again at distance till the result were known, and which was to deprive me of you for ever ? for was not that your constantly proposed preliminary ? --Well, Madam, might I be wrought up to a half-frenzy by this apprehension ; and well might I charge you with hating me.---And now, dearest creature, let me know, I once more ask you, what is Miss Howe's opinion of my proposals ?

Were I disposed to debate with you, Mr. Lovelace, I could very easily answer your fine harangue. But at present, I shall only say, that your ways have been very unaccountable. You seem to me, if your meanings were always just, to have taken great pains to embarrass them. Whether owing in you to the want of a clear head, or a sound heart, I cannot determine, but it is to the want of one of them, I verily think, that I am to ascribe the greatest part of your strange conduct.

Curse upon the heart of the little devil, said I, who instigates you to think so hardly of the faithfullest heart in the world!

How dare you, Sir?—And there she stopt; having almost overshot herself; as I designed she should.

How dare I *what*, Madam? And I looked with meaning. How dare I *what*?

Vile man!—And do you—And there again she stopt.

Do I *what*, Madam?—And why *vile man*?

How dare you to curse *any-body* in my presence?

O the sweet receder!—But that was not to go off so with a Lovelace.

Why then, dearest creature, is there *any-body* that instigates you?—If there be, again I curse them, be they whom they will.

She was in a charming pretty passion.—And this was the first time that I had the odds in my favour.

Well, Madam, it is just as I thought. And now I know how to account for a temper, that I hope is not *natural* to you.

Artful wretch! And is it thus you would entrap me?—But know, Sir, that I receive Letters from nobody but Miss Howe. Miss Howe likes some of your ways as little as I do; for I have set every-thing before her. Yet she is thus far *your* enemy, as she is *mine*--- She thinks I should not refuse your offers; but endeavour to make the best of my lot. And now you have the truth. Would to heaven you were capable of dealing with equal sincerity!

I *am*, Madam. And here, on my knee, I renew my vows, and my supplication, that you will make me yours—Yours for ever.—And let me have cause to bless you and Miss Howe in the same breath.

To say the truth, Belford, I had before begun to think, that the vixen of a girl, who certainly likes not Hickman, was in love with *me*.

Rise, Sir, from your too-ready knees; and mock me not.

Too-

*Too-ready knees,* thought I! — Tho' this humble posture so little affects this proud Beauty, she knows not how much I have obtained of others of her Sex, nor how often I have been forgiven for the last attempts, by kneeling.

*Mack you, Madam!* — And I arose, and re-urged her for the day. I blamed myself at the same time, for the invitation I had given to Lord M. as it might subject me to delay from his infirmities: But told her, that I would write to him to excuse me, if she had no objection; or to give him the day she would give me, and not wait for him, if he could not come in time.

My Day, Sir, said she, is Never. Be not surprized. A person of politeness judging between us, would not be surprized that I say so. But indeed, Mr. Lovelace (and wept thro' impatience) you either know not how to treat with a mind of the least degree of delicacy, notwithstanding your Birth and Education, or you are an ingrateful man; and (after a pause) a worse than ingrateful one. But I will retire. I will see you again to-morrow. I cannot before. I think I hate you — You *may* look — Indeed I think I hate you. And if, upon a re-examination of my own heart, I find I do, I would not for the world that matters should go on farther between us.

I was too much vexed, disconcerted, mortified, to hinder her retiring — And yet she had not gone, if Dorcas had not coughed.

The wench came in, as soon as her Lady had retired, and gave me the copy she had taken. And what should it be of but the answer the truly admirable creature had intended to give to my written proposals in relation to Settlements?

I have but just dipt into this affecting paper. Were I to read it attentively, not a wink should I sleep this night. To-morrow it shall obtain my serious consideration.

## LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday Morning, May 23.

THE dear creature desires to be excused seeing me till evening. She is not very well, as Dorcas tells me.

Read here, if thou wilt, the paper transcribed by Dorcas. It is impossible that I should proceed with my projects against this admirable woman; were it not that I am resolved, after a few trials more as nobly sustained as those she has already passed through, to make her (if she really hate me not) legally mine.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

WHEN a woman is married, that supreme earthly obligation requires that in all instances where her husband's real honour is concerned, she should yield her own will to his—But, beforehand, I could be glad, conformably to what I have always signified, to have the most explicit assurances, that every possible way should be tried to avoid litigation with my Father. Time and patience will subdue all things. My prospects of happiness are extremely contracted. A Husband's right will be always the same. In my life-time I could wish nothing to be done of this sort. Your circumstances, Sir, will not oblige you to extort violently from him what is in his hands. All that depends upon me, either with regard to my Person, to my Diversions, or to the Oeconomy that no married woman, of whatever Rank or Quality, should be above inspecting, shall be done, to prevent a necessity for such measures being taken. And if there will be no necessity for them, it is to be hoped that motives less excusable will not have force—Motives which must be founded in a Littleness of Mind, which a woman, who has

not

not that Littleness of Mind, will be under such temptations as her duty will hardly be able at all times to check, to despise her Husband for having; especially in cases where her own family, so much a part of herself, and which will have obligations upon her (tho' then but *secondary* ones) from which she never can be freed, is intimately concerned.

This article, then, I urge to your most serious consideration, as what lies next my heart. I enter not here minutely into the fatal misunderstanding between them and you: The fault may be in both. But, Sir, *yours* was the foundation-fault: At least, you gave a too plausible pretence for my Brother's antipathy to work upon. Condescension was no part of your study. You chose to bear the imputations laid to your charge, rather than to make it your endeavour to obviate them.

But this may lead into hateful recrimination -- Let it be remembred, I will only say, in this place, that, in *their* eye, you have robbed them of a daughter they doted upon; and that their resentments on this occasion rise but in proportion to their love, and their disappointment. If they were faulty in some of the measures they took, while they themselves did not think so, who shall judge for *them*? You, Sir, who will judge every-body as you please, and will let no-body judge you, in *your own* particular, must not be *their* judge. -- It may therefore be expected, that they will stand out.

As for *myself*, Sir, I must leave it (so seems it to be destined) to your justice, to treat me as you shall think I deserve: But if your future behaviour to *them* is not governed by that harsh-sounding implacableness, which you charge upon some of *their* tempers, the splendor of your family, and the excellent character of *some* of them (of *all* indeed, except your own conscience furnishes you with one *only* exception) will, on better consideration, do every thing with

with them: For they *may* be overcome; perhaps, however, with the more difficulty, as the greatly prosperous less bear controul and disappointment than others: For I will own to you, that I have often in secret lamented, that their great acquisitions have been a snare to them; perhaps as great a snare, as some *other* accidentals have been to you; which being less immediately your own gifts, you have still less reason than they to value yourself upon them.

Let me only, on this subject, further observe, that Condescension is not Meanness. There is a glory in yielding, that hardly any violent spirit can judge of. My Brother perhaps is no more sensible of *this* than you. But as you have talents which he has not (who, however, has, as I hope, that regard for morals, the want of which makes one of his objections to you) I could wish it may not be owing to you, that your mutual dislikes to each other do not subside; for it is my earnest hope, that in time you may see each other, without exciting the fears of a Wife and a Sister for the consequence. Not that I should wish you to yield in points that truly concerned your honour: No, Sir, I would be as delicate in such, as you yourself: *More* delicate, I will venture to say, because more *uniformly* so. How vain, how contemptible, is that pride, which shews itself in standing upon diminutive observances; and gives up, and makes a jest of, the most important.

This article being considered as I wish, all the rest will be easy. Were I to accept of the handsome separate provision you seem to intend me; added to the considerable sums arisen from my Grandfather's Estate since his death (more considerable, than perhaps you may suppose from your offer); I should think it my duty to lay up for the family good, and for unforeseen events, out of it: For, as to my donations, I would generally confine myself in them

to

' to the tenth of my income, be it what it would. I  
 ' aim at no glare in what I do of that sort. All I wish  
 ' for, is the power of relieving the Lame, the Blind,  
 ' the Sick, and the industrious Poor, whom accident  
 ' has made so, or sudden distress reduced. The com-  
 ' mon or bred beggars I leave to others, and to the  
 ' public provision. They cannot be lower: Perhaps  
 ' they wish not to be higher: And, not able to do  
 ' for every one, I aim not at works of supererogation.  
 ' Two hundred pounds a year would do all I wish to  
 ' do of the separate sort: For all above, I would con-  
 ' tent myself to ask you; except, mistrusting your  
 ' own oeconomy, you would give up to my manage-  
 ' ment and keeping, in order to provide for future  
 ' contingencies, a larger portion; for which, as your  
 ' steward, I would regularly account.

' As to cloaths, I have particularly two suits, which,  
 ' having been only in a manner tried on, would an-  
 ' swer for any present occasion. Jewels I have of my  
 ' Grandmother's, which want only new-setting:  
 ' Another Set I have, which on particular days I used  
 ' to wear. Altho' these are not sent me, I have no  
 ' doubt, being merely personals, that they will, when  
 ' I send for them in *another name*: Till when I should  
 ' not chuse to wear any.

' As to your complaints of my diffidences, and the  
 ' like, I appeal to your own heart, if it be possible  
 ' for you to make my case your own for one mo-  
 ' ment, and to retrospect some parts of your beha-  
 ' viour, words, and actions, whether I am not rather  
 ' to be justified than censured: And whether, of all  
 ' men in the world, *avowing what you avow*, you ought  
 ' not to think so. If you do not, let me admonish  
 ' you, Sir, from the very great *mismatch*, that then must  
 ' appear to be in our minds, never to seek, nor so much  
 ' as wish, to bring about the *most intimate* union of  
 ' interests between Yourself and

' May 20.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

THE

THE original of this charming paper, as Dorcas tells me, was torn almost in two. In one of her pets, I suppose! What business have the Sex, whose principal glory is meekness, and patience, and resignation, to be in a passion, I trow?—Will not she, who allows herself such liberties as a Maiden, take greater when married?

And a *wife* to be in a passion!—Let me tell the Ladies, it is an impudent thing, begging their pardon, and as *imprudent* as impudent, for a *wife* to be in a passion, if she mean not eternal separation, or wicked defiance, by it: For is it not rejecting at once all that expostulatory meekness, and gentle reasoning, mingled with sighs as gentle, and graced with bent knees, supplicating hands, and eyes lifted up to your imperial countenance, just running over, that should make a reconciliation speedy, and as lasting as speedy? Even suppose the husband is in the wrong, will not his being so, give the greater force to her expostulation?

Now I think of it, a man *should* be in the wrong now-and-then, to make his wife shine. Miss Howe tells my Charmer, that Adversity is *her* shining-time. 'Tis a generous thing in a man, to make his wife shine at his own expence: To give her leave to triumph over him by patient reasoning: For were he to be *too imperial* to acknowledge his fault *on the spot*, she will find the benefit of her duty and submission *in future*, and in the high opinion he will conceive of her prudence and obligingness—And so, by degrees, she will become her master's master.

But for a wife to come up with a kemboed arm, the other hand thrown out, perhaps with a pointing finger—Look ye here, Sir!—Take notice!—If *you* are wrong, *I'll* be wrong!—If *you* are in a passion, *I'll* be in a passion!—Rebuff, for rebuff, Sir!—If *you* fly, *I'll* tear!—If *you* swear, *I'll* curse!—And the same room, and the same bed, shall not hold us, Sir!—For, remember, I am married, Sir!—I am a wife,  
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Sir!—You can't help yourself, Sir!—Your honour, as well as your peace, is in my keeping!—And, if you like not this treatment, you may have worse, Sir!

Ah! Jack, Jack! What man, who has observed these things, either *implied*, or *expressed*, in other families, would wish to be an husband!

Dorcas found this paper in one of the drawers of her Lady's dressing-table. She was reperusing it, as she supposes, when the honest wench carried my message to desire her to favour me at the tea-table; for she saw her pop a paper into the drawer as she came in; and there, on her mistress's going to meet me in the dining-room, she found it: And to be This.

But I had better not to have had a copy of it, as far as I know: For, determined as I was before upon my operations, it instantly turned all my resolutions in her favour. Yet I would give something to be convinced, that she did not pop it into her drawer before the wench, in order for me to see it; and perhaps (if I were to take notice of it) to discover whether Dorcas, according to Miss Howe's advice, were most my friend, or *hers*.

The very suspicion of this will do her no good: For I cannot bear to be *artfully dealt with*. People love to enjoy their own peculiar talents in *monopoly*, as I may say. I am aware, that it will strengthen thy arguments against me in her behalf. But I know every tittle thou canst say upon it. Spare therefore thy wambling nonsense, I desire thee; and leave this sweet excellence and me to our fate: That will determine for us, as it shall please itself: For, as Cowley says,

*An unseen hand makes all our moves:  
And some are great, and some are small;  
Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall:  
Some wise men, and some fools we call:  
Figures, alas! of speech!—For destiny plays us all.*

But,

But, after all, I am sorry, *almost* sorry (for how shall I do to be *quite* sorry, when it is not *given* to me to be so?) that I cannot, until I have made further trials, resolve upon wedlock.

I have just read over again this intended answer to my proposals : And how I adore her for it !

But yet ; another *Yet* !—She has not given it or sent it to me.—It is not therefore *her* answer. It is not written *for* me, tho' *to* me.

Nay, she has not *intended* to send it to me : She has even torn it, perhaps with indignation, as thinking it too *good* for me. By this action she absolutely retracts it. Why then does my foolish fondness seek to establish for her the same merit *in* my heart, as if she avowed it ? Pr'ythee, dear Belford, once more, leave us to our fate ; and do not thou interpose with thy nonsense, to weaken a spirit already too squeamish, and strengthen a conscience that has declared itself of her party.

Then again, remember thy recent discoveries, Lovelace ! Remember her indifference, attended with all the appearance of contempt and hatred. View her, even *now*, wrapt up in reserve and mystery ; meditating plots, as far as thou knowest, against the Sovereignty thou hast, by right of conquest, obtained over her. Remember, in short, all thou hast *threatened* to remember against this insolent Beauty, who is a Rebel to the power she has listd under.

But yet, how dost thou propose to subdue thy sweet enemy ?—Abhorred be *force*, be the *necessity* of force, if that can be avoided ! There is no triumph in *force*—No conquest over the will—No prevailing, by gentle degrees, over the gentle passions !—*Force* is the devil !

My cursed character, as I have often said, was against me at setting-out—Yet is she not a *woman* ? Cannot I find one yielding or but half-yielding moment, if she do not absolutely hate me ?

But with what can I tempt her?—**RICHES** she was born to, and despises, knowing what they are. **JEWELS** and **Ornaments**, to a mind so much a jewel, and so richly set, her worthy consciousness will not let her value. **LOVE**---if she be susceptible of **Love**, it seems to be so much under the direction of prudence, that one unguarded moment, I fear, cannot be reasonably hoped for: And so much **VIGILANCE**, so much Apprehensiveness, that her fears are ever aforehand with her dangers. Then her **LOVE OF VIRTUE** seems to be *Principle*, native Principle, or, if *not* native, so deeply rooted, that its fibres have struck into her heart, and, as she grew up, so blended and twisted themselves with the Strings of life, that I doubt there is no separating of the one without cutting the others asunder.

What then can be done to make such a matchless creature get over the first tests, in order to put her to the grand proof, *whether once overcome, she will not be always overcome?*

By my faith, Jack, as I sit gazing upon her, my whole soul in my eyes, contemplating her perfections, and thinking, when I have seen her easy and serene, what would be her thoughts, did *she* know my heart as well as *I* know it; when I behold her disturbed and jealous, and think of the *justness* of her apprehensions, and that she cannot fear so much as there is *room* for her to fear; my heart often misgives me.

And must, think I, O creature so divinely excellent, and so beloved of my soul, those arms, those incircling arms, that would make a monarch happy, be used to repel brutal force; all their strength, unavailingly perhaps exerted to repel it, and to defend a person so delicately framed? Can violence enter into the heart of a wretch, who might intitle himself to all thy willing, yet virtuous Love, and make the blessings thou aspirest after, her *duty* to confer?---Begone, villain-purposes! Sink ye all to the hell that could only inspire ye! And I am then ready to throw myself

self at her feet, to confess my villainous designs, to avow my repentance, and to put it out of my power to act unworthily by such a peerless excellence.

How then comes it, that all these compassionate, and, as some would call them, *honest* Sensibilities go off?---Why, Miss Howe will tell thee: She says, I am the *devil*.---By my conscience, I think he has at present a great share in me.

There's ingenuity!--How I lay myself open to thee!--But see'st thou not, that the more I say against myself, the less room there is for thee to take me to task?---O Belford, Belford! I cannot, cannot (at least at present I cannot) marry.

Then her family, my bitter enemies---To supple to them, or, if I do not, to make her *as* unhappy as she can be from my attempts-----

Then does she not love Them too much, Me too little?

She now seems to despise me: Miss Howe declares, that she really does despise me. To be *despised* by a WIFE!--What a thought is that!--To be *excelled* by a WIFE too, in every part of praiseworthy knowledge!--To take lessons, to take instructions, from a WIFE!--More than despise me, she herself has taken time to consider whether she does not *bate* me:---I hate you, Lovelace, with my whole heart, said she to me but yesterday! My soul is above thee, man!--Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee!--How poor indeed was I then, even in my own heart!--So visible a superiority, to so proud a spirit as mine!--And here from Below, from Below indeed! from these women, I am so goaded on---

Yet 'tis poor too, to think myself a machine in the hands of such wretches.--I am *no* machine.--Lovelace, thou art base to thyself, but to *suppose* thyself a machine.

But having gone thus far, I should be unhappy, if, after marriage, in the petulance of ill humour, I had

it to reproach myself, that I did not try her to the utmost. And yet I don't know how it is, but this Lady, the moment I come into her presence, half assimilates me to her own virtue.---Once or twice (to say nothing of her triumph over me on Sunday night) I was prevailed upon to fluster myself, with an intention to make some advances, which, if obliged to recede, I might lay upon raised spirits: But the instant I beheld her, I was soberized into awe and reverence: And the majesty of her even *visible* purity first damped, and then extinguished, my *double* flame.

What a surprisngly powerful effect, so much and so long in my power, *she*! so instigated by some of her own Sex, and so stimulated by Passion, *I*!--How can this be accounted for, in a Lovelace!

But, what a heap of stuff have I written!--How have I been run away with!--By what?---Canst thou say, by what?---O thou lurking varletish CONSCIENCE!--Is it Thou, that hast thus made me of party against myself?---How camest thou in?---In what disguise, thou egregious haunter of my more agreeable hours?---Stand *thou*, with *fate*, but neuter in this controversy; and, if I cannot do credit to human nature, and to the female Sex, by bringing down such an angel as this to class with and adorn it (for adorn it *she* does in her very foibles) then I am all yours, and never will resist you more.

Here I arose. I shook myself. The window was open. Away the troublesome bosom-visiter, the intruder, is flown.---I see it yet!--I see it yet!--And now it lessens to my aching eye!--And now the cleft Air is closed after it, and it is out of sight!--And once more I am

ROBERT LOVELACE.

L E T.

## LETTER XXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq.

Tuesday, May 23.

**W**ELL did I, and but just in time, conclude to have done with Mrs. Fretchville and the house: For here Mennell has declared, that he cannot in conscience and honour go any farther.---He would not for the world be accessary to the deceiving of such a Lady!---I was a fool to let either you or him see her; for ever *since* ye have both had scruples, which neither would have had, were a *woman* to have been in the question.

Well, I can't help it!

Mennell has, however, tho' with some reluctance, consented to write me a Letter, provided I will allow it to be the last step he shall take in this affair.

I presumed, I told him, that if I could make Mrs. Fretchville's *woman* supply *his* place, he would have no objection to that.

None, he says,---*But is it not pity*---

A pitiful fellow! Such a ridiculous kind of pity *his*, as those silly souls have, who would not kill an innocent chicken for the world; but when killed to their hands, are always the most greedy devourers of it.

Now this Letter gives the servant the Small-pox: And she has given it to her unhappy vapourish Lady. Vapourish people are perpetual subjects for diseases to work upon. *Name* but the malady, and it is *theirs* in a moment. *Ever* fitted for Inoculation.---The physical tribe's milch-cows.--A vapourish or splenetic patient is a Fiddle for the doctors; and they are eternally playing upon it. Sweet music does it make them. All their difficulty, except a case extraordinary happens (as poor Mrs. Fretchville's, who has *rea-*

lized her apprehensions) is but to hold their countenance, while their patient is drawing up a Bill of Indictment against himself;—and when they have heard it, proceed to *punish*:—The right word for *prescribe*. Why should they not, when the criminal has confessed his guilt?—And *punish* they generally do with a vengeance.

Yet, silly toads too, now I think of it. For why, when they know they cannot do good, may they not as well endeavour to gratify, as to nauseate, the patient's palate?

Were I a physician, I'd get all the trade to myself: For Malmsey, and Cyprus, and the generous products of the Cape, a little disguised, should be my principal doses: As these would create new spirits, how would the revived patient covet the physic, and adore the doctor!

Give all the paraders of the faculty whom thou knowest, this hint.—There could but one inconvenience arise from it. The APOTHECARIES would find their medicines cost them *something*. But the demand for quantities would answer that: Since the honest NURSE would be the patient's taster; perpetually requiring repetitions of the last cordial julap.

Well, but to the Letter—Yet what need of further explanation after the hints in my former? The widow cannot be removed; and that's enough: And Mennell's work is over; and his Conscience left to plague him for his own sins, and not another man's: And, very possibly, plague enough will it give him for those.

This Letter is directed, *To Robert Lovelace, Esq; or, in his absence, To his Lady*. She had refused dining with me, or seeing me; and I was out when it came. She opened it: So is my Lady by her own consent, proud and faucy as she is.

I am glad at my heart that it came before we entirely make up. She would else perhaps have concluded

concluded it to be *contrived for a delay*: And now, moreover, we can accommodate our old and new quarrels together; and that's contrivance, you know. But how is her dear haughty heart humbled to what it was when I knew her first, that she can apprehend *any delays from me*; and have nothing to do but to vex at them!

I came in to dinner. She sent me down the Letter, desiring my excuse for opening it.—Did it before she was aware. Lady-Pride, Belford!—Recollection, then Retrogradation!

I requested to see her upon it that moment.—But she desires to suspend our Interview till morning. I will bring her to own, before I have done with her, that she can't see me too often.

My impatience was so great, on an occasion so *unexpected*, that I could not help writing, to tell her, 'how much vexed I was at the accident: But that it need not delay my happy day, as That did not depend upon the house [*She knew That before, she'll think, and so did I*]: And as Mrs. Fretchville, by Mr. Mennell, so handsomely expressed her concern upon it, and her wishes, that it could suit us to bear with the unavoidable delay, I hoped, that going down to The Lawn for two or three of the Summer-months, when I was made the happiest of men, would be favourable to all round.'

The dear creature takes this incident to heart, I believe: And sends word to my repeated request to see her, notwithstanding her denial, that she cannot till the morning: It shall be then at Six o'clock, if I please!

To be sure I *do* please!

Can see her but once a day now, Jack!

Did I tell thee, that I wrote a Letter to my Cousin Montague, wondring that I heard not from Lord M. as the subject was so very interesting? In it I acquainted

acquainted her with the house I was about taking; and with Mrs. Fretchville's vapourish delays. I was very loth to engage my own family, either man or woman, in this affair; but I must take my measures securely: And already they all think as bad of me as they well can. You observe by my Lord M's to yourself, that the well-manner'd Peer is afraid I should play this admirable creature one of my usual dog's tricks.

I have received just now an answer from Charlotte. Charlotte i'n't well. A Stomach-disorder!

No wonder a Girl's stomach should plague her. A single woman; that's it. When she has a man to plague, it will have something besides itself to prey upon. Knowest thou not moreover, that Man is the Woman's Sun; Woman is the Man's Earth?—How dreary, how desolate, the Earth, that the Sun shines not upon.

Poor Charlotte! But I *heard* she was not well: That encouraged me to write to her; and to express myself a little concerned, that she had not of her own accord thought of a visit in town to my Charmer.

Here follows a copy of her Letter. Thou wilt see by it, that every little monkey is to catechise me. They all depend upon my good-nature.

*Dear Cousin,* *M. Hall, May 22.*

**W**E have been in daily hope for a long time; I must call it, of hearing that the happy knot was tied. My Lord has been very much out of order: And yet nothing would serve him, but he would himself write an Answer to your Letter. It was the only opportunity he should ever have, perhaps, to throw in a little good advice to you, with the hope of its being of any signification; and he has been several hours in a day, as his gout would let him, busied in it. It wants now only his last revival.

He

He hopes it will have the greater weight with you, if it appear all in his own hand-writing.

Indeed, Mr. Lovelace, his worthy heart is wrapt up in you. I wish you loved yourself but half as well. But I believe too, that if all the family loved you less, you would love yourself more.

His Lordship has been very busy, at the times he could not write, in consulting Pritchard about those Estates, which he proposes to transfer to you on the happy occasion, that he may answer your Letter in the most acceptable manner; and shew, by effects, how kindly he takes your invitation. I assure you, he is mighty proud of it.

As for myself, I am not at all well, and have not been for some weeks past, with my old Stomach-disorder. I had certainly else before now have done myself the honour you wonder I have not done myself. Lady Betty, who would have accompanied me (for we had laid it all out) has been exceedingly busy in her Law-affair; her antagonist, who is actually on the spot, having been making proposals for an accommodation. But you may assure yourself, that when our dear Relation-elect shall be entered upon the new habitation you tell me of, we will do ourselves the honour of visiting her; and if any delay arises from the dear Lady's want of courage, (which, considering her man, let me tell you, may very well be) we will endeavour to inspire her with it, and be Sponsors for you; — for, Cousin, I believe you have need to be christened over again before you are intitled to so great a blessing. What think you?

Just now, my Lord tells me, he will dispatch a man on purpose with his Letter to-morrow: So I need not have written. But now I have, let it go; and by Empson, who sets out directly on his return to town.

My best compliments, and Sister's, to the most de-

serving Lady in the world (you will need no other direction to the person meant) conclude me

*Your affectionate Cousin and Servant,*

CHARL. MONTAGUE.

THOU seest how seasonable this Letter comes. I hope my Lord will write nothing but what I may shew to my Beloved. I have actually sent her up this Letter of Charlotte's; and hope for happy effects from it.

R. L.

*The Lady, in her next Letter, gives Miss Howe an account of what has passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself. She resents his behaviour with her usual dignity: But when she comes to mention Mr. Mennell's Letter, she re-urges Miss Howe to perfect her scheme for her deliverance; being resolved to leave him. But, dating again, on his sending up to her Miss Montague's Letter, she alters her mind, and desires her to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.*

I had begun, *says she*, to suspect all he had said of Mrs. Fretchville and her house; and even Mr. Mennell himself, though so well appearing a man. But now that I find Mr. Lovelace had apprized his relations of his intention to take it, and had engaged some of the Ladies to visit me there; I could hardly so bear blaming myself for censuring him as capable of so vile an imposture. But may he not thank himself for acting so very unaccountably, and taking such needlessly awry steps, as he has done; embarrassing, as I told him, his own meanings, if they were good?

LETTER

## LETTER XXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Wednesday, May 24.

He gives his friend an account of their Interview that morning; and of the happy effects of his Cousin Montague's Letter in his favour. Her reserves, however, he tells him, are not absolutely banished. But this he imputes to form.

IT is not in the power of woman, says he, to be altogether sincere on these occasions. But why?—Do they think it so great a disgrace to be found out to be really what they are?

I regretted the illness of Mrs. Fretchville; as the intention I had to fix her dear self in the house before the happy knot was tied, would have set her in that independence in appearance, as well as fact, which was necessary to shew to all the world, that her choice was free; and as the Ladies of my family would have been proud to make their court to her there; while the Settlements and our Equipages were preparing. But on any other account, there was no great matter in it; since when my happy day was over, we could, with so much convenience, go down to the Lawn, to my Lord M's, and to Lady Sarah or Lady Betty's in turn; which would give full time to provide ourselves with servants, and other accommodations.

How sweetly the Charmer listened!

I asked her, If she had had the Small-pox?

'Twas always a doubtful point with her Mother and Mrs. Norton, she owned. But altho' she was not afraid of it, she chose not unnecessarily to rush into places where it was.

Right, thought I—Else, I said, it would not have been amiss for her to see the house before she went into the country; for, if she liked it not, I was not obliged to have it.

She

She asked, If she might take a copy of Miss Montague's Letter?

I said, She might keep the Letter itself, and send it to Miss Howe, if she pleased; for *that*, I supposed, was her intention.

She bowed her head to me.

There, Jack!—I shall have her courtesy to me by-and-by, I question not. What a devil had I to do, to terrify the sweet creature by my termagant projects!—Yet it was not amiss, I believe, to make her afraid of me. She *says*, I am an unpolite man—And every polite instance from such a one, is deemed a favour.

Talking of the Settlements, I told her, I had rather that Pritchard (mentioned by my Cousin Charlotte) had not been consulted on this occasion. Pritchard, indeed, was a very honest man; and had been for a generation in the Family; and knew the Estates, and the condition of them, better than either my Lord or myself: But Pritchard, like other old men, was diffident and slow; and valued himself upon his skill as a draughts-man; and for the sake of that poultry reputation, must have all his forms preserved, were an imperial crown to depend upon his dispatch.

I kissed her unrepulsing hand no less than five times during this conversation. Lord, Jack, how my generous heart run over!—She was quite obliging at parting.—She in a manner asked me *leave* to retire; to re-peruse Charlotte's Letter.—I think she bent her knees to me; but I won't be sure.—How happy might we have both been long ago, had the dear creature been always as complaisant to me! For I do love respect, and, whether I deserved it or not, always had it, till I knew this proud Beauty.

And now, Belford, are we in a train, or the duke is in it. Every fortified town has its strong and its weak place. I had carried on my attacks against the impregnable parts. I have no doubt but I shall either *smash* or *smuggle* her out of her cloak, since she and

Miss

Miss Howe have intended to employ a Smuggler against me. — All we wait for now is my Lord's Letter.

But I had like to have forgot to tell thee, that we have been not a little alarmed, by some inquiries that have been made after me and my Beloved, by a man of good appearance; who yesterday procured a tradesman in the neighbourhood to send for Dorcas: Of whom he asked several questions relating to us; and particularly (as we boarded and lodged in one house) whether we were married?

This has given my Beloved great uneasiness. And I could not help observing upon it, to her, *how right a thing it was, that we had given out below that we were married.* The inquiry, most probably, I said, was from her Brother's quarter; and now perhaps that our Marriage was owned, we should hear no more of his machinations. The person, it seems, was curious to know the day that the ceremony was performed. But Dorcas refused to give him any other particulars, than that we *were* married; and she was the more reserved, as he declined to tell her the motives of his inquiry.

### LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq.

May 24.

THE devil take this Uncle of mine! He has at last sent me a Letter, which I cannot shew, without exposing the head of our family for a fool. A confounded parcel of pop-guns has he let off upon me. I was in hopes he had exhausted his whole stock of this sort, in his Letter to you. — To keep it back, to delay sending it, till he had recollected all this *sarrago* of nonsense — Confound his *Wisdom of nations*, if so much of it is to be scraped together, in disgrace of itself, to make one egregious simpleton! — But I am glad I am fortified with this piece of flagrant folly, however;

however ; since, in all human affairs, the *convenient* and *inconvenient*, the *good* and the *bad*, are so mingled, that there is no having the one without the other.

I have already offered the Bill inclosed in it to my Beloved; and read to her part of the Letter. But she refused the Bill : And as I am in cash myself, I shall return it. She seemed very desirous to peruse the whole Letter. And when I told her, that were it not for exposing the writer, I would oblige her, she said, It would not be exposing his Lordship to shew it to her; and that she always preferred the Heart to the Head. I knew her meaning ; but did not thank her for it.

All that makes for me in it, I will transcribe for her—Yet hang it, she shall have the Letter, and my Soul with it, for one consenting kiss.

\* \* \* \*

SHE has got the Letter from me, without the Reward. Duce take me, if I had the courage to propose the condition. A new character this of Bashfulness in thy friend. I see, that a truly modest woman may make even a confident man keep his distance. By my soul, Belford, I believe, that Nine women in Ten, who fall, fall either from their own *Vanity*, or *Levity*, or for want of *Circumspection*, and proper *Reserves*.

\* \* \* \*

I DID intend to take my reward on her returning a Letter so favourable to us both. But she sent it to me, sealed up by Dorcas. I might have thought that there were two or three hints in it, that she would be too nice immediately to appear to. I send it to thee; and here will stop, to give thee time to read it. Return it as soon as thou hast perused it.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

*Lord M. To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;*

*Tuesday, May 23.*

*[I]t is a long Lane that has no turning. — Do not despise me for my proverbs — You know I was always fond of them; and if you had been so too, it would have been the better for you, let me tell you. I dare swear, the fine Lady you are so likely to be soon happy with, will be far from despising them; for I am told, that she writes well, and that all her Letters are full of Sentences. God convert you! for nobody but He and this Lady, can.*

*I have no manner of doubt now but that you will marry, as your father, and all your ancestors, did before you: Else you would have had no title to be my heir; nor can your descendants have any title to be yours, unless they are legitimate; that's worth your remembrance, Sir! — No man is always a fool, every man sometimes. — But your follies, I hope, are now at an end.*

*I know, you have vowed revenge against this fine Lady's family: But no more of that, now. You must look upon them all as your relations; and forgive, and forget. And when they see you make a good husband and a good father (which God send, for all our sakes!) they will wonder at their nonsensical antipathy, and beg your pardon: But while they think you a vile fellow, and a Rake, how can they either love you, or excuse their daughter?*

*And methinks I could wish to give a word of comfort to the Lady, who, doubtless, must be under great fears, how she shall be able to hold-in such a wild creature, as you have hitherto been. I would hint to her, that, by strong arguments, and gentle words, she may do any thing with you; for tho' you are too apt to be hot, gentle words will cool you, and bring you into the temper that is necessary for your cure.*

*Would*

I Would to God, my poor Lady, your Aunt, who is dead and gone, had been a proper patient for the same remedy ! God rest her soul ! No reflections upon her memory ! *Worth is best known by want* ! I know *hers* now ; and if I had went first, she would by this time have known mine.

There is great wisdom in that saying, *God send me a friend, that may tell me of my faults : If not, an enemy ; and he will.* Not that I am your enemy ; and that you well know. *The more noble any one is, the more humble :* So bear with me, if you would be thought noble. — Am I not your Uncle ? And do I not design to be better to you than your Father could be ? Nay, I will be your Father too, when the happy day comes ; since you desire it : And pray make my compliments to my dear Niece ; and tell her, I wonder much that she has so long deferred your happiness.

Pray let her know as that I will present HER (not you) either my Lancashire seat, or *The Lawn* in Hertfordshire ; and settle upon her a thousand pounds a year peny-rents ; to shew her, that we are not a family to take base advantages : And you may have writings drawn, and settle as you will. — Honest Pritchard has the Rent-roll of both these Estates ; and as he has been a good old servant, I recommend him to your Lady's favour. I have already consulted him : He will tell you what is best for you, and most pleasing to me.

I am still very bad with my gout ; but will come in a litter, as soon as the day is fixed : It would be the joy of my heart to join your hands. And let me tell you, if you do not make the best of husbands to so good a young Lady, and one who has had so much courage for your sake, I will renounce you ; and settle all I can upon her and hers by you, and leave you out of the question.

If any thing be wanting for your further security, I am ready to give it; tho' you know, that my word has always been looked upon as my bond. And when the Harlowes know all this, let us see whether they are able to blush, and take shame to themselves.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty want only to know the Day, to make all the country round them blaze, and all their tenants mad. And, if any one of mine be sober upon the occasion, Pritchard shall eject him. And, on the birth of the first child, if a Son, I will do something more for you, and repeat all our rejoicings.

I ought indeed to have written sooner. But I knew, that if you thought me long, and were in haste as to your septials, you would write and tell me so. But my gout was very troublesome: And I am but a slow writer, you know, at best: For Composing is a thing, that tho' formerly I was very ready at it (as my Lord Lexington used to say); yet having left it off a great while, I am not so now. And I chose, on this occasion, to write all out of my own head and memory; and to give you my best advice; for I may never have such an opportunity again. You have had (God mend you!) a strange way of turning your back upon all I have said: This once, I hope, you will be more attentive to the advice I give you for your own good.

I had still another end; nay, two other ends.

The one was, That now you are upon the borders of wedlock, as I may say, and *all your wild oats will be sown*, I would give you some instructions as to your public as well as private behaviour in life; which, intending you so much good as I do, you ought to hear; and perhaps would never have listened to, on any less extraordinary occasion.

The second is, That your dear Lady-elect (who is it seems herself so fine and so sententious a writer) will see by this, that it is not our faults, nor for want of the best advice, that you was not a better man than you have hitherto been.

And

And now, in few words, for the conduct I would wish you to follow in public, as well as in private, if you would think me worthy of advising. — It shall be short; so be not uneasy.

As to the *private* life: Love your Lady as she deserves. *Let your actions praise you.* Be a good husband; and so give the lye to all your enemies; and make them ashamed of their scandals: And let us have pride in saying, that Miss Harlowe has not done either herself or family any discredit by coming among us. Do this; and I, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty will love you for ever.

As to your *public* conduct — This as follows is what I could wish: But I reckon your Lady's wisdom will put us both right — No disparagement, Sir; since, with all your Wit, you have not hitherto shewn much Wisdom, you know.

Get into Parliament as soon as you can: For you have *talons* to make a great figure there. Who so proper to assist in making new holding Laws, as those whom no Law in being could hold?

Then, for so long as you will give attendance in St. Stephen's chapel — (Its being called a chapel, I hope, will not *disgust* you: I am sure I have known many a Riot there: — A Speaker has a hard time of it! But we *Peers* have more decorum — But what was I going to say? — I must go back.

For so long as you will give your attendance in Parliament) for so long will you be out of mischief; out of *private* mischief, at least: And may St. Stephen's fate be yours, if you wilfully do *public* mischief!

When a new Election comes, you will have two or three Boroughs, you know, to chuse out of: — But if you stay till then, I had rather you were for the Shire.

You will have interest enough, I am sure; and being so handsome a man, the women will make their husbands vote for you.

I shall

I shall long to read your Speeches. I expect you will speak, if occasion offer, the very first day. You want no courage; and think highly enough of yourself, and lowly enough of every-body else, to speak on all occasions.

As to the methods of the House, you have spirit enough, I fear, to be too much above them: Take care of that. — I don't so much fear your want of good-manners. To *men*, you want no decency, if they don't provoke you: As to that, I wish you would only learn to be as patient of contradiction from others, as you would have other people be to *you*.

Altho' I would not have you to be a Courtier; neither would I have you to be a Malecontent. I remember (*for I have it down*) what my old friend Archibald Hutcheson said, and it was a very good Saying — (to Mr. Secretary Craggs, I think, it was) — 'I look upon an Administration, as intitled to every Vote I can with good conscience give it; for a House of Commons should not needlessly put Drags upon the Wheels of Government: And, when I have *not* given it my Vote, it was with regret: And, for my Country's sake, I wished with all my heart, the measure had been such as I could have approved.'

And another Saying he had, which was this; 'Neither can an Opposition, neither can a Ministry, be always wrong. To be a plumb man therefore, with either, is an infallible mark, that that man must mean more and worse than he will own he does mean.'

Are these Sayings bad Sir? Are they to be despised? — Well then, why should I be despised for remembering them, and quoting them, as I love to do? Let me tell you, if you loved my company more than you do, you would not be the worse for it. I may say so without any vanity; since it is *other mens* wisdom, and not *my own*, that I am so fond of.

But to add a word or two more, on this occasion; and I may never have such another; for you *must* read this thro'—*Love honest men, and herd with them, in the house and out of the house*; by whatever names they be dignified or distinguished: *Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.* But did I, or did I not, write this before?—Writing, at so many different times, and such a quantity, one may forget.

You may come in for the Title when I am dead and gone—God help me!—So I would have you keep an Equilibrium. If once you get the name of being a fine speaker, you may have any thing: And, to be sure, you have naturally a great deal of Elocution; a tongue that would delude an angel, as the women say: To their sorrow, some of them, poor creatures!—A leading man in the House of Commons is a very important character; because that House has the giving of money: And *Money makes the mare to go*; ay, and Queens and Kings too, sometimes, to go in a manner very different from what they might otherwise chuse to go, let me tell you.

However, methinks, I would not have you take a Place neither—It will double your value, and your interest, if it be believed, that you will not: For, as you will them stand in no man's way, you will have no envy; but pure sterling respect; and both sides will court you.

For your part, you will not want a Place, as some others do, to piece up their broken fortunes. If you can now live reputably upon Two thousand pounds a year, it will be hard if you cannot hereafter live upon Seven or Eight—Less you will not have, if you oblige me; as now by marrying so fine a Lady, very much you will—And all this, over and above Lady Betty's and Lady Sarah's favours!—What in the name of wonder, could possibly possess the proud Harlowes!—That Son, that Son of theirs!—But, for his dear Sister's sake, I will say no more of him.

I never

I never was offered a Place myself: And the only one I would have taken, had I been offered it, was *Master of the Buckhounds*; for I loved hunting when I was young; and it carries a good sound with it for us who live in the country. Often have I thought of that excellent old adage; *He that eats the King's goose, shall be choaked with his feathers.* I wish to the Lord, this was thoroughly considered by Place-hunters! It would be better for them, and for their poor families.

I could say a great deal more, and all equally to the purpose. But really I am tired; and so I doubt are you. And besides, I would reserve something for conversation.

My Nieces Montague, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, join in compliments to my Niece that is to be. If she would chuse to have the knot tied among us, pray tell her that we shall see it *securely done*: And we will make all the country ring and blaze for a week together. But so I believe I said before.

If any thing further may be needful toward promoting your reciprokal felicity, let me know it; and how you order about the Day; and all that. The inclosed Bill is very much at your service. 'Tis payable at sight, as whatever else you may have occasion for, shall be.

So God bless you both; and make things as convenient to my gout as you can; tho' be it whenever it will, I will hobble to you; for I long to see you; and still more to see my Niece; and am (in expectation of that happy opportunity)

Your most affectionate Uncle, M.

## LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Thursday, May 25.

THOU seest, Belford, how we now drive before the wind.—The dear creature now comes almost

at

at the first word, whenever I desire the honour of her company. I told her last night, that, apprehending delay from Pritchard's slowness, I was determined to leave it to my Lord to make his compliments in his own way; and had actually that afternoon put my writings into the hands of a very eminent Lawyer, Counsellor Williams, with directions for him to draw up Settlements from my own Estate, and conformable to those of my own Mother; which I put into his hands at the same time. It had been, I assured her, no small part of my concern, that her frequent displeasure, and our mutual misapprehensions, had hindered me from advising with her before on this subject. Indeed, indeed, my dearest life, said I, you have hitherto afforded me but a very thorny courtship.

She was silent. *Kindly* silent. For well know I, that she could have recriminated upon me with a vengeance. But I was willing to see, if she were not loth to disoblige me now. I comforted myself, I said, with the hopes, that all my difficulties were now over; and that every past disobligation would be buried in oblivion.

Now, Belford, I have actually deposited these writings with Counsellor Williams; and I expect the draughts in a week at furthest. So shall be doubly armed. For if I *attempt*, and *fail*, these will be ready to throw in, to make her have patience with me *till I can try again*.

I have more contrivances still in Embryo. I could tell thee of an hundred, and yet hold another hundred in petto, to pop in as I go along, to excite thy surprise, and to keep up thy attention. Nor rave thou at me; but, if thou art my friend, think of *Miss Howe's Letters*, and of her *Smuggling Scheme*. All owing to my fair captive's informations and incitements. Am I not a *Villain*, a *Fool*, a *Beelzebub*, with them already?—Yet no harm done by me, nor so much as attempted?

Every

Every thing of this nature, the dear creature answered (with a downcast eye, and a blushing cheek) she left to me.

I proposed my Lord's Chapel for the celebration, where we might have the presence of Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and my two Cousins Montague.

She seemed not to favour a public celebration; and waved this subject for the present. I doubted not but she would be as willing as me, to decline a public wedding; so I pressed not this matter further just then.

But patterns I *actually produced*; and a Jeweller was to bring as this day several sets of jewels for her choice. But the patterns she would not open. She sighed at the mention of them; The second patterns, she said, that had been offered to her (a): And very peremptorily forbid the Jeweller's coming; as well as declined my offer of causing my Mother's to be new-set; at least for the present.

I do assure thee, Belford, I was in earnest in all this. My whole Estate is nothing to me, put in competition with her hoped-for favour.

She then told me, that she had put into writing her opinion of my general proposals; and there had expressed her mind, as to cloaths and jewels: But on my strange behaviour to her (*for no cause that she knew of*) on Sunday night, she had torn the paper in two.

I earnestly pressed her to let me be favoured with a sight of this paper, torn as it was. And after some hesitation, she withdrew, and sent it to me by Dorcas.

I perused it again. It was in a manner new to me, tho' I had read it so lately; and by my soul I could hardly stand it. An hundred admirable creatures I called her to myself. But I charge thee, write not a word to me in her favour if thou meanest her well; for if I spare her, it must be all *ex mero motu*.

You may easily suppose, when I was re-admitted to her presence, that I ran over in her praises, and in

(a) See Vol. I. p. 230.

vows of Gratitude, and everlasting Love. But here's the devil; she still receives all I say with reserve; or if it be not with reserve, she receives it so much *as her due*, that she is not at all raised by it. Some women are undone by praise, by flattery. I myself, a man, am proud of praise. Perhaps thou wilt say, that those are most proud of it, who least deserve it; as those are of riches and grandeur, who are not born to either. I own that it requires a Soul to be superior to these foibles. Have I not then a Soul?—Surely, I have.—Let me then be considered as an Exception to the Rule.

Now have I foundation to go upon in my terms. My Lord, in the exuberance of his generosity, mentions a thousand pounds a year peny-rents. *This I know*, that were I to marry this Lady, he would rather settle upon her all he has a mind to settle, than upon me. He has even threatned, that if I prove not a good husband to her, he will leave all he can at his death from me to her. Yet considers not that a woman so perfect, can never be displeased with her husband but to *his* disgrace; for who will blame *her*? Another reason, why a Lovelace should not wish to marry a CLARISSA.

But what a pretty fellow of an Uncle is this foolish Peer, to think of making a wife independent of her Emperor, and a Rebel of course; yet smarted himself for an error of this kind!

My Beloved, in her torn paper, mentions but Two hundred pounds a year, for her separate use. I insisted upon her naming a larger sum. She said, it might then be Three; and I, for fear she should suspect very large offers, named only Five; but added the intire disposal of all Arrears in her father's hands, for the benefit of Mrs. Norton or whom she pleased.

She said, that the good woman would be uneasy if any thing more than a competency were done for her. She was for suiting all her dispositions of this kind, she said, *to the usual way of life of the person*. To go beyond

beyond it, was but to put the benefited upon projects, or to make them aukward in a new State; when they might shine in that to which they were accustomed. And to put it into so good a Mother's power to give her Son a beginning in his business at a proper time; yet to leave her something for herself, to set her above want, or above the necessity of taking back from her child what she had been enabled to bestow upon him, would be the height of such a worthy parent's ambition.

Here's prudence! Here's judgment, in so young a creature! How do I hate the Harlowes for producing such an angel!—O why, why, did she refuse my sincere address to tie the knot before we came to this house!

But yet, what mortifies my pride, is, that this exalted creature, if I *were* to marry her, would not be governed in her behaviour to me by Love, but by Generosity merely, or by blind Duty; and had rather live single, than be mine.

I cannot bear this. I would have the woman whom I honour with my name, if ever I confer this honour upon any, forego even her *superior duties* for me. I would have her look after me when I go out, as far as she can see me, as my Rosebud after her Johnny; and meet me at my return with rapture. I would be the subject of her dreams, as well as of her waking thoughts. I would have her think every moment lost, that is not passed with me: Sing to me, read to me, play to me when I pleased; no joy so great as in obeying me. When I should be inclined to Love, overwhelm me with it; when to be serious or solitary, if apprehensive of intrusion, retiring at a nod; approaching me only if I smiled encouragement: Steal into my presence with silence; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a *Lady Easy* to all my pleasures, and valuing those most who most contributed to them; only sighing in private, that it was not *herself* at the

time. Thus of old did the contending wives of the honest patriarchs; each recommending her handmaid to her Lord, as she thought it would oblige him, and looking upon the genial product as her own.

The gentle Waller says, *Women are born to be controuled*. Gentle as he was, he knew that. A tyrant-husband makes a dutiful wife. And why do the Sex love Rakes, but because they know how to direct their uncertain wills, and manage them?

ANOTHER agreeable conversation. The Day of days the subject. As to fixing a particular one, that need not be done, my Charmer says, till the Settlements are compleated. As to marrying at my Lord's Chapel, the Ladies of my family present, that would be making a publick affair of it; and the dear creature observed with regret, that it seemed to be my Lord's intention to make it so.

It could not be imagined, I said, but that his Lordship's setting out in a Litter, and coming to town, as well as his taste for glare, and the joy he would take to see me married at last, and to her dear self, would give it as much the air of a publick marriage, as if the ceremony were performed at his own Chapel, all the Ladies present.

I cannot, said she, endure the thoughts of a public day. It will carry with it an air of insult upon my whole family. And, for my part, if my Lord will not take it amiss (and perhaps he will not, as the motion came not from himself, but from you, Mr. Lovelace) I will very willingly dispense with his Lordship's presence; the rather, as dress and appearance will then be unnecessary; for I cannot bear to think of decking my person while my parents are in tears.

How excellent this! Yet do not her parents richly deserve to be in tears!

See, Belford, with so charming a niceness, we might have been a long time ago upon the verge of the State,

and

and yet found a great deal to do, before we entered into it.

All obedience, all resignation—No will but hers. I withdrew, and wrote directly to my Lord; and she not disapproving of it, I sent it away. The purport as follows; for I took no copy.

‘ That I was much obliged to his Lordship for his intended goodness to me, on an occasion the most solemn of my life. That the admirable Lady, whom he so justly praised, thought his Lordship’s proposals in her favour too high. That she chose not to make a public appearance, if, without disobliging my friends, she could avoid it, till a Reconciliation with her own could be effected. That altho’ she expressed a grateful sense of his Lordship’s consent to give her to me with his own hand; yet presuming, that the motive to his kind intention, was rather to do her honour, than that it otherwise would have been his own choice (especially as travelling would be at this time so inconvenient to him) she thought it adviseable to save his Lordship trouble on this occasion; and hoped he would take as meant her declining the favour.’

‘ That the Lawn will be most acceptable to us both to retire to; and the rather, as it is so to his Lordship.’

‘ But, if he pleases, the jointure may be made from my own Estate; leaving to his Lordship’s goodness the alternative.’

I conclude with telling him, ‘ That I had offered to present the Lady his Lordship’s Bill; but on her declining to accept of it (having myself no present occasion for it) I return it inclosed, with my thanks, &c.’

And is not this going a plaguy length? What a figure should I make in *Rakish Annals*, if at last I should be caught in my own gin?

The Sex may say what they will, but a poor innocent fellow had need to take great care of himself, when he dances upon the edge of the matrimonial precipice. Many a faint-hearted man, when he began in jest, or only designed to ape gallantry, has been forced into earnest, by being over-prompt, and taken at his word, not knowing how to own that he meant less than the Lady supposed he meant. I am the better enabled to judge that this must have been the case of many a sneaking varlet; because I, who know the female world as well as any man in it of my standing, am so frequently in doubt of myself, and know not what to make of the matter.

Then these little sly rogues, how they lie couchant, ready to spring upon us harmless fellows the moment we are in their reach!—When the ice is once broken for them, how swiftly can they make to port!—Mean time, the subject they can least *spea*k to, they most *think* of. Nor can you talk of the ceremony before they have laid out in their minds how it is all to be.—Little saucy-face designers! how first they draw themselves in, then us!

But be all these things as they will, Lord M. never in his life received so handsome a Letter as this from his Nephew

LOVELACE.

*The Lady, after having given to Miss Howe the particulars contained in Mr. Lovelace's last Letter, thus expresses herself.*

A principal consolation arising from these favourable appearances, is, that I, who have now but one only friend, shall most probably, and if it be not my own fault, have as many new ones as there are persons in Mr. Lovelace's family; and this whether Mr. Lovelace treat me kindly or not. And who knows, but that by degrees, those new friends, by their rank and merit, may have weight enough to get me restored to the favour of my relations? Till which can be effected,

fect, I shall not be tolerably easy. Happy I never expect to be. Mr. Lovelace's mind and mine are vastly different; different in *essentials*.

But as matters are at present circumstanced, I pray you, my dear friend, to keep to yourself every thing that might bring discredit to him if revealed. — Better any body expose a husband than a wife, if I am to be his; and what is said by you will be thought to come from me.

It shall be my constant prayer, that all the felicities which this world can afford, may be yours. And that the Almighty will never suffer you nor yours, to the remotest posterity, to want such a friend as my Anna Howe has been to

Her CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace, in his next, to shew the wantonness of his invention, gives his friend an account of a scheme he had framed to be revenged on Miss Howe, when she set out for the Isle of Wight; which he heard she was to do, accompanied by her Mother and Mr. Hickman, in order to visit a rich Aunt there, who desired to see her, and her future comfort, before she changed her name. But as he does not intend to carry it into execution, it is omitted.

## LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

IF, Belford, thou likest not my plot upon Miss Howe, I have three or four more as good in my own opinion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine: And so 'tis but getting loose from thy present engagement, and thou shalt pick and chuse. But as for thy three brethren, they must do as I would have them: And so, indeed, must thou — Else why am I your general? But I will refer this subject to its proper season. Thou knowest, that I never absolutely conclude

upon a project, till 'tis time for execution ; and then Lightning strikes not quicker than I.

And now to the subject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have so many contrivances rising up and crouding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to chuse ?—I could tell thee of no less than six princely ones, any of which must do, But as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to spare combustibles for her ; but, on the contrary, to make her stare and stand aghast, by springing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembrest what Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Cressida, makes Hector, who, however, is not used to boast, say to Achilles, in an interview between them ; and which, applied to this watchful Lady, and to the vexation she has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of subduing her ; will run thus ; Supposing the Charmer before me ; and I meditating her sweet person from head to foot :

*Henceforth, O watchful fair one, guard thee well :*

*For I'll not kill thee There ! nor There ! nor There !*

*But, by the zone that circles Venus' waist,*

*I'll kill thee Ev'ry-where ; yea, o'er and o'er.*

*Thou, wisest Belford, pardon me this brag :*

*Her watchfulness draws folly from my lips ;*

*But I'll endeavour deeds to match the words,*

*Or may I never——*

Then, I imagine thee interposing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles :

*——Do not chase thee, Cousin :*

*——And let these threats alone,*

*Till accident or purpose bring thee to it.*

And now, Belford, what dost think ?

That thou art a cursed fellow, if——

If

If—No IPs—But I shall be very sick to-morrow. I shall, 'faith.

Sick!—Why sick?—What a devil shouldst thou be sick for?

For more good reasons than one, Jack.

I should be glad to hear but one.—Sick, quotha! Of all thy roguish inventions I should not have thought of this.

Perhaps thou thinkest my view to be, to draw the Lady to my bedside: That's a trick of three or four thousand years old; and I should find it much more to my purpose, if I could get to hers. However, I'll condescend to make thee as wise as myself.

I am excessively disturbed about this Smuggling scheme of Miss Howe. I have no doubt, that my Fair-one, were I to make an attempt, and miscarry, will fly from me, if she can. I once believed she loved me: But now I doubt whether she does or not: At least, that it is with such an *ardor*, as Miss Howe calls it, as will make her overlook a premeditated fault, should I be guilty of one.

And what will being sick do for thee?

Have patience. I don't intend to be so very bad as Dorcas shall represent me to be. But yet I know I shall reach confoundedly, and bring up some clotted blood. To be sure, I shall break a vessel: There's no doubt of that; and a bottle of Eaton's Styptic shall be sent for; but no doctor. If she has *Humanity*, she will be concerned. But if she has *Love*, let it have been pushed ever so far back, it will on this occasion, come forward, and shew itself; not only in her eye, but in every line of her sweet face.

I will be very intrepid. I will not fear death, or any thing else. I will be sure of being well in an hour or two, having formerly found great benefit by this astringent medicine, on occasion of an inward bruise by a fall from my horse in hunting, of which perhaps this malady may be the remains. And this

will shew her, that tho' those about me may make the most of it, I do not; and so can have no design in it.

Well, methinks thou sayest, I begin to think tolerably of this device.

I knew thou wouldst, when I explained myself. Another time prepare to wonder; and banish doubt.

Now, Belford, if she be not much concerned at the broken vessel, which, in one so fiery in his temper as I have the reputation to be thought, may be very dangerous; a malady that I shall calmly attribute to the harasses and doubts under which I have laboured for some time past; and this will be a further proof of my Love, and will demand a grateful return—

And what then, thou egregious contriver?

Why then I shall have the *less remorse*, if I am to use a little violence: For can *she* deserve compassion, who shews none?

And what if she shew a great deal of concern?

Then shall I be in hope of *building on a good foundation*. Love hides a multitude of faults, and diminishes those it cannot hide. Love, when acknowledged, authorizes freedom; and freedom begets freedom; and I shall then see how far I can go.

Well but, Lovelace, how the duce wilt thou, with that full health and vigour of constitution, and with that bloom in thy face, make any-body believe thou art sick?

How!—Why take a few grains of Ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach like a fury.

Good!—But how wilt thou manage to bring up blood, and not hurt thyself?

Foolish fellow! Are there not pigeons and chickens in every poulterer's shop?

Cry thy mercy.

But then I will be persuaded by Mrs. Sinclair, that I have of late confined myself too much; and so will have a chair called, and be carried to the Park; where  
I will

I will try to walk half the length of the Mall, or so; and in my return, amuse myself at White's or the Cocoa.

And what will this do?

Questioning again?—I am afraid thou'rt an Infidel, Belford.—Why then shall I not know if my Beloved offers to go out in my absence?—And shall I not see whether she receives me with tenderness at my return? But this is not all: *I have a foreboding that something affecting will happen while I am out.* But of this more in its place.

And now, Belford, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, allow, that it is a right thing to be sick?—Lord, Jack, so much delight do I take in my contrivances, that I shall be half-sorry, when the occasion for them is over; for never, never shall I again have such charming exercise for my invention.

Mean time these plaguy women are so impertinent, so full of reproaches, that I know not how to do any thing but curse them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with some of *their* trite and vulgar artifices. Sally particularly; who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has just now, in an insolent manner told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer; and that I was so *wicked*: as to intend to marry, tho' I would not own it to her.

Because this little devil made her first sacrifice at my altar, she thinks she may take any liberty with me: And what makes her outrageous at times, is, that I have, for a long time, *shudiously* as she says, slighted her too readily offered favours: But is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's *successor*? It is not come to that neither. This, thou knowest, was always my rule—*Once any other man's*, and I know it, and *never more mine*. It is for such as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with *harlots*. I have been always aiming at the merit of a first discoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt say, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I say, *Not*; since, hence, I have but very few adulteries to answer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married Lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conscience a little: Yet brought on by the spirit of intrigue, more than by sheer wickedness. I'll give it thee in brief:

A French Marquis, somewhat in years, employed by his Court in a public function at that of Madrid, had put his charming young new-married wife under the controul and *wardship*, as I may say, of his insolent Sister, an old Prude.

I saw the Lady at the Opera. I liked her at first sight, and better at second, when I knew the situation she was in. So, pretending to make my addresses to the Prude, got admittance to Both.

The first thing I had to do, was to compliment my Prude into shyness by complaints of shyness: Next, to take advantage of the Marquise's situation, between her Husband's jealousy, and his Sister's arrogance; and to inspire her with resentment; and, as I hoped, with a regard to my person. The French Ladies have no dislike to intrigue.

The Sister began to suspect me: The Lady had no mind to part with the company of the only man who had been permitted to visit there; and told me of her Sister's suspicions. I put her upon concealing the Prude, as if unknown to me, in a closet in one of her own apartments, locking her in, and putting the key in her own pocket: And she was to question me on the sincerity of my professions to her Sister, in her Sister's hearing.

She complied. My Mistress was locked up. The Lady and I took our seats. I owned fervent Love, and made high professions: For the Marquise put

it

‘ it home to me. The Prude was delighted with  
 ‘ what she heard. And how dost think it ended?—I took my ad-  
 ‘ vantage of the Lady herself, who durst not for her  
 ‘ life cry out; and drew her after me to the next  
 ‘ apartment, on pretence of going to seek her Sister,  
 ‘ who all the time was locked up in the closet.

*No woman ever gave me a private meeting for no-  
 thing; my dearest Miss Harlowe excepted.*

‘ My ingenuity obtained my pardon. The Lady  
 ‘ being unable to forbear laughing thro’ the whole  
 ‘ affair, to find both so uncommonly tricked; her  
 ‘ gaolers, her prisoner, safe locked up, and as much  
 ‘ pleased as either of us.

*The English, Jack, do not often outwit the French.*

‘ We had contrivances afterwards equally ingeni-  
 ‘ ous, in which the Lady, the ice once broken [*Once  
 ‘ subdued, always subdued*] co-operated—But a more  
 ‘ tender Tell-tale revealed the secret—Revealed it, be-  
 ‘ fore the Marquis could come to cover the disgrace.  
 ‘ The Sister was inveterate; the Husband irreconcil-  
 ‘ able; in every respect unfit for a Husband, even for  
 ‘ a *French* one—made, perhaps, more delicate to  
 ‘ these particulars by the customs of a people among  
 ‘ whom he was then resident, so contrary to those  
 ‘ of his own countrymen. She was obliged to throw  
 ‘ herself into my protection—Nor thought herself un-  
 ‘ happy in it, till childbed pangs seized her: Then  
 ‘ Penitence, and Death, overtook her the same  
 ‘ hour!

Excuse a tear, Belford!—She deserved a better  
 fate! What hath such a vile inexorable Husband to  
 answer for!—The Sister was punished effectually—  
 That pleases me on reflection—The Sister was effec-  
 tually punished!—But perhaps I have told thee this  
 Story before.

## LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday Evening.

**J**UST returned from an Airing with my Charmer, complied with after great importunity. She was attended by the two Nymphs. They both topt their parts; kept their Eyes within bounds; made moral reflections now-and-then. O Jack! what devils are women, when all tests are got over, and we have completely ruined them!

The coach carried us to Hamstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill; back to Hamstead to the Upper-Flask; There, in compliment to the Nymphs, my Beloved consented to alight, and take a little repast. Then home early by Kentish Town.

Delightfully easy she: And so respectful and obliging I, all the way, and as we walked out upon the Heath, to view the variegated prospects, which that agreeable elevation affords, that she promised to take now-and-then a little excursion with me. I think, Miss Howe; *I think*, said I to myself, every now-and-then as we walked, that thy wicked devices are superseded.

We have both been writing ever since we came home. I am to be favoured with her company for an hour, before she retires to rest.

All that obsequious Love can suggest, in order to engage her tenderest sentiments for me against to-morrow's sickness, will I aim at when we meet. But at parting will complain of a disorder in my stomach.

WE have met. All was Love and unexceptionable Respect on my part. Ease and Complaisance on hers. She was concerned for my Disorder. So sudden!—Just as we parted! But it was nothing. I should be quite well by morning.

Faith,

Faith, Jack, I think I am sick already. Is it possible for such a giddy fellow as me to *persuade* myself to be ill? I am a better mimic at this rate than I wish to be. But every nerve and fibre of me is always ready to contribute its aid, whether by health or by ailment, to carry a resolved-on roguery into execution.

Dorcas has transcribed for me the whole Letter of Miss Howe dated Sunday May 14. (a), of which before I had only extracts. She found no other Letter added to that parcel: But this, and that which I copied myself in character last Sunday while she was at church, relating to the smuggling scheme (b), are enough for me.

\* \* \*

DORCAS tells me, that her Lady has been removing her papers from the mahogany-chest into a wainscot-box, which held her linen, and which she put into her dark closet. We have no key of that at present. No doubt but all her Letters, previous to those I have come at, are in that box. Dorcas is uneasy upon it: Yet hopes that her Lady does not suspect her; for she is sure that she laid in every thing as she found it.

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Cocoa-tree, Saturday, May 27.*

**T**HIS Ipecacuanha is a most disagreeable medicine.

That these cursed physical folks can find out nothing to do us good, but what would poison the devil! In the other world, were they only to take physic, it would be punishment enough of itself for a mis-spent life. A Doctor at one elbow, and an Apothecary at the other, and the poor soul labouring under their prescribed operations, he need no worse tormentors.

But now this was to take down my countenance. It has done it: For, with violent reachings, having

(a) See p. 37. (b) See Letter xxii.

taken enough to make me sick, and not enough water to carry it off, I presently looked as if I had kept my bed a fortnight. *Ill-jesting*, as I thought in the midst of the exercise, *with edge-tools*, and worse with *physical ones*.

Two hours it held me. I had forbid Dorcas to let her Lady know any thing of the Matter; out of tenderness to her; being willing, when she knew my prohibition, to let her see that I *expected* her to be concerned for me.---

Well, but Dorcas was nevertheless a *woman*, and she can *whisper* to her Lady the secret she is enjoined to keep!

Come hither, Toad (sick as a devil at the instant); Let me see what a mixture of grief and surprize may be beat up together in thy pudden-face.

That won't do. That dropt jaw, and mouth distended into the long oval, is more upon the Horrible, than the Grievous.

Nor that pinking and winking with thy *odious eyes*, as my Charmer once called them.

A little better *That*; yet not quite right: But keep your mouth closer. You have a muscle or two which you have no command of, between your cheek-bone and your lips, that should carry one corner of your mouth up towards your crows-foot, and that down to meet it.

There! Begone! Be in a plaguy hurry running up stairs and down, to fetch from the dining-room what you carry up on purpose to fetch, till motion extraordinary put you out of breath, and give you the sigh-natural.

What's the matter, Dorcas?

Nothing, Madam.

My Beloved wonders she has not seen me this morning, no doubt; but is too shy to say she wonders. Repeated What's the matter, however, as Dorcas

runs

runs up and down stairs by her door, bring on, Oh! Madam! my master! my poor master!

What! How! When!—And all the monosyllables of surprize.

[*Within Parentheses* let me tell thee, that I have often thought, that the little words in the Republic of Letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the most significant. The *trisyllables*, and the *rumblers* of syllables more than *three*, are but the good for little *magnates*.]

I must not tell you, Madam—My master ordered me not to tell you—But he is in a worse way than he thinks for!—But he would not have you frightened.

High concern took possession of every sweet feature. She pitied me!—By my soul, she pitied me!

Where is he?

Too much in a hurry for good manners [*Another parentheses, Jack!* Good manners are so little natural, that we ought to be *composed* to observe them: Politeness will not live in a storm]. I cannot stay to answer questions, cries the wench—tho' desirous to answer [*A third Parentheses*—Like the people crying proclamations, running away from the customers they want to sell to]. This hurry puts the Lady in a hurry to ask [*A fourth*, by way of embellishing the third!] as the other does the people in a hurry to buy. And I have in my eye now a whole street raised, and running after a proclamation or express-crier, as if the first was a thief, the other his pursuers.

At last, O Lord! let Mrs. Lovelace know!—There is danger, to be sure! whispered from one Nymph to another; but at the door, and so loud, that my listening Fair-one might hear.

Out she darts.—As how! as how, Dorcas!

O Madam—A vomiting of blood! A vessel broke, to be sure!

Down she hastens; finds every one as busy over my blood in the entry, as if it were that of the Neapolitan Saint.

In

In steps my Charmer, with a face of sweet concern.  
*How do you, Mr. Lovelace?*

O my best Love!—Very well!—Very well!—Nothing at all! Nothing of consequence!—I shall be well in an instant!—straining again! for I was indeed plaguy sick, tho' no more blood came.

In short, Belford, I have gained my end. I see the dear soul loves me. I see she forgives me all that's past. I see I have credit for a new score.

Miss Howe, I defy thee, my dear—Mrs. Townsend!—Who the devil are you?—Troop away with your contrabands. No Smuggling! Nor Smuggler, but myself! Nor will the choicest of my Fair-one's favours be long prohibited goods to me!

EVERY one now is sure that she loves me. Tears were in her eyes more than once for me. She suffered me to take her hand, and kiss it as often as I pleased. On Mrs. Sinclair's mentioning, that I too much confined myself, she pressed me to take an Airing; but obligingly desired me to be careful of myself. Wished I would advise with a physician. *God made physicians*, she said.

I did not think That, Jack. God indeed made us All. But I fancy she meant *physic* instead of *physicians*; and then the phrase might mean what the vulgar phrase means;—*God sends meat, the Devil cooks*.

I was well already, on taking the Styptic from her dear hands.

On her requiring me to take the air, I asked, If I might have the honour of her company in a coach; and this, that I might observe if she had an intention of going out in my absence.

If she thought a chair were not a more proper vehicle for my case, she would with all her heart!

There's a precious!

I kissed her hand again! She was all goodness!—Would to Heaven I better deserved it, I said!—But

all

all were golden days before us!—Her presence and generous concern had done every thing. I was well! Nothing ailed me. But since my Beloved will have it so, I'll take a little Airing!—Let a chair be called!—O my Charmer! *were I to have owed this indisposition to my late harasses, and to the uneasiness I have had for disabling you; all is infinitely compensated by your goodness—All the Art of Healing is in your smiles!—Your late displeasure was the only malady!*

While Mrs. Sinclair, and Dorcas, and Polly, and even poor silly Mabell (for Sally went out, as my angel came in) with uplifted hands and eyes, stood thanking Heaven that I was better, in audible whispers: See the power of Love, cried one!—What a charming husband, another!—Happy couple, all!

O how the dear creature's cheek mantled!—How her eyes sparkled!—How sweetly acceptable is praise to conscious merit, while it but reproaches when applied to the undeserving!—What a new, what a gay creation it makes at once in a dissident or dispirited heart!

And now, Belford, was it not worth while to be sick? And yet I must tell thee, that too many pleasanter expedients offer themselves, to make trial any more of this confounded Ipecacuanha.

## LETTER XXXVII.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.

Saturday, May 27.

MR. Lovelace, my dear, has been very ill. Suddenly taken. With a vomiting of blood in great quantities. Some vessel broken. He complained of a disorder in his stomach over-night. I was the more affected with it, as I am afraid it was occasioned by the violent contentions between us.—But was I in fault?

How

How lately did I think I hated him!—But hatred and anger, I see, are but temporary passions with me. One cannot, my dear, hate people in danger of death, or who are in distress or affliction. My heart, I find, is not proof against kindness, and acknowledgement of errors committed.

He took great care to have his illness concealed from me as long as it could. So tender in the violence of his disorder!—So desirous to make the best of it!—I wish he had not been ill in my sight. I was too much affected—Every-body alarming me with his danger—The poor man, from such high health so suddenly taken!—And so unprepared!—

He is gone out in a chair. I advised him to do so. I fear that my advice was wrong; since Quiet in such a disorder must needs be best. We are apt to be so ready, in cases of emergency, to give our advice, without judgment, or waiting for it!—I proposed a physician indeed; but he would not hear of one. I have great honour for the faculty; and the greater, as I have always observed, that those who treat the professors of the art of healing contemptuously, too generally treat higher institutions in the same manner.

I am really very uneasy. For I have, I doubt, exposed myself to him, and to the women below. They indeed will excuse me, as they think us married. But if he be not generous, I shall have cause to regret this surprize; which (as I had reason to think my self unaccountably treated by him) has taught me more than I knew of myself.

Nevertheless let me tell you (what I hope I may justly tell you) that if again he give me cause to resume distance and reserve, I hope my reason will gather strength enough from his imperfections (for Mr. Lovelace, my dear, is not a wise man *in all his ways*) to enable me to keep my passions under.—What can we do more than govern ourselves by the temporary lights lent us?

You

You will not wonder that I am grave on this detection—*Detection*, must I call it? What can I call it?—I have not had heart's-ease enough, to inspect that heart as I ought.

Dissatisfied with myself, I am afraid to look back upon what I have written. And yet know not how to have done writing. I never was in such an odd frame of mind.—I know not how to describe it.—Was you ever so?—Afraid of the censure of her you love—Yet not conscious that you deserve it?

Of this, however, I am convinced, that I should indeed deserve censure, if I kept any secret of my heart from you.

But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, that I will still look more narrowly into myself: And that I am

*Your equally sincere and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Sat. Evening.*

I Had a charming Airing. No return of my malady. My heart perfectly easy, how could my stomach be otherwise?

But when I came home, I found that my sweet soul had been alarmed by a new incident—The enquiry after us both, in a very suspicious manner, and that by description of our persons, and not by names, by a servant in a blue livery turned up and trimmed with yellow.

Dorcas was called to him, as the upper servant, and she refusing to answer any of the fellow's questions, unless he told his business, and from whom he came, the fellow (as short as she) said, That if she would

would not answer *him*, perhaps she might answer somebody *else*; and went away out of humour.

Dorcas hurried up to her Lady, and alarmed her not only with the fact, but with her own conjectures; adding, that he was an ill-looking fellow, and she was sure could come for no good.

The livery and the features of the servant were particularly enquired after, and as particularly described—*Lord bless her! no end of her alarms, she thought!* And then did her apprehensions anticipate every evil that could happen.

She wished Mr. Lovelace would come in.

Mr. Lovelace came in soon after; all lively, grateful, full of hopes, of duty, of love, to thank his Charmer, and to congratulate with her upon the cure she had performed. And then she told the Story, with all its circumstances; and Dorcas, to point her Lady's fears, told us, that the servant was a sun-burnt fellow, and looked as if he had been at Sea.

He was then, no doubt, Captain Singleton's servant, and the next news she should hear was, that the house was surrounded by a whole Ship's crew; the vessel lying no farther off, as she understood, than Rotherhith.

Impossible, I said. Such an attempt would not be ushered in by such a manner of enquiry. And why may it not rather be a servant of your Cousin Morden, with notice of his arrival, and of his design to attend you?

This surmise delighted her. Her apprehensions went off, and she was at leisure to congratulate me upon my sudden recovery; which she did in the most obliging manner.

But we had not sat long together, when Dorcas again came fluttering up to tell us, that the footman, the very footman, was again at the door, and enquired, whether Mr. Lovelace and his Lady, by name, had not lodgings in this house? He asked, he told Dorcas, for

no harm: But his disavowing of harm, was a demonstration with my apprehensive Fair-one, that harm was intended. And as the fellow had not been answered by Dorcas, I proposed to go down to the Street-parlour, and hear what he had to say.

I see your causeless terror, my dearest life, said I, and your impatience — Will you be pleased to walk down — And without being observed (for he shall come no farther than the parlour-door) you may hear all that passes?

She consented. We went down. Dorcas bid the man come forward. Well, friend, what is your business with Mr. or Mrs. Lovelace?

Bowing, scraping, I am sure you are the gentleman, Sir. Why, Sir, my business is only to know if your honour be here, and to be spoken with; or if you shall be here for any time?

Who came you from?

From a gentleman who ordered me to say, if I was made to tell, but not else, it was from a friend of Mr. John Harlowe, Mrs. Lovelace's eldest Uncle.

The dear creature was ready to sink upon this. *It was but of late that she had provided herself with Salts.* She pulled them out.

Do you know any thing of Colonel Morden, friend, said I?

No; I never heard of his name.

Of Captain Singleton?

No, Sir. But the gentleman, my master, is a Captain too.

What is his name?

I don't know if I should tell.

There can be no harm in telling the gentleman's name, if you come upon a good account.

That I do; for my master told me so; and there is not an honest gentleman on the face of God's earth. — His name is Captain Tomlinson, Sir.

I don't know such a one.

I believe

I believe not, Sir. He was pleased to say, He don't know your honour, Sir; but I heard him say, as how he should not be an unwelcome visitor to you for all that.

Do you know such a man as Captain Tomlinson, my dearest life (*aside*) your Uncle's friend?

No; but my Uncle may have acquaintance, no doubt, that I don't know. — But I hope, trembling, this is not a trick.

Well, friend, if your master has any thing to say to Mr. Lovelace, you may tell him, that Mr. Lovelace is here; and will see him whenever he pleases.

The dear creature looked as if afraid that my engagement was too prompt for my own safety; and away went the fellow. — *I wondering, that she might not wonder, that this Captain Tomlinson, whoever he were, came not himself, or sent not a Letter the second time, when he had reason to suppose that I might be here.*

Mean time, for fear that this should be a contrivance of James Harlowe, who, I said, loved plotting, though he had not a head turned for it, I gave some precautionary directions to the servants; and the women, whom, for the greater parade, I assembled before us: And my Beloved was resolved *not to stir abroad till she saw the issue of this odd affair.*

And here must I close, *though in so great a puzzle.*

Only let me add, that poor Belton wants thee; for I dare not stir for my life.

Mowbray and Tourville skulk about like vagabonds, without heads, without hands, without souls; having neither You nor Me to conduct them. They tell me, they shall rust beyond the power of oil or action to brighten them up, or give them motion.

How goes it with thy Uncle?

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday May 28.

THIS Story of Captain Tomlinson employed us not only for the time we were together last night, but all the while we sat at breakfast this Morning. She would still have it, that it was the prelude to some mischief from Singleton. I insisted (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by Colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a personal visit. Travelled gentlemen affect to surprize in this manner. And why, dearest creature, said I, must every thing that happens which we cannot immediately account for, be what we least wish?

She had had so many disagreeable things befall her of late, that her fears were too often stronger than her hopes.

And this, Madam, makes me apprehensive, that you will get into so low-spirited a way, that you will not be able to enjoy the happiness that seems to wait us.

Her duty and her gratitude, she gravely said, to the Dispenser of all good, would secure her, she hoped, against unthankfulness. And a thankful spirit was the same as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys she depends intirely upon the Invisible Good. She is certainly right; since those who fix least upon Second Causes are the least likely to be disappointed—And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She had hardly done speaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry—She set even my heart into a palpitation—Thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-case—Flutter, flutter, flutter

er my Charmer's, as by her sweet bosom rising to her chin I saw.

This lower class of people my Beloved herself observed, were for ever aiming at the *stupid Wonderful*, and for making even common incidents matter of surprise.

Why the devil, said I to the wench, this alarming hurry?—And with your spread fingers, and your O Madams, and O Sirs!—and be curs'd to you! Would there have been a Second of time difference, had you come up slowly?

Captain Tomlinson, Sir!

Captain Devilson, what care I!—Do you see how you have disordered your Lady?

Good Mr. Lovelace, said my Charmer, trembling, [See, Jack, when she has an end to give, I am good Mr. Lovelace] If—if my brother, Captain Singleton should appear—Pray now—I beseech you—Let me beg of you—to govern your temper—My Brother is my Brother—Captain Singleton is but an *Agent*.

My dearest life, folding my arms about her. When she afterwards thought I, the devil's in it, if she will not allow of such innocent freedoms as this, from good Mr. Lovelace too] you shall be witness of all that passes between us.—Dorcas, desire the gentleman to walk up.

Let me retire to my chamber first!—Let me not be known to be in the house!

Charming dear!—Thou seest, Belford, she is afraid of leaving me!—O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for surprises now-and-then, how would an honest man know where to have them?

She withdrew to listen—And tho' this incident has not turned out to answer all I wished from it, yet is it necessary, if I would acquaint thee with my whole *circulation*, to be very particular in what passed between Captain Tomlinson and me.

Enter

*Enter Captain Tomlinson in a riding-dress, whip*

*in hand.*

Your servant, Sir—Mr. Lovelace, I presume?

My name is Lovelace, Sir.

Excuse the Day, Sir—Be pleased to excuse my Garb. I am obliged to go out of town directly, that I may return at night.

The Day is a good day. Your Garb needs no apology.

When I sent my servant, I did not know that I should find time to do myself this honour. All that I thought I could do to oblige my friend this journey, was only to assure myself of your abode; and whether there were a probability of being admitted to the speech either of you, or your Lady.

Sir, you know best your own motives. What your time will permit you to do, you also best know. And here I am attending your pleasure.

*My Charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being so short. Whatever I shall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt easily guess I had afterwards.*

Sir, I hope no offence. I intend none.

None—None at all, Sir.

Sir, I have no interest in the affair I come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I should, I would decline any concern in it, after I have just hinted what it is.

And pray, Sir, what is it?

May I ask you, Sir, without offence, whether you wish to be reconciled, and to co-operate upon honourable terms, with one gentleman of the name of Harlowe; preparative, as it may be hoped, to a general Reconciliation?

*O how my heart fluttered, cried my Charmer!*

I can't tell, Sir—*(And then it fluttered still more, no doubt.)* The whole family have used me extremely ill. They have taken greater liberties with my character

racter than are justifiable, and with my family too; which I can less forgive.

Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon for this intrusion.

*My Beloved was then ready to sit, and thought very hardly of me.*

But pray, Sir, to the immediate purpose of your present commission; since a commission it seems to be?

It is a commission, Sir; and such a one, as I thought would be agreeable to all parties, or I should not have given myself concern about it.

Perhaps it may, Sir, when known. But let me ask you one previous question? Do you know Colonel Morden, Sir?

No, Sir. If you mean *personally*, I do not. But I have heard my good friend Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with great respect; and as a Co-trustee with him in a certain Trust.

*Lovel.* I thought it probable, Sir, that the Colonel might be arrived; that you might be a gentleman of his acquaintance; and that something of an agreeable surprize might be intended.

*Capt.* Had Colonel Morden been in England, Mr. John Harlowe would have known it; and then I should not have been a stranger to it.

*Lovel.* Well but, Sir, have you then any commission to me from Mr. John Harlowe?

*Capt.* Sir, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the whole of what I have to say; but you'll excuse me also a previous question, for which curiosity is not my motive; but it is necessary to be answered before I can proceed; as you will judge when you hear it.

*Lovel.* What, pray, Sir, is your question?

*Capt.* Briefly, Whether you are really, and *bona fide* married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

I started, and, in a haughty tone, Is this, Sir, a question

question that *must* be answered before you can proceed in the business you have undertaken?

I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe sought to me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many considerable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to say, That if that young Lady—

Captain Tomlinson, I think you are called?

My name is Tomlinson.

Why then, Captain Tomlinson, no *liberty*, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that Lady is mentioned.

When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found, I had so behaved, as to make the caution necessary, it would have been just to have given it.— Allow me to say, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.

Why, Sir! Why, Captain Tomlinson, you seem warm. If you intend any-thing by this [*O how I trembled!* said the Lady, *when she took notice of this part of our conversation afterwards*] I will only say, that this is a privileged place. It is at present my home, and an asylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to enquire after me, be the manner or end of his enquiry what it will.

I know not, Sir, that I have given occasion for this. I make no scruple to attend *you elsewhere*, if I am troublesome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentl man to deal with: But as I knew my intention, and that my commission was an amicable one, I was the less concerned about that. I am twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare say: But I do assure you, that if either my message, or my manner, give you offence, I can suspend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And so, Sir, any time before eight to-morrow morning, you will let me know

your further commands. — And was going to tell me where he might be found.

Captain Tomlinson, said I, you answer well. I love a man of spirit. Have you not been in the army?

I have, Sir; but have turned my sword into a ploughshare, as the Scripture has it. [*There was a clever fellow, Jack! — He was a good man with somebody, I warrant!*] — And all my delight, added he, for some years past, has been in cultivating my paternal Estate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not so much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.

A clever fellow again, Belford! — Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my Charmer! — 'Tis well, she says, there are some men who have wisdom in their anger.

Well, Captain, that is reproof for reproof. So we are upon a foot. And now give me the pleasure of hearing the import of your commission.

Sir, you must first allow me to repeat my question: Are you really, and *bona fide*, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe? Or are you not yet married?

Bluntly put, Captain. But if I answer that I am, what then?

Why then, Sir, I shall say, that you are a man of honour.

That I hope I am, whether you say it or not, Captain Tomlinson.

Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to say on this subject — Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his Niece are both in the same lodgings; that you have been long so; and that the Lady was at the Play with you yesterday was a sight; and he hopes, that you are actually married. He has indeed heard that you are; but as he knows your enterprising temper, and that you have declared, that you

would

disdain

disdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the steps he is inclined to take in his Niece's favour. You will allow me to say, Mr. Lovelace, that he will be satisfied with an answer that admits of the least doubt.

Let me tell you, Captain Tomlinson, that it is a high degree of villainy for any man to suppose —

Sir — Mr. Lovelace — don't put yourself into a passion. The Lady's relations are jealous of the honour of their family. They have prejudices to overcome as well as you — Advantage may have been taken — and the Lady, at the time, not to blame.

This Lady, Sir, could give no such advantages: And if she had, what must the man be, Captain Tomlinson, who could have taken them? — Do you know the Lady, Sir?

I never had the honour to see her but once; and that was at Church; and should not know her again.

Not know her again, Sir! — I thought there was not a man living who had once seen her, and would not know her among a thousand.

I remember, Sir, that I thought I never saw a finer woman in my life. But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will allow, that it is better that her relations should have wronged you, than you the Lady. I hope, Sir, you will permit me to repeat my question.

*Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.*

A gentleman, this minute, Sir, desires to speak with your honour — [*My Lady, Sir! — Aside.*]

Could the dear creature put Dorcas upon telling this fib, yet want to save me one? —

Desire the gentleman to walk into one of the parlours. I will wait on him presently.

[*Exit Dorcas.*]

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to instruct me how to answer the Captain's home-put. I

knew

knew how I intended to answer it—Plumb, thou may'st be sure—But Dorcas's message staggered me. And yet I was upon one of my master-strokes—Which was, To take advantage of the Captain's inquiries, and to make her own her marriage before him, as she had done to the people below; and if she had been brought to that, to induce her, for her Uncle's satisfaction, to write him a Letter of gratitude; which of course must have been signed *Clarissa Lovelace*. I was loth, therefore, thou may'st believe, to attend her sudden commands: And yet, afraid of pushing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the question, to account for himself, and for Mr. Harlowe's coming at the knowledge of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might possibly convince her of the necessity there was for her to acquiesce in the affirmative I was disposed to give. And this for her own sake; for what, as I asked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family?—A family, Jack, which I must for ever despise.

You think, Captain, that I have answered doubtfully to the question you put. You may think so. And you must know, that I have a good deal of pride: And only, that you are a gentleman, and seem in this affair to be governed by generous principles, or I should ill brook being interrogated as to my honour to a Lady so dear to me.—But before I answer more directly to the point, pray satisfy me in a question or two that I shall put to you.

With all my heart, Sir. Ask me what questions you please, I will answer them with sincerity and candour.

You say, Mr. Harlowe has found out that we were at a Play together: And that we were both in the same lodgings—How pray, came he at his knowledge?—For, let me tell you, that I have, for certain considerations (not respecting myself, I will assure you)

con-

condescended, that our abode should be kept secret. And this has been so strictly observed, that even Miss Howe, though she and my Beloved correspond, knows not directly whither to send to us.

Why, Sir, the person who saw you at the Play, was a tenant of Mr. John Harlowe. He watched all your motions. When the Play was done, he followed you on horse to your lodgings. And early the next day, Sunday, he took horse, and acquainted his landlord with what he had observed.

Lovelace. How oddly things come about! — But does any other of the Harlowes know where we are?

Capt. It is an absolute secret to every other person of the family; and so it is intended to be kept: As also that Mr. John Harlowe is willing to enter into treaty with you, by me, if his Niece *be actually married*; for perhaps he is aware, that he shall have difficulty enough with some people to bring about the desirable Reconciliation, altho' he could give them this assurance.

I doubt it not, Captain. — To James Harlowe is all the family folly owing. — Fine fools! [*heroically stalking about*] to be governed by one to whom malice, and not genius, gives the busy liveliness that distinguishes him from a Natural! — But how long, pray Sir, has Mr. John Harlowe been in this pacific disposition?

I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and the occasion; and be very explicit upon it, and upon all that concerns you to know of me, and of the commission I have undertaken to execute; and this the rather, as when you have heard me out, you will be satisfied, that I am not an officious man in this my present address to you.

I am all attention, Captain Tomlinson.

And so I doubt not was my Beloved.

Capt. You must know, Sir, that I have not been many months in Mr. John Harlowe's neigh-

‘bourhood. I removed from Northamptonshire, partly for the sake of better managing one of two Executorships, which I could not avoid engaging in (the affairs of which frequently call me to town, and are part of my present business) and partly for the sake of occupying a neglected farm, which has lately fallen into my hands. But tho’ an acquaintance of no longer standing, and that commencing on the Bowling-green [*Uncle John is a great bowler, Belford*] (upon my decision of a point to every one’s satisfaction, which was appealed to me by all the gentlemen; and which might have been attended with bad consequences) no two Brothers have a more cordial esteem for each other. You know, Mr. Lovelace, that there is a *consent*, as I may call it, in some minds, which will unite them stronger in a few hours, than years will do with others, whom yet we see not with disgust.’

*Lovel.* Very true, Captain.  
*Capt.* ‘It was on the foot of this avowed friendship on both sides, that on Monday the 15th, as I very well remember, Mr. Harlowe invited himself home with me. And when there, he acquainted me with the whole of the unhappy affair that had made them all so uneasy. Till then I knew it only by report; for, intimate as we were, I forbore to speak of what was so near his heart, till he began first. And then he told me, that he had had an application made to him two or three days before by a gentleman whom he named (*a*), to induce him not only to be reconciled himself to his Niece, but to forward for her a general Reconciliation.’

‘A like application, he told me, had been made to his Sister Harlowe, by a good woman whom every-body respected; who had intimated, that his Niece, if encouraged, would again put herself into

(*a*) See Miss Howe’s Letters, Numb. iv. and Numb. x. of this Volume.

‘the protection of her friends, and leave you: But if not, that she must unavoidably be yours.’

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no mischief.—You look concerned.—You sigh, Sir.

Proceed, Captain Tomlinson.—Pray proceed.—And I sighed still more profoundly.

Capt. ‘They all thought it extremely particular, that a Lady should decline marriage with a man she had so lately gone away with.’

Pray, Captain.—Pray, Mr. Tomlinson.—No more of this subject, my Beloved is an angel. In every thing unblameable. Whatever faults there have been, have been *theirs* and *mine*. What you would further say, is, that the *unforgiving* family rejected her application. They did. She and I had had a misunderstanding. *The falling out of Lovelace*—you know, Captain.—We have been happier ever since.

Capt. ‘Well, Sir; but Mr. John Harlowe could not but better consider the matter *afterwards*. And he desired my advice how to act in it. He told me, that no Father ever loved a Daughter as he loved this Niece of his; whom, indeed, he used to call his *Daughter-niece*. He said, she had really been *unkindly treated* by her Brother and Sister: And as your alliance, Sir, was far from being a discredit to their family, he would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties, if he could be sure that ye were *actually man and wife*.’

Lovel. And what, pray Captain, was your advice?

Capt. ‘I gave it as my opinion, that if his Niece were unworthily treated, and in distress, as he apprehended, from the application to him, he would soon hear of her again: But that it was likely, that this application was made without expecting it would succeed; and as a *Salvo* only, to herself, for marrying without their consent. And the rather thought, as he had told me, that it came from a young Lady her friend, and not in a direct way

‘from herself; which young Lady was no favourite of the family; and therefore would hardly have been employed, had success been expected.’

*Lovel.* Very well, Captain Tomlinson—Pray proceed.

*Capt.* ‘Here the matter rested till last Sunday evening, when Mr. John Harlowe came to me with the man who had seen you and your Lady (as I presume she is) at the Play; and who had assured him, that you both lodged in the same house.—And then the application having been so lately made, which implied, that you were not then married, he was so uneasy for his Niece’s honour, that I advised him to dispatch to town some one in whom he could confide, to make proper inquiries.’

*Lovel.* Very well, Captain—And was such a person employed on such an errand by her Uncle?

*Capt.* ‘A trusty and discreet person was accordingly sent; and last Tuesday, I think it was (for he returned to us on the Wednesday) he made the inquiries among the neighbours first [*The very inquiry, Jack, that gave us all so much uneasiness (a)*]. But finding, that none of them could give any satisfactory account, the Lady’s woman was come at, who declared, that you were actually married. But the inquirist keeping himself on the reserve as to his employers, the girl refused to tell the day, or to give him other particulars.’

*Lovel.* You give a very clear account of everything, Captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed.

*Capt.* ‘The gentleman returned; and on his report Mr. Harlowe, having still doubts, and being willing to proceed on some grounds in so important a point, besought me (as my affairs called me frequently to town) to undertake this matter. “You, Mr. Tomlinson, he was pleased to say, have children of your own: You know the world: You

(a) See the latter part of Letter xxx of this Vol.

"know what I drive at : You will proceed, I am sure,  
"with understanding and spirit : And whatever you  
"are satisfied with, shall satisfy me."

*Enter Dorcas, again in a hurry.*

Sir, the gentleman is impatient.

I will attend him presently.

The Captain then accounted for his not calling in person, when he had reason to think us here.

He said he had business of consequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he must have gone yesterday ; and having been obliged to put off his little journey till this day, and understanding that we were within, not knowing whether he should have such another opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he set out ; and this made him come booted and spurred, as I saw.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the house ; but it was in such a way, as to give no room for suspicion, that he thought it necessary to inquire after the character of persons who make so genteel an appearance, as he observed they do.

And here let me remark, that my Beloved might collect another circumstance in favour of the people below, had she doubted their characters, from the silence of her Uncle's inquirist on Tuesday, among the neighbours.

*Capt.* ' And now, Sir, that I believe I have satisfied you in every thing relating to my commission, I hope you will permit me to repeat my question— which is—

*Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.*

Sir, the gentleman will step up to you—[*My Lady is impatient. She wanders at your honour's delay. Aside.*]

Excuse me, Captain, for one moment.

I have staid my full time, Mr. Lovelace. What may result from my question and your answer, whatever it shall be, may take us up time.—And you are engaged.

engaged. Will you permit me to attend you in the morning, before I set out on my return?

You will then breakfast with me, Captain?

It must be early if I do. I must reach my own house to-morrow night, or I shall make the best of wives unhappy. And I have two or three places to call at in my way.

It shall be by Seven o'clock, if you please, Captain. We are early folks. And this I will tell you, that if ever I am reconciled to a family so implacable as I have always found the Harlowes to be, it must be by the mediation of so cool and so moderate a gentleman as yourself.

And so, with the highest civilities on both sides, we parted. But for the private satisfaction of so good a man, I left him not of doubt, that we were man and wife, tho' I did not directly aver it.

## LETTER XL.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Sunday Night.*

THIS Captain Tomlinson is one of the happiest, as well as one of the best men in the world. What would I give to stand as high in my Beloved's opinion, as he does! But yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own story, and have equal credit given to it. But the devil should have had him before I had seen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I should not have answered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my last what that was.

But to the particulars of the conference between my Fair-one, and me, on her hasty messages; which I was loth to come to, because she has had a half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the Captain down to the very passage, I returned to the dining-room, and put on a joyful

joyful air, on my Beloved's entrance into it. — O my dearest creature, said I, let me congratulate you on a prospect so agreeable to your wishes! And I snatched her hand, and smothered it with my kisses.

It was going on; when, interrupting me, You see, Mr. Lovelace, said she, how you have embarrassed yourself, by your obliquities! You see, that you have not been able to return a direct answer to a plain and honest question, though upon it depends all the happiness upon the prospect of which you congratulate me.

You know, my best Love, what my prudent, and I will say, my *kind* motives were, for giving out that we were married. You see, that I have taken no advantage of it; and that no inconvenience has followed it. You see that your Uncle wants only to be assured from ourselves, *that it is so* —

Not another word to this purpose, Mr. Lovelace. I will not only risk, but I will forfeit, the Reconciliation of my heart, rather than I will go on to countenance a story so untrue!

My dearest soul — Would you have me appear —

I would have you appear, Sir, as *you are*! I am resolved that I will appear to my Uncle's friend, and to my Uncle, as *he is*.

For one week, my dearest life! Cannot you for one week — only till the Settlements —

Not for one hour, with my own consent. You do not know, Sir, how much I have been afflicted, that I have appeared to the people below what I am not. But my Uncle, Sir, shall never have it to upbraid me, nor will I to upbraid myself, that I have wilfully passed myself upon him in false lights.

What, my dear, would you have me say to the Captain to-morrow morning? I have given him room to think —

Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. Tell the truth. Tell him what you please of the favour of  
your

your relations to me: Tell him what you will about the Settlements: And if when drawn, you will submit them to his perusal and approbation, it will shew him how much you are in earnest.

My dearest life--Do you think, that he would disapprove of the terms I have offered?

No.

Then may I be accursed, if I willingly submit to be trampled under-foot by my enemies.

And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be happy in this life, if I submit to the passing upon my Uncle Harlowe a wilful and premeditated falshood for truth! I have too long laboured under the affliction which the rejection of all my friends has given me, to purchase my Reconciliation with them now at so dear a price as at that of my veracity.

The women below, my dear--

What are the women below to me? I want not to establish myself with them. Need they know all that passes between my relations and you and me?

Neither are they coming to me, Madam. Only, that when, for the sake of preventing the scandal which might have attended your Brother's projects, I have made them think us married, I would not appear to them in a light, which you yourself think so shocking. By my soul, Madam, I had rather die, than contradict myself so flagrantly, after I have related to them so many circumstances of our marriage.

Well, Sir, the women may believe what they please. That I have given countenance to what you told them, is my error. The many circumstances which you own *one* untruth has drawn you in to relate, is a justification of my refusal in the present case.

Don't you see, Madam, that your Uncle wishes to find that we are married? May not the ceremony be privately over, before his mediation can take place?

Urge

Urge this point no farther, Mr. Lovelace. If you will not tell the truth, I will to-morrow morning (if I see Captain Tomlinson) tell it myself. Indeed I will.

Will you, Madam, consent, that things pass as before with the people below? This mediation of Tomlinson *may* come to nothing. Your Brother's schemes *may* be pursued; the rather, that now he will know (perhaps from your Uncle) that you are not under a legal protection.—You will, at least, consent, that things pass *here* as before?

To permit this, is to go on in an error, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occasion for so doing (if there *can* be in your opinion an occasion that will warrant an untruth) will, as I presume, soon be over, I shall the less dispute that point with you. But a new error I will not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.

Can I, do you think, Madam, have any dishonourable view in the step I supposed you would not scruple to take towards a Reconciliation with your own family? Not for *my own* sake, you know, did I hope you to take it; for what is it to me, If I am never reconciled to your family? I want no favours from them.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no occasion, in our present *not* disagreeable situation, to answer such a question. And let me say, that I shall think my prospects still more agreeable, if, to-morrow morning, you will not only own the very truth, but give my Uncle's friend such an account of the steps you have taken, and are taking, as may keep up my Uncle's favourable intentions towards me. This you may do under what restrictions of secrecy you please. Captain Tomlinson is a prudent man; a promoter of family-peace, you find; and, I dare say, may be made a friend.

I saw there was no help. I saw that the inflexible Harlowe spirit was all up in her.—A little witch!—A little—Forgive me, Love, for calling her names:

And

And so I said, with an air, We have had too many misunderstandings, Madam, for me to wish for new ones: I will obey you without reserve. Had I not thought I should have obliged you by the other method (especially as the Ceremony might have been over, before any thing could have operated from your Uncle's intentions, and of consequence no untruth persisted in) I would not have proposed it. But think not, my beloved creature, that you shall enjoy, without condition, this triumph over my judgment.

And then, clasping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming Lip designed) a fervent kiss. --- And your forgiveness of this sweet freedom (bowing) is that condition.

She was not mortally offended. And now must I make out the rest as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that altho' her triumph has not diminished my Love for her; yet has it stimulated me more than ever to *Revenge*, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But *Victory* or *Conquest* is the more proper word.

There is a pleasure, 'tis true, in subduing one of these watchful Beauties. But, by my Soul, Belford, men of our cast take twenty times the pains to be rogues, that it would cost them to be honest; and dearly, with the sweat of our brows, and to the puzzling of our brains (to say nothing of the hazards we run) do we earn our purchase; and ought not therefore to be grudged our success when we meet with it. Especially as, when we have obtained our end, satiety soon follows: and leaves us little or nothing to shew for it. But this, indeed, may be said of all worldly delights. --- And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Altho' I have not carried my principal point, I shall make something turn out in my favour from Captain Tomp-  
son's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by

parts;

parts; but have patience till thou seest the *whole*. But once more I swear, that I will not be *out-Norris'd* by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehensive, at times, of the consequences of Miss Howe's Smuggling scheme.

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plague heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair, for an hour; then shake myself, wash, and refresh. At my time of life, with such a constitution as I am blessed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me!—It cannot be broad day till I am awake.—Aw-w-w-w-haugh—Pox of this yawning!

Is not thy Uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my last?—Hunting after more *wisdom of nations*, I suppose!—Yaw-Yaw-Yawning again!—Pen, begone.

## LETTER XLI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday, May 29.

NOW have I established myself for ever in my Charmer's heart.

The Captain came at Seven, as promised, and ready equipped for his journey. My Beloved chose not to give us her company till our first conversation was over.—Ashamed, I suppose to be present at that part of it, which was to restore her to her *Virgin State* by my confession, after her *Wifehood* had been reported to her Uncle. But she took her cue nevertheless, and listened to all that passed.

The modestest women, Jack, must *think*, and think deeply sometimes. I wonder whether they ever blush at those things by themselves, at which they have so charming a knack of blushing in company. If not; and if blushing be a sign of grace or modesty,

modesty, have not the Sex as great a command over their Blushes, as they are said to have over their Tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I disposed to pursue it.

I told the Captain, that I would prevent this question; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the strictest secrecy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe; and which he answered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowledged nakedly and fairly the whole truth---To wit, 'That we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the causes of procrastination. Some of them owing to unhappy misunderstanding: But chiefly to the Lady's desire of previous reconciliation with her friends; and to a delicacy that had no example.'

Less nice Ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and *studied* delays, *imputed to them* in these cases---Yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy; for do they not thereby tacitly confess, that they expect to be the greatest gainers in wedlock; and that there is *self-denial* in the pride they take in delaying?

I told him the reason of our passing to the people below as married--Yet as under a vow of restriction, as to Consummation, which had kept us both to the height, one of *forbearing*, the other of *vigilant* punctilio; even to the denial of those innocent freedoms, which betrothed Lovers never scruple to allow and to take.

I then communicated to him a copy of my proposals of Settlement; the substance of her written answer; the contents of my Letter of invitation to Lord M. to be her Nuptial-father; and of my Lord's generous reply. But said, that having apprehensions of delay from his infirmities, and my Beloved chusing by all means (and that from principles of *unrequited* duty) a private Solemnization, I had written to excuse his Lordship's presence; and expected an answer every hour.

'The

'The Settlements I told him, were actually drawing by Counsellor Williams, of whose eminence he must have heard---'

He had.

'And of the truth of this he might satisfy himself before he went out of town.

'When these were drawn, approved, and ingrossed, nothing, I said, but signing, and the nomination of my happy day, would be wanting. I had a pride, I declared in doing the highest justice to so beloved a creature of my own voluntary motion, and without the intervention of a family from whom I had received the greatest insults. And this being our present situation, I was contented that Mr. John Harlowe should suspend his reconciliatory purposes till our marriage were actually solemnized.'

The Captain was highly delighted with all I said: Yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expressed himself greatly pleased to hear that we were actually married, he could have wished it *had* been so. But, nevertheless, he doubted not that all would be well.

He saw my reasons, he said, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below (whom again he *understood to be good sort of people*) believe, that the Ceremony had passed; which so well accounted for what the Lady's maid had told Mr. Harlowe's friend. Mr. John Harlowe, he said, had certainly ends to answer in keeping open the breach; and *as certainly had formed a design to get his Sister out of my hands*. Wherefore it as much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty a secret, as it did me; at least till he had formed his party, and taken his measures. Ill-will and passion were dreadful misrepresenters. It was amazing to him, that animosity could be carried so high against a man capable of views so pacific and so honourable, and who had shewn such a command of his temper, in this whole transaction, as I had done.

Generosity,

Generosity, indeed, in every case, where love of stratagem and intrigue (I would excuse him) were not concerned, was a part of my character---

He was proceeding, when breakfast being ready, in came the Empress of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory---A benignity and graciousness in her aspect, that, tho' natural to it, had been long banished from it.

Next to prostration lowly bowed the Captain. O how the sweet creature smiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one, begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation, than they think themselves---Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee---My dearest life---and made a very fine speech on presenting the Captain to her. No titles myself, to her lip or cheek, 'tis well *he* attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worship her;---could only touch her charming hand.

I have told the Captain, my dear creature---And then I briefly repeated (as if I had supposed she had not heard it) all I had told him.

He was astonished, that any-body could be displeased one moment with such an angel. He undertook her cause as the highest degree of merit to himself.

Never, I must needs say, did the angel so much *look* the angel. All placid, serene, smiling, self-assured: A most lovely flush than usual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms, even to resistance, to her charming complexion.

After we had seated ourselves, the agreeable subject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy should she be in her Uncle's restored favour!

The Captain engaged for it---No more delay, he hoped, of *her* part! Let the happy Day be but *once* over, all would then be right. But was it improper to ask for copies of my proposals, and of her answer, in order to shew them to his dear friend her Uncle?

*As Mr. Lovelace pleased*---O that the dear creature would always say so!

It must be strict confidence then, I said. But would it not be better to shew her Uncle the draught of the Settlements, when drawn?

And will you be so good, as to allow of this, Mr. Lovelace?

There, Belford! We were once *The Quarrelsome*, but now we are *The Polite, Lovers*.

Indeed, my dearest creature, I will, if you desire it; and if Captain Tomlinson will engage, that Mr. Harlowe shall keep them absolutely a Secret; that I may not be subjected to the capricious and controul of any others of a family that have been so very ill.

Now indeed, Sir, you are very obliging.

Dost think, Jack, that my face did not now also shine?

I held out my hand (first consecrating it with a kiss) for hers. *She condescended to give it me.* I pressed it to my lips: You know not, Captain Tomlinson (with an air) all storms overblown, what a happy man—

Charming couple! (His hands lifted up) How will my good friend rejoice! O that he were present! You know not, Madam, how dear you still are to your Uncle Harlowe!—

I am unhappy ever to have disoblighd him!

Nat too much of that, however, fairest, thought I.

The Captain repeated his resolution of service, and that in so acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wished, that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of *His*, she said; for the Captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the best of wives and mothers, whose excellent management made him as happy, as if his Eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boast of) were two thousand.

Without Oeconomy, the oraculous Lady said, no estate was large enough. With it, the least was not too small.

Lie

Lie still, teasing villain! lie still — I was only speaking to my Conscience, Jack.

And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, said the Captain; yet not so much from doubt, as that I may proceed upon sure grounds — You are *willing* to co-operate with my dear friend in a general Reconciliation?

Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinson, that if it can be distinguished, that my readiness to make up with a family, of whose generosity I have not had reason to think highly, is intirely owing to the value I have for this angel of a woman, I will not only co-operate with Mr. John Harlowe, as you ask; but I will meet Mr. James Harlowe, and his Lady, *all the way*. And further more, to make the Son James and his Sister Arabella quite easy, I will absolutely disclaim any further interest, whether living or dying, in any of the three Brother's Estates; contenting myself with what my Beloved's Grandfather has bequeathed to her: For I have reason to be abundantly satisfied with my own circumstances and prospects — Enough rewarded, were she not to bring a shilling in dowry, in a Lady who has a merit superior to all the goods of fortune. — True as the Gospel, Belford! — Why had not this Scene a real foundation?

The dear creature, by her eyes, expressed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. O Mr. Lovelace, said she, You have infinitely — And there she stopt.

The Captain run over in my praise. He was really affected.

O that I had not such a *mixture of Revenge and Pride in my Love*, thought I! — But how old; plea; cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her virtue now in the height of its probation? — Would she lay aside, like the friends of my uncontenting Rosebud, all thought of defiance — Would she throw herself upon my mercy, and try me but one fortnight in the Life of Honour — What then? — I cannot say, *What then*. — Do

Do not despise me, Jack, for my inconsistency---  
 In no two Letters perhaps agreeing with myself---  
 Who expects consistency in men of our character?---  
 But I am mad with Love---Fired by Revenge--Puzzled  
 with my own devices---My Invention is my curse---  
 My Pride my punishment---Drawn five or six ways  
 at once, can *she* possibly be so unhappy as I?---O  
 why, why was this woman so divinely excellent!---  
 Yet how know I that she is? What have been her  
 trials? Have I had the courage to make a single one  
 upon her *person*, tho' a thousand upon her *temper*?---  
 Enow, I hope, to make her *head* of ever disoblige-  
 ing me more!---

\* \* \*

I MUST banish Reflection, or I am a lost man. For  
 these two hours past have I hated myself for my  
 contrivances. And this not only from what I *have*  
 related to thee; but from what I have *further* to re-  
 late. But I have now once more steeled my heart.  
 My Vengeance is uppermost; *for I have been re-per-  
 using some of Miss Howe's virulence.* The contempt  
 they have both held me in, I cannot bear.---

The happiest breakfast-time, my Beloved owned,  
 that she had ever known *since she had left her Father's  
 house.* [*She might have let this alone.*] The Captain  
 renewed all his protestations of service. He would  
 write me word how his dear friend received the ac-  
 count he should give him of the happy situation of our  
 affairs, and what he thought of the Settlements, as  
 soon as I should send him the draughts so kindly-pro-  
 mised. And we parted with great professions of mu-  
 tual esteem; my Beloved putting up vows for the suc-  
 cess of his generous mediation.

When I returned from attending the Captain down  
 stairs, which I did to the outward door, my Beloved  
 met me as I entered the dining-room; complacency  
 reigning in every lovely feature.

' You see me already, *said she*, another creature.

' You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart  
 ' this hoped-for Reconciliation is. I am now willing  
 ' to banish every disagreeable remembrance. You  
 ' know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me.  
 ' And Oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy shall I be, when  
 ' my heart is lightened from the all-sinking weight of  
 ' a Father's Curse! When my dear Mamma (You  
 ' don't know, Sir, half the excellencies of my dear  
 ' Mamma! and what a kind heart she has, when it is  
 ' left to follow its own impulses—When this blessed  
 ' Mamma) shall once more fold me to her indulgent  
 ' bosom! When I shall again have Uncles and Aunts,  
 ' and a Brother and Sister, all striving who shall  
 ' shew most kindness and favour to the poor outcast,  
 ' then *no more* an outcast!—And you, Mr. Lovelace,  
 ' to behold all this, and to be received into a family  
 ' so dear to me, with welcome—What tho' a little  
 ' cold at first? when they come to know you better,  
 ' and to see you oftner, no fresh causes of disgust oc-  
 ' curring, and you, as I hope, having entered upon  
 ' a new course, all will be warmer and warmer Love  
 ' on both sides, till every one perhaps will wonder,  
 ' how they came to set themselves against you.'

Then drying her eyes with her handkerchief, after  
 a few moments pausing, on a sudden, as if recollecting  
 that she had been led by her joy to an expression of it  
 which she had not intended I should see, she retired  
 to her chamber with precipitation; leaving me al-  
 most as unable to stand it, as herself.

In short, I was—I want words to say how I was—  
 My nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes  
 have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving  
 Beauty; but so *very* much affected, I never was—for,  
 trying to check my sensibility, it was too strong for  
 me, and I even sobbed—Yes, by my soul, I *audibly*  
 sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had  
 well finished her affecting speech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sen-  
 sation,

sation, to describe it to thee—The thing was so strange to me—Something choaking, as it were, in my throat—I know not how—Yet, I must needs say, tho' I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to describe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on such an occasion gives me a high notion of what that Virtue must be (What other name can I call it?) which in a mind so capable of delicate transport, should be able to make so charming a creature, in her very bloom, all frost and snow to every advance of Love from the man she hates not. This must be all from Education too—Must it not, Belford? Can *Education* have stronger force in a woman's heart than *Nature*?—Sure it cannot. But if it can, how intirely right are Parents to cultivate their Daughters Minds, and to inspire them with notions of Reserve and Distance to our Sex; and indeed to make them think highly of their own? For Pride is an excellent Substitute, let me tell thee, where Virtue shines not out, as the Sun, in its own unborrowed Lustre.

## LETTER XLII.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

AND now it is time to confess (and yet I know that thy Conjectures are aforehand with my Exposition) that this Captain Tomlinson, who is so great a favourite with my Charmer, and who takes so much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a less, than honest Patrick McDonald, attended by a discarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knowest what a various-lived rascal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of Forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin-University, and a detection since in

Evidenceship, have been his ruin. For these have thrown him from one Country to another; and at last, into the way of life, which would make him a fit Husband for Miss Howe's Townsend with her contrabands. He is, thou knowest, admirably qualified for any enterprize that requires adroitness and solemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece of justice, than to keep one Smuggler in readiness to play against another?

‘Well but, Lovelace (methinks thou questionest) how camest thou to venture upon such a contrivance as this, when, as thou hast told me, the Lady used to be a month at a time at this Uncle's; and must therefore, in all probability, know, that there was not a Captain Tomlinson in all the neighbourhood; at least no one of the name so intimate with him, as this man pretends to be?’—

This objection, Jack, is so natural a one, that I could not help observing to my Charmer, that she must surely have heard her Uncle speak of this gentleman. No, she said, she never had. Besides, she had not been at her Uncle Harlowe's for near ten months [*This I had heard her say before*]: And there were several gentlemen who used the same Green, whom she knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knowest, to believe what we like.

And what was the Reason, thinkest thou, that she had not been of so long time at this Uncle's?—Why, this old sinner, who imagines himself intitled to call me to account for my Freedoms with the Sex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is suspected, with his Housekeeper; who assumes airs upon it.—A cursed deluding Sex!—In youth, middle age, or dotage, they take us all in.

Dost thou not see, however, that this Housekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any thing, of the Treaty of Reconciliation designed to be set on foot; and therefore the Uncle always comes to the Captain,

the

the Captain goes not to the Uncle : And this I surmised to the Lady. And then it was a natural suggestion, that the Captain was the rather applied to, as he is a stranger to the rest of the family—Need I tell thee the meaning of all this ?

But this intrigue of the *Antient* is a piece of private history, the truth of which my Beloved cares not to own, and indeed affects to disbelieve. As she does also some puiſny gallantries of her foolish Brother ; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

‘ Well but, methinks, thou questionest again, Is it not probable that Miss Howe will make inquiry after such a Man as Tomlinson ?— And when she cannot —

I know what thou wouldst say—But I have no doubt, that Wilson will be so good, if I desire it, as to give into my own hands any Letter that may be brought by Collins to his house, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art satisfied.

I will conclude with a short Story.

‘ Two neighbouring Sovereigns were at war together, about some pitiful chuck-farthing thing or other ; no matter what ; *for the least trifles will set princes and children at loggerheads.* Their armies had been drawn up in battalia some Days, and the news of a decisive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At last, issue was joined ; a bloody battle was fought ; and a fellow, who had been a spectator of it, arriving with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes some time before the appointed couriers, the bells were set a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reversed : The victorious enemy, pursuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almost defenceless capital. The first reporter was hereupon sought for, and found ; and being questioned,

‘stioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in so dismal a situation, taken such a space of time from the distress of his fellow-citizens, and given it to festivity, as were the hours between the false good news and the real bad.’

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my Beloved, than she had thought would so soon fall to her share. And as the human life is properly said to be chequer-work, no doubt but a person of her prudence will make the best of it, and set off so much good against so much bad, in order to strike as just a balance as possible.

*The Lady, in three several Letters, acquaints her friend with the most material passages and conversations contained in those of Mr. Lovelace preceding. These are her Words, on relating what the commission of the pretended Tomlinson was, after the apprehensions that his distant inquiry had given her.*

At last, my dear, all these doubts and fears were cleared up, and banished; and, in their place, a delightful prospect was opened to me. For it comes happily out (but at present it must be an absolute Secret, for reasons which I shall mention in the sequel) that the gentleman was sent by my Uncle Harlowe [I thought he could not be angry with me for ever]; all owing to the conversation that passed between your good Mr. Hickman and him. For although Mr. Hickman’s application was too harshly rejected at the time, my Uncle could not but think better of it afterwards, and of the arguments that worthy gentleman used in my favour.

Who, upon a passionate repulse, would despair of having a reasonable request granted?—Who would not, by gentleness and condescension, endeavour to leave favourable impressions upon an angry mind; which,

which, when it comes coolly to reflect, may induce it to work itself into a condescending temper? To request a favour, as I have often said, is one thing; to challenge it as our due, is another. And what right has a petitioner to be angry at a *repulse*, if he has not a right to *demand* what he sues for as a *debt*?

*She describes Captain Tomlinson, on his breakfast visit, to be, a grave good sort of man. And in another place, a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aspect; she believes upwards of fifty years of age. I liked him, says she, as soon as I saw him.*

*As her prospects are now, as she says, more favourable than heretofore, she wishes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's so often promised reformation were better grounded than she is afraid they can be.*

We have both been extremely puzzled, my dear, *says she*, to reconcile some parts of Mr. Lovelace's character with other parts of it: His good with his bad; such of the former in particular, as, His generosity to his tenants; His bounty to the inn-keeper's daughter; His readiness to put me upon doing kind things by my good Norton, and others.

A strange mixture in his mind, as I have told him! For he is certainly (as I have reason to say, looking back upon his past behaviour to me in twenty instances) *a hard-hearted man*.—Indeed, my dear, *I have thought more than once, that he had rather see me in tears, than give me reason to be pleased with him.*

My Cousin Morden says, that free livers are remorseless (a). And so they must be in the very nature of things.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago observed, that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very Generosity is more owing to his *Pride* and

M 4

(a) Last Letter in Vol. III. See also Mr. Lovelace's own confession of the delight he takes in a woman's tears, in different parts of his Letters.

his *Vanity*, than to that *Philanthropy* (shall I call it) which distinguishes a beneficent mind.

Money he values not, but as a means to support his Pride and his Independence. And it is easy, as I have often thought, for a person to part with a *secondary* appetite, when, by so doing, he can promote or gratify a *first*.

I am afraid, my dear, that there must have been some fault in his Education. His natural byas was not, I fancy, sufficiently attended to. He was instructed, perhaps (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from *proper motives*.

If he *had*, his Generosity would not have stopt at *Pride*, but would have struck into *Humanity*; and then would he not have contented himself with doing praiseworthy things by Fits and Starts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of Merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one (*a*); but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for its *own* sake.

O my dear! what a Lot have I drawn! *Pride* this poor man's *virtue*; and *Revenge* his other predominating quality! — This one consolation, however, remains: He is not an Infidel, an Unbeliever: Had he been an *Infidel*, there would have been no room at all for

(*a*) That the Lady judges rightly of him in this place, see Vol. I. p. 234. where, giving the motive for his Generosity to his Rosebud, he says — 'As I make it my Rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do some good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that score; I intend to join in hundred pounds to Johnny's Aunt's hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy.' — Besides which motive, he had a further view to answer in that instance of his generosity; as may be seen Vol. II. Letters xxiii, xxiv, xxv, xxvi. See also the Note Vol. II. p. 146.

To shew the consistence of his actions, as they *now* appear, with his views and principles, as he lays them down in his *first Letters*, it may not be amiss to refer the Reader to his Letters Vol. I. Numb. xxxiv. p. 230. and Numb. xxxv. p. 234. to 237.

See also Vol. I. p. 192, 193, 194, and 273, 274, 275, for Clarissa's early opinion of Mr. Lovelace. — Whence the Coldness and Indifference to him, which he so repeatedly accuses her of, will be accounted for, more to *her* glory, than to *his* honour.

for hope of him ; but (priding himself, as he does, in his fertile Invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.

*When she comes to relate those Occasions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowledges himself to be affected by, she thus expresses herself :*

He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, should these men (for Mr. Lovelace is not singular in this) think themselves above giving these beautiful proofs of a feeling heart ? Were it in my power again to chuse, or to refuse, I would reject the man with contempt, who sought to suppress, or offered to deny, the power of being visibly affected upon proper occasions, as either a savage-hearted creature, or as one who was so ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous insensibility.

These lines translated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleased with :

*Compassion proper to mankind appears,  
Which nature witness'd, when she lent us Tears.  
Of tender sentiments WE only give  
These proofs : To weep is OUR prerogative ;  
To shew by pitying looks, and melting eyes,  
How with a suff'ring friend we sympathize.  
Who can all sense of others ills escape,  
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.*

*She takes notice, to the advantage of the people of the house, that such a good man, as Captain Tomlinson, had spoken well of them, upon enquiry.*

## LETTER XLIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;  
Tuesday, May 30.

I Have a Letter from Lord M. Such a one as I would wish for, if I intended matrimony. But as  
M 5 matters.

matters are circumstanced, I cannot think of shewing it to my Beloved.

My Lord regrets, 'that he is not to be the Lady's Nuptial Father. He seems apprehensive that I have 'still, specious as my reasons are, some mischief in 'my head.'

He graciously consents, 'that I may marry when I 'please; and offers one or both of my Cousins to 'assist my Bride, and to support her spirits on the oc- 'casion; since, as he understands, she is so much afraid 'to venture with me.'

Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to draw 'up deeds for assigning over to me in perpetuity '1000*l*. per annum; which he will execute the same 'hour that the Lady in person owns her marriage.'

He consents, 'that the jointure be made from my 'own Estate.'

He wishes, 'that the Lady would have accepted of 'his draught; and commends me for tendering it to 'her. But reproaches me for pride in not keeping it 'myself. *What the right-side gives up, the left, he 'says, may be the better for.*

The girls, the *left-sided* girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clarissa, the devil take every thing else.

A good deal of other stuff writes this stupid Peer; scribbling in several places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reason, but to bring in as many musty words in an Old Saw.

If thou askest, 'How I can manage, since my Be- 'loved will wonder, that I have not an answer from 'my Lord to such a Letter as I wrote to him; and if 'I own I have one, will expect that I should shew it 'to her, as I did my Letter?'—This I answer—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my Lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has ordered him to attend me in form, for my particular orders about the transfer: And I can see Pritchard, thou knowest, at the  
King's

King's Arms, or wherever I please, at an hour's warning; tho' he be at M. Hall, I in town; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every thing in my Lord's Letter that is necessary for my Charmer to know.

Whenever it suits me, I can restore the old Peer to his right hand, and then can make him write a much more sensible Letter than this he has now sent me.

Thou knowest, that an adroitness in the Art of *Manual Imitation*, was one of my earliest attainments. It has been said, on this occasion, that had I been a bad man in *meum* and *tuum* matters, I should not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold it no sin to cheat them. And are we not told, that in being *will deceived* consists the whole of human happiness?

Wednesday, May 31.

ALL still happier and happier. A very high honour done me: a Chariot, instead of a Coach, permitted, purposely to indulge me in the Subject of subjects.

Our discourse in this sweet Airing turned upon our future manner of life. The Day is bashfully promised me. *Soon*, was the answer to my repeated urgency. Our Equipage, our Servants, our Liveries, were parts of the delightful subject. A desire that the wretch who had given me Intelligence out of the family (honest Joseph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her resolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were signified; and both as readily assented to.

The Reconciliation-prospect was enlarged upon. If her Uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, she shall be happy.—Happy, with a sigh, *as it is Now possible she can be!*—

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Fritchard, just before we set out on our Airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I spoke with gratitude of my Lord's kindness.

to me; and with pleasure of Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two Cousins Montague's veneration for her. As also of his Lordship's concern that his gout hindered him from writing a reply *with his own hand* to my last.

She pitied my Lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fretchville too; for she had the goodness to inquire after her. The dear creature pitied every-body that seemed to want pity. Happy in her own prospects, she has leisure to look abroad, and wishes every-body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fretchville. Her Face, which she had valued herself upon, will be utterly ruined. \* This good, however, as I could not but observe, she may reap from so great an Evil---As the greater malady general swallows up the less, she may have a grief on this occasion, that may diminish the other grief, and make it tolerable. I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on so heavy an evil---'For what was the loss of Beauty to the loss of a good husband?'---Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleasure upon those hopes) that Miss Howe's mother would be reconciled to her, were also mentioned. *Good Mrs. Howe* was her word, for a woman so covetous, and so remorseless in her covetousness, that no one else will call her *good*. But this dear creature has such an extension in her Love, as to be capable of valuing the most insignificant animal related to those whom she respects. *Love me, and love my dog*, I have heard Lord M. say.---Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myself, bring her to think well of *thee*, Jack?

But what am I about?---Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart?---I know I am, by the remorse I feel in it, while my pen bears testimony to her excellence. But yet I must add (for no selfish consideration shall hinder me from doing justice to this admirable creature) that in this conversation she demonstrated

monstrated so much prudent knowledge in every thing that relates to that part of the domestic management which falls under the care of a Mistress of a Family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world.

My heart, my heart, Belford is *not to be trusted*— I break off, to re-peruse some of Miss Howe's virulence.

\* \* \* \* \*  
CURSED Letters, these of Miss Howe, Jack!— Do thou turn back to those of mine, where I take notice of them.— I proceed—

Upon the whole, my Charmer was all gentleness, all ease, all serenity, throughout this sweet excursion. Nor had she reason to be otherwise: For it being the first time that I had the honour of her company *sola*, I was resolved to encourage her, by my respectfulness, to repeat the favour.

On our return, I found the Counsellor's Clerk waiting for me, with a draught of the Marriage-settlements.

They are drawn, with only the necessary variations, from those made for my Mother. The original of which (now returned by the Counsellor) as well as the new draughts, I have put into my Beloved's hands.

These Settlements of my Mother made the Lawyer's work easy; nor can she have a better precedent; the great Lord S. having settled them, at the request of my Mother's relations; all the difference, my Charmer's are 100 *l. per annum* more than my Mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while she looked over the draught; for she had refused her presence at the examination with the Clerk: But this she also declined.

I suppose she did not care to hear of so many children, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Sons, and as many Daughters, *to be begotten upon the body of the said Clarissa Harlowe.*

Charming

Charming matrimonial Recitatives!—tho' it is always said *lawfully begotten* too — As if a man could beget children *unlawfully* upon the body of his own Wife. — But thinkest thou not that these arch rogues the Lawyers hereby intimate, that a man may have children by his wife *before* marriage?—This must be what they mean. Why will these sly fellows put an honest man in mind of such rogueries?—But hence, as in numberless other instances, we see, that *Law* and *Gospel* are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our absence, tried to get at the wainscot-box in the dark closet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a risque of consequence *now*, for mere curiosity-sake, would be inexcusable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the Nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now so much a favourite, and have such a visible share in her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuse violence of *passion*; which they will have it, makes violence of *action* pardonable with their Sex; as well as an *alleged* extenuation with the *unconcerned of both Sexes*; and they all offer their helping hands. Why not? they say: Has she not passed for my wife before them all? — And is she not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? And was not the want of that reconciliation the pretence for postponing Consummation?

They again urge me, since it is so difficult to make *Night* my friend, to an attempt in the *Day*. They remind me, that the situation of their house is such, that no noises can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it necessary for a Lady to be undressed. *It was not always so with me*, poor old man! Sally told me; saucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

## L E T T E R XLIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday, June 2.

NOTwithstanding my studied-for politeness and complaisance for some days past; and though I have wanted courage to throw the mask quite aside; yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, tho' decent expression of my passion. I have brought her to own, that I am *more* than indifferent with her: But as to LOVE, which I pressed her to acknowledge, *What need of acknowledgements of that sort, when a woman consents to marry?*— And once repulsing me with displeasure, *The proof of the true Love I was vowing for her, was RESPECT, not FREEDOM.* And offering to defend myself, she told me, that all the conception she had been able to form of a faulty passion, was, that it must demonstrate itself as mine sought to do.

I endeavoured to justify my passion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, she said, was not *my* fault, if it were *hers*. She must plainly tell me, that I appeared to her incapable of distinguishing what were the requisites of a pure mind. Perhaps, had the *libertine* presumption to imagine, that there was no difference in *Heart*, nor any but what proceeded from *Education* and *Custom*, between the Pure and the Impure --- And yet *Custom alone*, as she observed, if I *did* so think, would make a Second Nature, as well in *good* as in *bad* habits.

\* \* \* \*

I HAVE just now been called to account for some innocent liberties which I thought myself intitled to take before the women; as they suppose us to be married, and now within view of consummation.

I took the lecture very hardly; and with impatience wished for the happy day and hour when I might call

call her all my own, and meet with no check from a niceness that had no example.

She looked at me with a bashful kind of contempt. I thought it *contempt*, and required the reason for it; not being conscious of offence, as I told her.

This is not the first time, Mr. Lovelace, said she, that I have had cause to be displeased with you, when you, perhaps, have not thought yourself exceptionable.---But, Sir, let me tell you, that the Married State, in my eye, is a State of Purity, and (I think she told me) not of *Licentiousness*; so at least, I understood her.

*Marriage Purity*, Jack!---Very comical, 'faith--- Yet, sweet dears, half the female world ready to run away with a Rake, *because* he is a Rake; and for no *other* reason; nay, every other reason *against* their choice of such a one.

But have not you and I, Belford, seen young wives, who would be thought modest; and when maids, were fantastically shy; permit freedoms in public from their uxorious husbands, which have shewn, that both of them have forgotten what belongs either to prudence or decency? While every modest eye has sunk under the shameless effrontery, and every modest face been covered with blushes for those who could not blush.

I once, upon such an occasion, proposed to a circle of a dozen, thus scandalized, to withdraw; since they must needs see that as well the *Lady*, as the Gentleman, wanted to be in private. This motion had its effect upon the amorous pair; and I was applauded for the check given to their licentiousness.

But, upon another occasion of this sort, I acted a little more in character. For I ventured to make an attempt upon a Bride, which I should not have had the courage to make, had not the unblushing passiveness with which she received her fond husband's public toyings (looking round her with triumph rather than with

with shame, upon every Lady present) incited my curiosity to know if the same complacency might not be shewn to a private friend. 'Tis true, I was in honour obliged to keep the secret. But I never saw the turtles bill afterwards, but I thought of Number Two to the same female; and in my heart thanked the fond husband for the lesson he had taught his wife.

From what I have said, thou wilt see, that I approve of my Beloved's exception to *public Loves*. That, I hope, is all the charming Isicle means by *Marriage-Purity*. But to return.

From the whole of what I have mentioned to have passed between my Beloved and me, thou wilt gather, that I have not been a mere dangler, a Hickman, in the passed days, though not absolutely active, and a Lovelace.

The dear creature now considers herself as my Wife-elect. The *unsaddened* heart, no longer prudish, will not now, I hope, give the sable turn to every action of the man she dislikes not. And yet she must keep up so much reserve, as will justify past inflexibilities. 'Many and many a pretty soul would yield, were she not afraid that the man she favoured would think the worse of her for it.' This is also a part of the Rake's Creed. But should she resent ever so strongly, she cannot now break with me; since, if she does, there will be an end of the Family Reconciliation; and that in a way highly discreditable to herself.

Sat. June 3.

JUST returned from Doctors-Commons. I have been endeavouring to get a Licence. Very true, Jack. I have the mortification to find a difficulty, as the Lady is of rank and fortune, and as there is no consent of father or *next friend*, in obtaining this *all-fettering* instrument.

I made report of this difficulty. 'It is very right,' *she says*, that such difficulties should be made.'---But not

not to a man of my known fortune, surely, Jack, tho' the woman were the daughter of a Duke.

I asked, If she approved of the Settlements? She said, She had compared them with my Mother's, and had no objection to them. She had written to Miss Howe upon the subject, she owned; and to inform her of our present situation (a).

\* \* \* \*

JUST now, in high good humour, my Beloved returned me the draughts of the Settlements; a copy of which I had sent to Captain Tomlinson. She complimented me, 'that she never had any doubt of my honour in cases of this nature.'—In matters between man and man nobody ever had, thou knowest. I had need, thou wilt say, to have some good qualities.

Great faults and great virtues are often found in the same person. In nothing *very* bad, but as to women: And did not one of them begin with me (b)?

We have held, that women have no Souls. I am a very Jew in this point, and willing to believe they have not. And if so, to whom shall I be accountable for what I do to them? Nay, if Souls they have, as there is no Sex in Etherials, nor *need* of any, what plea can a Lady hold of injuries done her in her Lady-State, when there is an end of her Lady-ship?

## L E T T E R XLV.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Monday, June 5.*

I Am now almost in despair of succeeding with this charming Frost-piece by Love or Gentleness.---A copy of the draughts, as I told thee, has been sent to Captain Tomlinson; and that by a special messenger. Ingrossments are proceeding with. I have been again

(a) As this Letter of the Lady to Miss Howe contains no new matter, but what may be collected from those of Mr. Lovelace, it is omitted.

(b) See Vol. I. Letter xxxi. p. 196.

at the Commons.—Should in all probability have procured a Licence by Malory's means, had not Malory's friend the proctor been suddenly sent for to Cheshunt, to make an old Lady's Will. Pritchard has told me by word of mouth, *though my Charmer saw him not*, all that was necessary for her to know in the Letter my Lord wrote which I could not shew her; and taken my directions about the Estate to be made over to me on my Nuptials. — Yet with all these favourable appearances no conceding moment to be found, no improveable tenderness to be raised.

Twice indeed with rapture, which once she called rude, did I salute her; and each time, resenting the freedom, did she retire; tho', to do her justice, she favoured me again with her presence at my first intreaty, and took no notice of the cause of her withdrawing.

Is it policy to shew so open a resentment for innocent liberties, which, in her situation, she must so soon forgive?

*Yet the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms must be lost.* For Love is an incroacher. Love never goes backward. Love is always aspiring. Always *must* aspire. Nothing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an indulged Love. And what advantages has a Lover who values not breaking the peace, over his Mistress who is solicitous to keep it!

I have now at this instant wrought myself up, for the dozenth time, to a half-resolution. A thousand agreeable things I have to say to her. She is in the dining-room. Just gone up. She always expects me when there.

\* \* \* \*

High displeasure! — followed by an abrupt departure.

I sat down by her. I took both her hands in mine. I would *have* it so. All gentle my voice. Her Father mentioned with respect. Her Mother with reverence.

Even

Even her Brother amicably spoken of. I never thought I could have wished so ardently, as I told her I did wish, for a Reconciliation with her family.

A sweet and grateful flush then overspread her fair face; a gentle sigh now-and-then heaved her handkerchief.

I perfectly longed to hear from Captain Tomlinson. It was impossible for her Uncle to find fault with the draught of the Settlements. I would not, however, be understood by sending them down, that I intended to put it in her Uncle's power to delay my happy Day. When, when, was it to be?

I would hasten again to the Commons; and would not return without the Licence.

The Lawn I proposed to retire to, as soon as the happy Ceremony was over. This day and that day I proposed.

It was time enough to name the Day, when the Settlements were completed, and the Licence obtained. Happy should she be, could the kind Captain Tomlinson obtain her *Uncle's presence privately!*

A good hint!---It may perhaps be improved upon---Either for a *delay* or a *pacifier*.

No new delays for Heaven's sake, I besought her; and reproached her gently for the past. Name but the Day---(an *early* day, I hoped it would be in the following week) --- that I might hail its approach, and number the tardy hours.

My cheek reclined on her shoulder---kissing her hands by turns. Rather bashfully than angrily reluctant, her hands sought to be withdrawn; her shoulder avoiding my reclined cheek --- Apparently loth and more loth to quarrel with me; her downcast eye confessing more than her lips could utter. Now surely, thought I, it is my time to try if she can forgive a still bolder freedom than I had ever yet taken.

I then gave her struggling hands liberty. I put one arm round her waist: I imprinted a kiss on her sweet

lips.

lips, with a *Be quiet* only, and an averted face, as if she feared another.

*Encouraged by so gentle a repulse*, the tenderest things I said; and then, with my other hand, drew aside the handkerchief that concealed the Beauty of beauties, and pressed with my burning lips the most charming breast that ever my ravished eyes beheld.

A very contrary passion to that which gave her bosom so delightful a swell, immediately took place. She struggled out of my incircling arms with indignation. I detained her reluctant hand. Let me go, said she. *I see there is no keeping terms with you.* Base incroacher! Is this the design of your flattering speeches? — Far as matters have gone, I will for ever renounce you. You have an odious heart. Let me go, I tell you. —

I was forced to obey, and she flung from me, repeating *base*, and adding *flattering*, incroacher.

\* \* \* \*

In vain have I urged by Dorcas for the promised favour of dining with her. She would not dine *at all*. She *could not*.

But why makes she every inch of her person thus sacred? — So near the time too, that she must suppose, that all will be my own by deed of purchase and settlement?

She has read, no doubt, of the Art of the Eastern Monarchs, who sequester themselves from the eyes of their subjects, in order to excite their adoration, when, upon some solemn occasions, they think fit to appear in public.

But let me ask thee, Belford, whether (on these solemn occasions) the preceding cavalcade; here a great officer, and there a great minister, with their Satellites, and glaring equipages; do not prepare the eyes of the wondering beholders, by degrees, to bear the blaze of Canopy'd Majesty (what tho' but an ugly old man perhaps himself? yet) glittering in the collected riches of his vast Empire?

And

And should not my Beloved, for her own sake, descend, by *degrees*, from *Goddeſs-hood* into *Humanity*? If it be *Pride* that restrains her, ought not that pride to be punished? If, as in the Eastern Emperors, it be *Art* as well as *Pride*, *Art* is what she of all women need not use. If *Shame*, what a shame to be ashamed to communicate to her adorer's sight the most admirable of her personal graces?

Let me perish, Belford, if I would not forego the brightest diadem in the world, for the pleasure of seeing a Twin Lovelace at each charming breast, drawing from it his first sustenance; the pious task, for physical reasons (*a*), continued for one month and no more!

I now, methinks, behold this most charming of women in this sweet office: Her conscious eye now dropt on one, now on the other, with a sigh of maternal tenderness; and then raised up to my delighted eye, full of wishes, for the sake of the pretty varlets, and for her own sake, that I would deign to legitimate; that I would condescend to put on the nuptial fetters.

## LETTER XLVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday Afternoon.

A Letter received from the worthy Captain Tomlinson, has introduced me into the presence of my Charmer sooner than perhaps I should otherwise have been admitted.

Sullen her brow, at her first entrance into the dining-room. But I took no notice of what had passed, and her anger of itself subsided.

'The Captain, after letting me know, that he chose not to write, till he had the promised draught of the

(*a*) In Pamela, Vol. IV. Letter VI. these reasons are given, and are worthy of every Parents consideration, as is the whole Letter, which contains the debate between Mr. B. and his Pamela, on the important subject of Mothers being nurses to their own children.

Settlements, acquaints me, that his friend Mr. John Harlowe, in their first conference (which was held as soon as he got down) was extremely surprized, and even grieved (*as he feared he would be*) to hear, that we were not married. The world, he said, who knew my character, would be very censorious, were it owned, that we had lived so long together unmarried in the same lodgings; altho' our marriage were now to be ever so publicly celebrated.'

His Nephew James, he was sure, would make a great handle of it against any motion that might be made towards a Reconciliation; and with the greater success, as there was not a family in the kingdom more jealous of their honour than theirs.'

This is true of the Harlowes, Jack: They have been called *The proud Harlowes*: And I have ever found, that all young Honour is supercilious and touchy.

But see'st thou not how right I was in my endeavour to persuade my Fair-one to allow her Uncle's friend to think us married; especially as he came *prepared* to believe it; and as her Uncle *hoped* it was so?—But nothing on earth is so perverse, as a woman when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a *meek* man, or one who loves his *peace*, to deal with.

My Beloved was vexed. She pulled out her handkerchief: But was more inclined to blame me, than herself.

Had you kept your word, Mr. Lovelace, and left me when we came to town—And there she stopt; for she knew, that it was her own fault that we were not married before we left the country; and how could I leave her *afterwards*, while her Brother was plotting to carry her off by violence?

Nor has this Brother yet given over his machinations.

For, as the Captain proceeds, 'Mr. John Harlowe owned to him (but in confidence) that his Nephew  
' is

‘ is at this time busied in endeavouring to find out  
 ‘ where we are ; being assured (as I am not to be heard  
 ‘ of at any of my relations) or at my usual lodgings,  
 ‘ that we are together. And that we are not mar-  
 ‘ ried, is plain, as he will have it, *from Mr. Hick-*  
 ‘ *man’s application so lately made to her Uncle ; and*  
 ‘ *which was seconded by Mrs. Norton to her Mother.*  
 ‘ And her brother cannot bear, that I should enjoy  
 ‘ such a triumph unmolested?

A profound sigh, and the handkerchief again lifted to the eye. But did not the sweet soul deserve this turn upon her, for feloniously resolving to rob me of herself, had the application made by Hickman succeeded?

I read on to the following effect :

‘ Why (asked Mr. Harlowe) was it said to his other  
 ‘ inquiring friend, that we *were* married ; and that by  
 ‘ his Niece’s woman, who ought to know ? Who  
 ‘ could give *convincing* reasons, no doubt?—

Here again she wept ; took a turn cross the room ; then returned—Read on, said she—

Will you, my dearest life, read it yourself?

I will take the Letter with me, by-and-by—I cannot *see* to read it just now, wiping her eyes.—Read on—Let me hear it all—that I may know *your* sentiments upon this Letter, as well as give *my own*.

‘ The Captain then told Uncle John, the reasons  
 ‘ that induced me to give out that we were married ;  
 ‘ and the conditions on which my Beloved was brought  
 ‘ to countenance it ; which had kept us at the most  
 ‘ punctilious distance.

‘ But still Mr. Harlowe objected my character. And  
 ‘ went away dissatisfied. And the Captain was also  
 ‘ so much concerned, that he cared not to write what  
 ‘ the result of this first conference was.

‘ But in the next, which was held on receipt of the  
 ‘ draughts, at the Captain’s house (as the former was,  
 ‘ for the greater secrecy) when the old gentleman had

‘ read

‘ read them, and had the Captain’s opinion, he was  
 ‘ much better pleased. And yet he declared, that it  
 ‘ would not be easy to persuade *any other* person of  
 ‘ his family to believe so favourably of the matter, as  
 ‘ he was *now* willing to believe, were they to know  
 ‘ that we had lived so long together unmarried.

‘ And then the Captain says, his dear friend made  
 ‘ a proposal:—It was this—*That we should marry out*  
 ‘ *of hand, but as privately as possible, as indeed he*  
 ‘ *found we intended* (for he could have no objection to  
 ‘ the draughts)---*But yet, he expected to have pre-*  
 ‘ *sent one trusty friend of his own, for his better satis-*  
 ‘ *faction---*

Here I stopt, with a design to be angry—But she  
 desiring me to read on, I obeyed.

‘ —But that it should pass to every one living, ex-  
 ‘ cept to that trusty person, to himself, and to the Cap-  
 ‘ tain, that we were married from the time that we had  
 ‘ lived together in one house; and that this time should  
 ‘ be made to agree with that of Mr. Hiskman’s appli-  
 ‘ cation to him from Miss Howe.’

This, my dearest life, said I, is a very considerate  
 proposal. We have nothing to do, but to caution  
 the people below properly on this head. I did not  
 think your Uncle Harlowe capable of hitting upon  
 such a charming expedient as this. But you see how  
 much his heart is in the Reconciliation.

This was the return I met with—You have always,  
 as a mark of your politeness, let me know, how  
 meanly you think of every one of my family.

Yet, thou wilt think, Beford, that *I could forgive*  
*her for the reproach.*

‘ The Captain does not know, he says, how this  
 ‘ proposal will be relished by us. But, for his part,  
 ‘ he thinks it an expedient that will obviate many  
 ‘ difficulties, and may possibly put an end to Mr.  
 ‘ James Harlowe’s further designs: And on this ac-  
 ‘ count he has, *by the Uncle’s advice*, already de-

‘clared to two several persons, by whose means it  
 ‘may come to that young gentleman’s ears, that he  
 ‘(Captain Tomlinson) has very great reason to be-  
 ‘lieve, that we were married soon after Mr. Hick-  
 ‘man’s application was rejected.

‘And this, Mr. Lovelace (says the Captain) will  
 ‘enable you to pay a compliment to the family, that  
 ‘will not be unsuitable to the generosity of some of  
 ‘the declarations you was pleased to make to the  
 ‘Lady before me (and which Mr. John Harlowe may  
 ‘make some advantage of in favour of a Reconcilia-  
 ‘tion); in that you have not demanded your Lady’s  
 ‘Estate so soon as you were intitled to make the de-  
 ‘mand.’ An excellent contriver surely she must  
 think this worthy Mr. Tomlinson to be!

‘But the Captain adds, that if either the Lady or  
 ‘I disapprove of his report of our Marriage, he will  
 ‘retract it. Nevertheless he must tell me, that Mr.  
 ‘John Harlowe is very much set upon this way of  
 ‘proceeding; as the only one, in his opinion, ca-  
 ‘pable of being improved into a general Reconcilia-  
 ‘tion. But if we do acquiesce in it, he beseeches my  
 ‘Fair-one not to suspend my Day, that he may be  
 ‘authorized in what he says, as to the truth of the  
 ‘main fact [*How conscientious this good man!*]:  
 ‘Nor must it be expected, he says, that her Uncle  
 ‘will take one step towards the wished for Recon-  
 ‘ciliation, till the Solemnity is actually over.

He adds, ‘that he shall be very soon in town on  
 ‘other affairs; and then proposes to attend us, and  
 ‘give us a more particular account of all that has pass-  
 ‘ed, or shall further pass, between Mr. Harlowe  
 ‘and him.’

Well, my dearest life, what say you to your Uncle’s  
 expedient? Shall I write to the Captain, and ac-  
 quaint him, that we have no objection to it?

She was silent for a few minutes. At last, with a  
 sigh, See, Mr. Lovelace, said she, what you have  
 brought

brought me to, by treading after you in such crooked paths!---See what disgrace I have incurred!---Indeed you have not acted like a wise man.

My beloved creature, do you not remember, how earnestly I besought the honour of your hand before we came to town!---Had I been *then* favoured---

Well, well, Sir---There has been much amiss somewhere; that's all I will say at present. And since what's past cannot be recalled, my Uncle must be obeyed, I think.

Charmingly dutiful!---I had nothing then to do, that I might not be behindhand with the worthy Captain and her Uncle, but to press for the Day. This I fervently did. But (as I might have expected) she repeated her former answer; to wit, That when the Settlements were completed; when the Licence was actually obtained; it would be time enough to name the Day: And, O Mr. Lovelace, said she, turning from me with a grace inimitably tender, her handkerchief at her eyes, what a happiness, if my dear Uncle could be prevailed upon to be personally a Father, on this occasion, to *the poor fatherless girl*!---

What's the matter with me!---Whence this dew-drop!---A tear!---As I hope to be saved, it is a tear, Jack!---Very ready methinks!---Only on reciting!---But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude she spoke the words---And indeed at the *time* she spoke them, these lines of Shakespeare came into my head.

*Thy heart is big. Get thee apart, and weep!  
Passion, I see, is catching:---For my eyes,  
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,  
Begin to water---*

I withdrew, and wrote to the Captain to the following effect---I desired, that he would be so good as to acquaint his dear friend, that we entirely acquiesced with what he had proposed; and had already properly cautioned the gentlewomen of the

house, and their servants, as well as our own: And to tell him, That if he would in person give me the blessing of his dear Niece's hand, it would crown the wishes of both. In this case, I consented, that his own Day, *as I presumed it would be a short one*, should be ours: That by this means the secret would be with fewer persons: That I myself, as well as he, thought the Ceremony could not be too privately performed; and this not only for the sake of the wise end he had proposed to answer by it, but because I would not have Lord M. think himself slighted; since that nobleman, as I had told him (the Captain) had once intended to be our Nuptial-father; and actually made the offer; but that we had declined to accept of it, and that for no other reason than to avoid a public wedding; which his beloved Niece would not come into, while she was in disgrace with her friends.—But that, if he chose not to do us this honour, I wished that Captain Tomlinson might be the trusty person, whom he would have to be present on the happy occasion.'

I shewed this Letter to my Fair-one. She was not displeased with it. So, Jack, we cannot now move too fast, as to Settlements and License: The Day is her *Uncle's Day*, or *Captain Tomlinson's* perhaps, as shall best suit the occasion. Miss Howe's Smuggling Scheme is now surely provided against in all events.

But I will not by anticipation make thee a judge of all the benefits that may flow from this my elaborate contrivance. Why will these girls put me upon my *master-strokes*?

And now for a little Mine which I am getting ready to spring. The *first* that I have sprung, and at the rate I go on (now a *resolution*, and now a *remorse*) perhaps the *last*, that I shall attempt to spring.

A little Mine, I call it. But it may be attended with great effects. I shall not, however, absolutely depend upon the success of it, having much more

effectual

effectual ones in reserve. And yet great engines are often moved by small springs. A little spark falling by accident into a powder-magazine, has sometimes done more execution in a siege, than an hundred cannon.

Come the worst, the *hymeneal torch*, and a *white sheet*, must be my *amende honorable*, as the French have it.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Tuesday, June 6.

**U**NSUCCESSFUL as hitherto my application to you has been, I cannot for the heart of me forbear writing once more in behalf of this admirable woman: And yet am unable to account for the zeal which impels me to take her part with an earnestness so sincere.

But all her merit thou acknowledgest; all thy own vileness thou confessest, and even gloriest in it; what hope then of moving so hardened a man? — Yet, as it is not too late, and thou art nevertheless upon the Crisis, I am resolved to try what another Letter will do. It is but my writing in vain, if it do no good; and if thou wilt let me prevail, I know thou wilt hereafter think me richly intitled to thy thanks.

To *argue* with thee would be folly. The case cannot require it. I will only *intreat* thee, therefore, that thou wilt not let such an Excellence lose the reward of her vigilant virtue.

I believe, there never were Libertines so vile, but purposed, at some future period of their lives, to set about reforming; and let me beg of thee, that thou wilt, in this great article, make thy future Repentance as easy, as some time hence thou wilt wish thou *hadst* made it.

If thou proceedest, I have no doubt, that this affair

will end tragically, one way or other. It *must*. Such a woman must interest both gods and men in her cause. But what I most apprehend, is, that with her own hand, in resentment of the perpetrated outrage, she (like another Lucretia) will assert the purity of her heart: Or, if her piety preserve her from this violence, that wasting grief will soon put a period to her days. And in either case, will not the remembrance of thy *ever-during* guilt, and *transitory* triumph, be a torment of torments to thee?

'Tis a seriously sad thing, after all, that so fine a creature should have fallen into such vile and remorseless hands: For, from thy Cradle, as I have heard thee own, thou ever delightedst to sport with and torment the animal, whether bird or beast, that thou lovedst, and hadst a power over.

How different is the case of this fine woman from that of any other whom thou hast seduced!—I need not mention to thee, nor insist upon the striking difference: Justice, gratitude, thy interest, thy vows, all engaging thee; and thou certainly loving her, as far as thou art capable of Love, above all her Sex. She not to be drawn aside by Art, or to be made to suffer from Credulity, nor for want of Wit and Discernment (that will be another cutting reflection to so fine a mind as hers): The contention between you only unequal, as it is between naked innocence and armed guilt. In every thing else, as thou ownest, her talents greatly superior to thine!—What a fate will hers be, if thou art not at last overcome by thy reiterated remorse!

At first, indeed, when I was admitted into her presence (a) (and till I observed her meaning air, and heard her speak) I supposed that she had no very uncommon *Judgment* to boast of: For I made, as I thought, but *just* allowances for her blossoming youth, and for that loveliness of person, and for that ease and elegance in her dress, which I imagined must have

taken up half her time and study to cultivate; and yet I had been prepared by thee to entertain a very high opinion of her sense and her reading. Her choice of this gay fellow, upon such hazardous terms (thought I) is a confirmation that her *Wit* wants that maturity which only years and experience can give it. Her *Knowledge* (argued I to myself) must be all *Theory*; and the complaisance ever consorting with an age so green and so gay, will make so inexperienced a Lady at least forbear to shew herself *disgusted* at freedoms of discourse in which those present of her own Sex, and some of ours (so learned, so well read, and so travelled) allow themselves.

In this presumption, I ran on; and, having the advantage, as I conceited, of all the company but you, and being desirous to appear in her eyes a mighty clever fellow, I thought I *shewed away*, when I said any foolish things that had more sound than sense in them; and when I made silly jests, which attracted the smiles of thy Sinclair, and the specious Partington; and that Miss Harlowe did not smile too, I thought was owing to her youth or affectation, or to a mixture of both, perhaps to a greater command of her features. — Little dreamt I, that I was incurring her contempt all the time.

But when, as I said, I heard her speak; which she did not till she had fathomed us all; when I heard her sentiments on two or three subjects, and took notice of that searching eye, darting into the very inmost cells of our frothy brains, by my faith, it made me look about me; and I began to recollect, and be ashamed of all I had said before; in short, was resolved to sit silent, till every one had talked round, to keep my folly in countenance. And then I raised the subjects that she *could* join in, and which she *did* join in, so much to the confusion and surprize of every one of us! — For even thou, Lovelace, so noted for smart wit, repartee, and a vein of raillery, that de-

lighteth all who come near thee, fatteft in palpable darkness, and looked about thee, as well as we.

One instance only, of this, shall I remind thee of?

We talked of *Wit*, and of *Wit*, and aimed at it, bandying it like a ball from one to another, and resting it chiefly with thee, who wert always proud enough and vain enough of the attribute; and then more especially, as thou hadst assembled us, as far as I know, principally to shew the Lady thy superiority over us; and us thy triumph over her. And then Tourville (who is always satisfied with Wit at *second-hand*; Wit upon memory; other mens Wit) repeated some verses, as applicable to the subject; which two of us applauded, tho' full of *double entendre*. Thou, seeing the Lady's serious air on one of those repetitions, appliedst thyself to her, desiring her notions of Wit: A quality, thou saidst, which every one prized; whether flowing from himself, or found in another.

Then it was that she took all our attention. It was a quality much talked of, she said, but, she believed, very little understood. At least, if she might be so free as to give her judgment of it from what had passed in the present conversation, she must say, that Wit with men was one thing; with women, another.

This startled us all:—How the women looked!—How they pursed in their mouths, a broad smile the moment before upon each, from the verses they had heard repeated, so well understood, as we saw, by their looks—While I besought her to let us know, for our instruction, what Wit was with *Women*: For such I was sure it *ought* to be with *Men*.

Cowley, she said, had defined it prettily by negatives.

Thou desiredst her to repeat his definition.

She did; and with so much graceful ease, and beauty, and propriety of accent, as would have made bad poetry delightful.

A thou-

*A thousand different shapes it bears,*

*Comely in thousand shapes appears.*

*'Tis not a tale : 'Tis not a jest,*

*Admir'd, with laughter, at a feast,*

*Nor florid talk, which must this title gain :*

*The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.*

*Much less can that have any place*

*At which a virgin hides her face.*

*Such dross the fire must purge away :—'Tis just*

*The author blush there, where the reader must.*

Here she stopt, looking round her upon us all with conscious superiority, as I thought. Lord, how we stared ! Thou attemptedst to give us thy definition of Wit, that thou mightest have something to say, and not seem to be surprised into silent modesty.

But, as if she cared not to trust thee with the subject, referring to the same author as for his more positive decision, she thus, with the same harmony of voice and accent, emphatically decided upon it.

*Wit, like a luxuriant vine,*

*Unless to Virtue's prop it join,*

*Firm and erect, tow'rd heaven bound,*

*Tho' it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be*  
*crown'd,*

*It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.*

If thou recollectedst this part of the conversation, and how like fools we looked at one another ; how much it put us out of conceit with our selves, and made us fear her, when we found our conversation thus excluded from the very character which our vanity had made us think unquestionably ours ; and if thou protestest properly by the recollection ; thou wilt be of my mind, that there is not so much Wit in Wickedness as we had flattered ourselves there was.

And after all, I have been of opinion ever since that conversation, that the Wit of all the Rakes and

Libertines I ever conversed with, from the brilliant Bob Lovelace down to little Johnny Hartop the punster, consists mostly in saying bold and shocking things, with such courage as shall make the Modest blush, the Impudent laugh, and the Ignorant stare.

And why dost thou think I mention these things, so mal-à-propos, as it may seem?—Only, let me tell thee, as an instance (among many that might be given from the same evening's conversation) of this fine Woman's superiority in those talents which ennoble Nature, and dignify her Sex---Evidenced not only to each of us, as we offended, but to the flippant Partington, and the grosser, but egregiously hypocritical Sinclair, in the correcting eye, the discouraging blush, in which was mixed as much displeasure as modesty, and sometimes, as the occasion called for it (for we were some of us hardened above the sense of feeling delicate reproof) by the sovereign contempt, mingled with a disdainful kind of pity, that shewed, at once, her own conscious worth, and our despicable worthlessness.

O Lovelace! what then was the triumph, even in my eye, and what is it still upon reflection, of true modesty, of true wit, and true politeness, over frothy jest, laughing impertinence, and an obscenity so shameful, even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it but under a double meaning!

Then, as thou hast somewhere observed, all her correctives avoided by her Eye. Not poorly, like the generality of her Sex, affecting ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed; but so resenting, as to shew each impudent laughter, the offence given to, and taken by, a Purity, that had mistaken its way, when it fell into such company.

Such is the woman, such is the angel, whom thou hast betrayed into thy power, and wouldst deceive and ruin. — Sweet creature! did she but know how she is surrounded (as I then thought as well as now think)

think) and what is *intended*, how much sooner would death be her choice, than so dreadful a situation!— And how effectually would her Story, were it generally known, warn all the Sex against throwing themselves into the power of ours, let our vows, oaths, and protestations, be what they will!

But let me beg of thee, once more, my dear Lovelace, if thou hast any regard for thy own honour, for the honour of thy family, for thy future peace, or for my opinion of thee (who yet pretend not to be so much moved by principle, as by that dazzling merit which ought still more to attract *thee*) to be prevailed upon—to be—to be *humane*, that's all—Only, that thou wouldest not disgrace our common humanity!

Hardened as thou art, I know, that they are the abandoned people in the house who keep thee up to a resolution against her. O that the sagacious Fair-one, (with so much innocent charity in her own heart) had not so resolutely held those women at distance!— That, as she *boarded* there, she had oftener *tabled* with them. Specious as they are, in a week's time, she would have seen thro' them; they could not have been always so guarded, as they were when they saw her but seldom, and when they *prepared* themselves to see her; and she would have fled their house as a place infected. And yet, perhaps, with so determined an enterprizer, this discovery might have accelerated her ruin.

I know that thou art nice in thy Loves. But are there not hundreds of women, who, tho' not utterly abandoned, would be taken with thee for mere *personal* regards? Make a Toy, if thou wilt, of Principle with respect to such of the Sex as regard it as a Toy; but rob not an angel of those Purities, which, in her own opinion, constitute the difference between angelic and brutal qualities.

With regard to the passion itself, the less of Soul in either man or woman, the more sensual are they!

Thou,

Thou, Lovelace, hast a Soul, tho' a corrupted one ; and art more intent (as thou even gloriest) upon the preparative stratagem, than upon the end of conquering.

See we not the natural bent of idiots and the crazed ?—The very appetite is *Body* ; and when we ourselves are most fools, and crazed, then are we most eager in these pursuits. See what fools this passion makes the wisest men ! What snivellers, what dotards, when they suffer themselves to be run away with by it !—An *unpermanent passion* !—Since, if (ashamed of its *more proper* name) we must call it *Love*, *Love gratified, is Love satisfied*—And *Love satisfied, is indifference begun*. And this is the case where *consent* on one side adds to the obligation on the other. What then but remorse can follow a forcible attempt ?

Do not even chaste Lovers chuse to be alone in their Courtship preparations, ashamed to have even a child to witness to their foolish actions, and more foolish expressions ? Is this deified passion, in its greatest altitudes, fitted to stand the day ? Do not the Lovers, when mutual consent awaits their Wills, retire to coverts and to darkness, to complete their wishes ? And shall such a sneaking passion as this, which can be so easily gratified by viler objects, be permitted to debase the noblest ?

Were not the delays of thy vile purposes owing more to the awe which her majestic virtue has inspired thee with, than to thy want of adroitness in villainy [I *must* write my free sentiments in this case ; for have I not *seen* the angel ?] ; I should be ready to censure some of thy contrivances and pretences to suspend the expected day, as *trite, stale*, and (to me, who know thy intention) *poor* ; and too often resorted to, as nothing comes of them, to be gloried in ; particularly that of Mennel, the vapourish Lady, and the ready-furnished House.

She

She must have thought so too, at times, and in her heart despised thee for them, or love thee (ingrateful as thou art) to her misfortune; as well as entertain hope against probability. But this would afford another warning to the Sex, were they to know her Story; 'as it would shew them what poor pretences they must *seem* to be satisfied with, if once they put themselves into the power of a designing man.'

If *Trial* only was thy end, as once was thy pretence (a), enough surely hast thou tried this paragon of virtue and vigilance. But I knew thee too well, to expect, at the *time*, that thou wouldest stop there. 'Men of our cast, whenever they form a design upon any of the Sex, put no other bound to their views, than what want of power gives them.' I knew, that from one advantage gained, thou wouldest proceed to attempt another. Thy habitual aversion to wedlock too well I knew; and indeed thou avowest thy hope to bring her to *Cohabitation*, in that very Letter in which thou pretendest *Trial* to be thy principal view (b).

But do not even thy own frequent and involuntary remorse, when thou hast time, place, company, and every other circumstance, to favour thee in thy wicked design, convince thee, that there can be no room for a hope so presumptuous?—Why then, since thou wouldest chuse to marry her rather than lose her, wilt thou make her hate thee for ever?

But if thou darest to meditate *personal* trial, and art sincere in thy resolution to reward her, as she behaves in it, let me beseech thee to remove her from this vile house. That will be to give her and thy conscience fair play. So intirely now does the sweet deluded excellence depend upon her supposed happier prospects, that thou needest not to fear that she will fly from thee, or that she will wish to have recourse to that

(a) See Vol. III. Letter xvii.

(b) Vol. III. p. 111. See also Letter lxxv. of the same Volume.

that scheme of Miss Howe, which has put thee upon what thou callest thy *master-strokes*.

But whatever be thy determination on this head ; and if I write not in time, but that thou hast actually pulled off the mask ; let it not be one of thy devices, if thou wouldest avoid the curses of every heart, and hereafter of thy own, to give her, no not for one hour (be her resentment ever so great) into the power of that villainous woman, who has, if possible, less remorse than thyself ; and whose *trade* it is to break the resisting spirit, and utterly to ruin the heart unpractised in evil. — O Lovelace, Lovelace, how many dreadful Stories could this horrid woman tell the Sex ! And shall that of a Clarissa swell the guilty List ?

But this I might have spared. Of this, devil as thou art, thou canst not be capable. Thou couldst not enjoy a triumph so disgraceful to thy wicked Pride, as well as to Humanity.

Shouldst thou think, that the melancholy spectacle hourly before me has made me more serious than usual, perhaps thou wilt not be mistaken. But nothing more is to be inferred from hence (were I even to return to my former courses) but that whenever the time of cool reflection comes, whether brought on by our own disasters, or by those of others, we shall undoubtedly, if capable of thought, and if we have time for it, think in the same manner.

We neither of us are such fools, as to disbelieve a Futurity, or to think, whatever be our practice, that we came hither by chance, and for no end but to do all the mischief we have it in our power to do. Nor am I ashamed to own, that in the prayers which my poor Uncle makes me read to him, in the absence of a very good Clergyman who regularly attends him, I do not forget to put in a word or two for myself.

If, Lovelace, thou laughest at me, thy ridicule will be more conformable to thy *actions* than to thy *belief*.

*lief.—Devils believe and tremble.* Canst thou be more abandoned than they?

And here let me add, with regard to my poor old man, that I often with thee present but for one half hour in a day, to see the dregs of a gay life running off in the most excruciating tortures, that the Colic, the Stone, and the Surgeon's Knife can unitedly inflict; and to hear him bewail the dissoluteness of his past life, in the bitterest anguish of a spirit every hour expecting to be called to its last account.—Yet, by all his confessions, he has not to accuse himself in Sixty-seven years of life, of half the *very* vile enormities, which you and I have committed in the last Seven only.

I conclude with recommending to your serious consideration all I have written, as proceeding from the heart and soul of

*Your assured Friend,*

JOHN BELFORD.

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Tuesday, Afternoon, June 6.*

**D**ifficulties still to be got over in procuring this plaguy Licence. I ever hated, and ever shall hate, these spiritual Lawyers, and their Court.

And now, Jack, if I have not secured *victory*, I have a *refuge*.

But hold—Thy servant with a Letter—

\* \* \* \* \*

A confounded *long* one! tho' not a *narrative* one—Once more in behalf of the Lady!—Lie thee down, oddity! What canst thou write that can have force upon me at this Crisis?—And have I not, as I went along, made thee to say all that was necessary for thee to say?

\* \* \* \* \*

YET

YET once more, I will take thee up.

*Trite, stale, poor* (sayest thou) are some of my contrivances? That of the widow particularly!—I have no patience with thee.—Had not that contrivance its effect at the time, for a procrastination?—And had I not then reason to fear, that the Lady would find enough to make her dislike this house? And was it not right (intending what I intended) to lead her on from time to time, with a notion, that a house of her own would be ready for her soon, in order to induce her to continue here till it was?

*Trite, stale and poor!*—Thou art a silly fellow, and no judge, when thou sayest this. Had I not, like a blockhead, revealed to thee, as I *went along*, the secret purposes of my heart, but had kept all in, till the event had explained my mysteries, I would have defied thee to have been able, any more than the Lady, to have guessed at what was to befall her, till it had actually come to pass. Nor doubt I, in this case, that, instead of presuming to reflect upon her for credulity, as *loving me to her misfortune*, and for *hoping against probability*, thou wouldest have been readier by far, to censure her for Nicety and Over-scrupulousness. And, let me tell thee, that had she loved me as I wished her to love me, she could not possibly have been so very apprehensive of my designs, nor so ready to be influenced by Miss Howe's precautions, as she has always been, altho' my general character made not for me with her.

But in thy opinion, I suffer for that Simplicity in my contrivances, which is their principal excellence. No Machinery make I necessary. No unnatural Flights aim I at. All pure Nature, taking advantage of Nature, as Nature tends; and so simple my devices, that when they are known, thou, even *thou*, imaginest, thou couldest have thought of the same. And indeed thou seemest to *own*, that the slight thou puttest upon them,

them, is owing to my letting thee into them beforehand—undistinguishing, as well as ingrateful as thou art!

Yet, after all, I would not have thee think, that I do not know my weak places. I have formerly told thee, that it is difficult for the ablest general to say what he *will* do, or what he *can* do, when he is obliged to regulate his motions by those of a watchful enemy (a). If thou givest due weight to this consideration, thou wilt not wonder that I should make many marches and countermarches, some of which may appear to a slight observer unnecessary.

But let me cursorily enter into debate with thee on this subject, now I am within sight of my journey's end.

Abundance of impertinent things thou tellest me in this Letter; some of which thou hadst from myself; others that I knew before.

All that thou sayest in this charming creature's praise, is short of what I have said and written, on the inexhaustible subject.

Her virtue, her resistance, which are her merits, are my *stimulations*. Have I not told thee so twenty times over?

*Devil*, as these girls between them call me, what of devil am I, but in my *Contrivances*? I am not more a devil, than others, in the *end* I aim at; for when I have carried my point, it is still but *one* seduction. And I have perhaps been spared the guilt of *many* seductions in the time.

What of uncommon would there be in this case, but for her watchfulness?—As well as I love intrigue and stratagem, dost think, that I had not rather have gained my end with less trouble and less guilt?

The man, let me tell thee, who is as wicked as he *can* be, is a worse man than I am. Let me ask any Rake in England, if, resolving to carry his point, he would

(a) Vol. III. Letter xxxvii.

would have been *so long about it?* or have had *so much compunction* as I have had?

Were every Rake, nay, were every Man, to sit down, as I do, and write all that enters into his head or into his heart; and to accuse himself with equal freedom and truth, what an army of miscreants should I have to keep me in countenance!

It is a maxim with some, that if they are left alone with a woman, and make not an attempt upon her, she will think herself affronted—Are not such men as these worse than I am? What an opinion must they have of the whole Sex?

Let me defend the Sex I so dearly love. If these elder brethren of ours, think they have general reason for their assertion, they must have kept very bad company, or must judge of women's hearts by their own. She must be an abandoned woman, who will not shrink as a Snail into its shell, at a *gross* and *sudden* attempt. A modest woman must be naturally *cold, reserved, and shy*. She cannot be *so much*, and *so soon* affected, as Libertines are apt to imagine. She must, *at least*, have some confidence in the *honour* and *silence* of a man, before desire can possibly put forth in her, to encourage and meet his flame. For my own part, I have been always decent in the company of women, till I was *sure* of them. Nor have I ever offered a *great* offence, till I have found *little* ones passed over; and that they shunned me not, when they knew my character.

My divine Clarissa has puzzled me, and beat me out of my play: At one time, I hoped to overcome by *intimidating* her; at another by *Love*; by the amorous *See-saw*, as I have called it (*a*). And I have only now to join *Surprize* to the other two, and see what can be done by all three.

And whose property, I pray thee, shall I invade, if I pursue my schemes of Love and Vengeance? Have

Have not those who have a right in her, renounced that right? Have they not wilfully exposed her to dangers? Yet must know, that such a woman would be considered as lawful prize, by as many as could have the opportunity to attempt her?—And had they not thus cruelly exposed her, is she not a *Single Woman*? And need I tell thee, Jack, that men of our cast, the *best* of them (the *worst* stick at nothing) think it a great grace and favour done to the married men, if they leave them their Wives to themselves; and compound for their Sisters, Daughters, Wards, and Nieces? Shocking as these principles must be to a reflecting mind; yet such thou knowest are the principles of thousands (who would not act by any of the Sex as I have acted by almost all of them whom I have obtained a Power over) and as often carried into practice, as their opportunities or courage will permit.—Such therefore have no right to blame me.

Thou repeatedly pleadest her sufferings from her family. But I have too often answered this plea, to need to say any more now, than that she has not suffered for *my sake*. For has she not been made the victim of the malice of her rapacious Brother and envious Sister, who only waited for an occasion to ruin her with her other relations; and took this *as the first*, to drive her out of the house; and, as it happened, into my arms?—Thou knowest how much *against her inclination*.

As for her *own* sins, how many has the dear creature to answer for to *Love* and to *me*!—Twenty times, and twenty times twenty, has she not told me, that she refused not the odious Solmes in favour to me? And as often has she not offered to renounce me for the Single Life, if the Implacables would have received her on that condition?—Of what repetitions does thy weak pity make me guilty?

To look a little farther back: Canst thou forget what my Sufferings were from this haughty Beauty in the

the whole time of my attendance upon her proud motions, in the purlieus of Harlowe-Place, and at the little White Hart at Neale, as we called it?—Did I not threaten vengeance upon her then (and had I not reason?) for disappointing me of a promised interview?

O Jack! what a Night had I in the bleak coppice adjoining to her Father's paddock! My linen and wig frozen; my limbs absolutely numbed; my fingers only sensible of so much warmth, as enabled me to hold a pen; and that obtained by rubbing the skin off, and by beating with my hands my shivering sides. Kneeling on the hoar moss on one knee, writing on the other, if the stiff scrawl could be called writing. My feet, by the time I had done, seeming to have taken root, and actually unable to support me for some minutes!—Love and Rage kept then my heart in motion (and only Love and Rage could do it) or how much more than I *did* suffer, must I have suffered?

I told thee, at my melancholy return, what were the contents of the Letter I wrote (a). And I shewed thee afterwards, her tyrannical Answer to it (b). Thou then, Jack, lovedst thy friend; and pittiedst thy poor suffering Lovelace. Even the affronted God of Love approved then of my threatened vengeance against the fair promiser; tho' now with thee, in the Day of my power, forgetful of the Night of my sufferings, he is become an advocate for her.

Nay, was it not he himself that brought to me my adorable *Nemesis*; and both together put me upon this very vow, 'That I would never rest till I had drawn ' in this goddess-daughter of the Harlowes to cohabit with me; and that in the face of all their proud ' family?'

Nor canst thou forget this vow.—At this instant I have thee before me, as then thou sorrowfully lookedst. Thy strong features glowing with compassion for me; thy

thy lips twisted; thy forehead furrowed; thy whole face drawn out from the stupid round into the ghastly oval; every muscle contributing its power to complete the aspect grievous; and not one word couldst thou utter, but *Amen* to my vow.

And what of distinguishing love, or favour, or confidence, have I had from her since, to make me forego this vow?

I renewed it not, indeed, afterwards; and actually for a long season, was willing to forget it; till repetitions of the same faults revived the remembrance of the former. And now adding to those the contents of some of Miss Howe's virulent Letters, so lately come at, what canst thou say for the Rebel, consistent with thy loyalty to thy Friend?

Every man to his genius and constitution. Hannibal was called *The father of warlike stratagems*. Had Hannibal been a private man, and turned his plotting head against the *other Sex*; or had I been a general, and turned mine against such of my fellow-creatures of *my own*, as I thought myself intitled to consider as my enemies, because they were born and lived in a different climate; Hannibal would have done less mischief; Lovelace more.—That would have been the difference.

Not a Sovereign on earth, if he be not a *good man*, and if he be of a warlike temper, but must do a thousand times more mischief than me. And why? Because he has it in his *power* to do more.

An honest man, perhaps thou'lt say, will not wish to have it in his power to do hurt. He *ought not*, let me tell him: For, if he have it, a thousand to one but it makes him both wanton and wicked.

In what, then, am I so *singularly* vile?

In my *Contrivances*, thou wilt say (for thou art my echo) if not in my proposed *End* of them.

How difficult does every man find it, as well as me, to forego a predominant passion? I have three  
passions

passions that sway me by turns ; all imperial ones. Love, Revenge, Ambition, or a desire of conquest.

As to this particular contrivance of Tomlinson and the Uncle, which perhaps thou wilt think a black one; that had been spared, had not these *innocent* Ladies put me upon finding a husband for their Mrs. Townsend : That device, therefore, is but a *preventive* one. Thinkest thou, that I could bear to be outwitted ? And may not this very contrivance save a world of mischief ? for, dost thou think, I would have tamely given up the Lady to Townsend's Fars ?

What meanest thou, except to overthrow thy own plea, when thou sayest, *that men of our cast know no other bound to their wickedness, but want of power* ; yet knowest this Lady to be in mine ?

*Enough*, sayest thou, *have I tried this paragon of virtue*. Not so ; for I have not tried her at all. — All I have been doing, is but *preparation to a trial*.

But thou art concerned for the *means* that I may have recourse to in the *trial*, and for my *veracity*.

Silly fellow ! — Did ever any man, thinkest thou, deceive a woman, but at the expence of his veracity ? How otherwise, can he be said to *deceive* ?

As to the *means*, thou dost not imagine, that I expect a *direct* consent. My main hope is but in a yielding reluctance ; without which I will be sworn, whatever Rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one person to one person. And good Queen Bess of England, had she been living, and appealed to, would have declared herself of my mind.

It would not be amiss for the Sex to know, what our opinions are upon this Subject. I love to warn them. I wish no man to succeed with them but myself. I told thee once, that *tho' a Rake, I am not a Rake's friend (a)*.

Thou sayest, that I ever hated wedlock. And true thou sayest. And yet *as true*, when thou tellest me,

me, that I would rather marry than lose this Lady. And will she detest me for ever, thinkest thou, if I try her, and succeed not?—Take care—Take care, Jack!—Seest thou not, that thou warnest me, that I do not try without resolving to conquer?

I must add, that I have for some time been convinced, that I have done wrong, to scribble to thee so freely as I have done (and the more so, if I make the Lady legally mine); for has not every Letter I have written to thee, been a Bill of Indictment against myself? I may partly curse my vanity for it; and I think I will refrain for the future; for thou art really very impertinent.

A good man, I own, might urge many of the things thou urgest; but, by my soul, they come very awkwardly from thee. And thou must be sensible, that I can answer every tittle of what thou writest, upon the foot of the *maxims we have long held and pursued*.—By the specimen above, thou wilt see that I can.

And pr'ythee tell me, Jack, what but this that follows would have been the epitome of mine and my beloved's Story, *after ten years Cohabitation*; had I never written to thee upon the subject, and had I not been my own accuser?

Robert Lovelace, a notorious woman-eater, makes his addresses in an honourable way to Miss Clarissa Harlowe; a young Lady of the highest merit.—Fortunes on both sides out of the question.

After encouragement given, he is insulted by her violent Brother; who thinks it his interest to discountenance the match; and who at last challenging him, is obliged to take his worthless life at his hands.

The family, as much enraged, as if he had taken the life he gave, insult him personally, and find out an odious Lover for the young Lady.

To avoid a forced marriage, she is prevailed upon

on

‘ on to take a step, which throws her into Mr. Lovelace’s protection.

‘ Yet, disclaiming any passion for him, she repeatedly offers to renounce him for ever, if, on that condition, her relations will receive her, and free her from the address of the hated Lover.

‘ Mr. Lovelace, a man of strong passions, and, as some say, of great pride, thinks himself under very little obligation to her on this account; and not being naturally fond of marriage, and having so much reason to hate her relations, endeavours to prevail upon her to live with him, what he calls *the life of honour*: And at last, by stratagem, art, and contrivance, prevails.

‘ He resolves never to marry any other woman: Takes a pride to have her called by his name: A Church-rite all the difference between them: Treats her with deserved tenderness. Nobody questions their marriage but those proud relations of hers whom he wishes to question it. Every year a charming Boy. Fortunes to support the increasing family with splendor. A tender Father. Always a warm Friend; a generous Landlord, and a punctual Paymaster. Now-and-then, however, perhaps, indulging with a new object, in order to bring him back with greater delight to his charming Clarissa—His only fault Love of the Sex—Which nevertheless, the women say, will cure itself—Defensible *thus far*, that he breaks no contracts by his roving—

And what is there so very greatly amiss, AS THE WORLD GOES, in all this?

Let me aver, that there are thousands and ten thousands, who have worse Stories to tell than this would appear to be, had I not interested thee in the progress to my great end. And besides, thou knowest that the character I gave myself to Joseph Leman, as

to my treatment of my mistresses, is pretty near the truth (a).

Were I to be as much in earnest in my defence, as thou art warm in my arraignment, I could convince thee, by other arguments, observations, and comparisons [*Is not all human good and evil comparative?*] that tho' from my ingenuous temper (writing only to thee, who art master of every secret of my heart) I am so ready to accuse myself in my narrations; yet I have something to say for myself to myself, as I go along; tho' no one else perhaps that was not a Rake, would allow any weight to it. — And this caution might I give to thousands, who would stoop for a stone to throw at me: 'See that your own *predominant passions*, whatever they be, hurry you not into as much wickedness, as mine do me. See, if ye happen to be better than me in some things, that ye are not worse in others; and in points too, that may be of more extensive bad consequence, than that of seducing a girl (and taking care of her afterwards) who *from her cradle is armed with cautions against the delusions of men.*' And yet I am not so partial to my own follies as to think lightly of *this* fault, when I allow myself to think.

Another grave thing will I add, now my hand's in: 'So dearly do I love the Sex, that had I found, that a character for virtue had been generally *necessary* to recommend me to them, I should have had a much greater regard to my morals, as to the Sex, than I have had.'

To sum up all—I am sufficiently apprized, that men of worthy and honest hearts, who never allowed themselves in *premeditated* evil, and who take into the account the excellencies of this fine creature, will, and must, not only condemn, but *abhor* me, were they to know as much of me as thou dost. But, methinks, I would be glad to escape the censure of those

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men,

(a) Vol. III. Letter xlvii.

men, and of those women too, who have never known what capital trials and temptations are; of those who have no genius for enterprize; of those who want rather courage than will; and most particularly of those, who have only kept their secret better than I have kept, or wished to keep, mine — Were these exceptions to take place, perhaps, Jack, I should have ten to acquit, to one that would condemn me. Have I not often said, *That human nature is a rogue?*

\* \* \* \*

I THREATENED above to refrain writing to thee. But take it not to heart, Jack — I must write on, and cannot help it.

## L E T T E R XLIX.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Wednesday Night, 11 o'Clock.*

**F** AITH, Jack, thou hadst half undone me with thy nonsense, tho' I would not own it in my yesterday's Letter; my Conscience of thy party before. — But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my Plot; so near springing my Mine; all agreed upon between the women and me; or I believe thou hadst overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; and I love to write to the moment.

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together! — What may the next two hours produce!

When I parted with my Charmer (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago) it was upon her promise, that she would not sit up to write or read. For so engaging was the conversation to me (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confessedly agreeable to her) that I insisted, if she did

not

not directly retire to rest, that she should add another happy hour to the former.

To have sat up writing or reading half the night, as she sometimes does, would have frustrated my view, as thou wilt observe, when my little plot unravels.

\* \* \* \*

WHAT—What—What now!—bounding villain! wouldst thou choak me!—

I was speaking to my heart, Jack!—It was then at my throat.—And what is all this for?—These shy women, how, when a man thinks himself near the mark, do they tempest him!

\* \* \* \*

Is all ready, Dorcas? Has my Beloved kept her word with me?—Whether are these billowy heavings owing more to Love or to Fear? I cannot tell for the soul of me, of which I have most. If I can but take her before her apprehension, before her eloquence, is awake—

Limbs, why thus convulsed!—Knees, till now so firmly knit, why thus relaxed? Why beat ye thus together? Will not these trembling fingers, which twice have refused to direct the pen, fail me in the arduous moment?

Once again, Why and for what all these convulsions? This project is not to end in *Matrimony*, surely?

But the consequences must be greater than I had thought of till this moment—My Beloved's destiny or my own may depend upon the issue of the two next hours!

I will recede, I think!—

\* \* \* \*

SOFT, O virgin faint, and safe as soft, be thy slumbers!

I will now once more turn to my friend Belford's Letter. Thou shalt have fair play, my Charmer. I

will re-peruse what thy advocate has to say for thee. Weak arguments will do, in the frame I am in!—

But, what, what's the matter!—What a *double*—But the uproar abates!—What a *double coward* am I?—Or is it that I am taken in a cowardly minute? for Heroes have their fits of *fear*; Cowards their *brave* moments; and Virtuous Women, all but my Clarissa, their moment *critical*—

But thus coolly enjoying thy reflections in a hurricane!—Again the confusion is renewed!—

What! Where!—How came it!—

Is my Beloved safe!—

O wake not too roughly my Beloved!—

## L E T T E R L.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Thursday morning, Five o'clock (June 8.)*

NOW is my Reformation secured; for I never shall love any other woman!—O she is all variety! She must be ever new to me! *Imagination* cannot form; much less can the Pensil paint; nor can the Soul of painting, *Poetry*, describe an angel so exquisitely, so elegantly lovely!—But I will not by anticipation pacify thy impatience. Altho' the subject is too hallowed for profane contemplation, yet shalt thou have the *whole* before thee as it passed: And this not from a spirit wantoning in description upon so rich a subject; but with a design to put a bound to thy roving thoughts. It will be iniquity *greater than a Lovelace ever was guilty of*, to carry them farther than I shall acknowledge.

Thus then, connecting my last with the present, I lead to it.

Didst thou not, by the conclusion of my former, perceive the consternation I was in, just as I was about to re-peruse thy Letter, in order to prevail upon myself to recede from my purpose of awaking in terrors my

my slumbering Charmer? And what dost think was the matter?

I'll tell thee—

At a little after Two, when the whole house was still, or seem'd to be so, and, as it proved, my Clarissa in bed, and fast asleep; I also in a manner undressed (as indeed I was for an hour before) and in my gown and slippers, tho' to oblige thee, writing on;—I was alarmed by a trampling noise over head, and a confused buz of mixed voices, some louder than others, like scolding, and little short of screaming. While I was wondering what could be the matter, down stairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarsly inward, than shrilly clamorous, she cried out Fire! Fire! And this the more alarmed me, as she seem'd to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (its last scrawl a benediction on my Beloved) dropt from my fingers; and up started I; and making but three steps to the door, opening it, I cried out, Where! Where! almost as much terrified as the wench. While she, more than half-undrest, her petticoats in her hand, unable to speak distinctly, pointed up stairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the carelessness of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who, having sat up to read the simple *History of Dorastus and Faunia* when she should have been in bed, had set fire to an old pair of callicoe window-curtains.

She had had the presence of mind, in her fright, to tear down the half-burnt vallens, as well as curtains, and had got them, tho' blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; so that I had the satisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Mean time Dorcas, after she had directed me up stairs, not knowing the worst was over, and expecting every minute the house would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her Lady [*I shall for ever love the*

*wench for it]* ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out, with a shrillness equal to her Love, *Fire! Fire!—The house is on fire!—Rise, Madam!—This instant rise—if you would not be burnt in your bed!*

No sooner had she made this dreadful outcry, but I heard her Lady's door, with hasty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my Charmer's voice sounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayest believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and hastened down faster than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to satisfy her, that all the danger was over.

When I had *flown down* to her chamber-door, there I beheld the most charming creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely bosom half-open, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, Oh, Mr. Lovelace! and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms with an ardor she never felt before: My dearest Life! fear nothing: I have been up—The danger is over—The fire is got under—And how (foolish devil! to Dorcas) could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!

Oh Jack! how her sweet bosom, as I clasped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even distinguish her dear heart flutter, flutter, flutter against mine; and for a few minutes, I feared she would go into fits.

Lest the half-lifeless Charmer should catch cold in this undress, I lifted her to her bed, and sat down by her upon the side of it, endeavouring with the utmost tenderness, as well of action as expression, to dissipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and by my *successful* endeavour to bring her to herself?

self?—Nothing (ungrateful as she was!) but the most passionate exclamations: For we had both already forgotten the occasion, dreadful as it was, which had thrown her into my arms; I, from the joy of incircling the almost disrobed body of the loveliest of her Sex; she, from the greater terrors that arose from finding herself in my arms, and both seated on the bed, from which she had been so lately frightened.

And now, Belford, reflect upon the distance at which the watchful Charmer had hitherto kept me. Reflect upon my Love, and upon my Sufferings for her: Reflect upon her Vigilance, and how long I had lain in wait to elude it; the awe I had stood in, because of her frozen virtue and over-niceness; and that I never before was so happy with her; and then think how ungovernable must be my transports in those happy moments!—And yet, in my own account, I was both decent and generous.

But, far from being affected, as I wished, by an address so fervent (although from a man for whom she had so lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, she had parted with so much satisfaction) I never saw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when she came fully to herself.

She appealed to heaven against my *treachery*, as she called it; while I, by the most solemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye.

I besought her pardon, yet could not avoid offending; and repeatedly vowed, that the next morning's Sun should witness our espousals: But taking, I suppose, all my protestations of this kind as an indication that I intended to proceed to the last extremity, she would hear nothing that I said; but, redoubling

her struggles to get from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the most vehement, she protested, that she would not survive what she called a treatment so disgraceful and villainous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she espied a pair of sharp-pointed scissars on a chair by the bed-side, and endeavoured to catch them up, with design to make her words good on the spot.

Seeing her desperation, I begged her to be pacified; that she would hear me speak but one word; declaring that I intended no dishonour to her: And having seized the scissars, I threw them into the chimney; and she still insisting vehemently upon my distance, I permitted her to take the chair.

But, O the sweet discomposure! — Her bared shoulders and arms, so inimitably fair and lovely: Her spread hands crossed over her charming neck; yet not half concealing its glossy beauties: The scanty coat, as she rose from me, giving the whole of her admirable shape, and fined-turned limbs: Her eyes running-over, yet seeming to threaten future vengeance: And at last her lips uttering what every indignant look and glowing feature portended; exclaiming as if I had done the worst I could do, and vowing never to forgive me; wilt thou wonder if I resumed the incensed, the already too-much-provoked Fair-one?

I did; and clasped her once more to my bosom: But, considering the delicacy of her frame, her force was amazing, and shewed how much in earnest she was in her resentment; for it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to hold her: Nor could I prevent her sliding through my arms, to fall upon her knees: Which she did at my feet: And there, in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to my face with supplicating softness, hands folded, dishevelled hair; for her night head-dress having fallen off in her struggling, her charming tresses fell down in naturally shining ringlets, as if officious to conceal  
the

the dazzling beauties of her neck and shoulders; her lovely bosom too heaving with sighs, and broken sobs, as if to aid her quivering lips, in pleading for her— In this manner, but when her grief gave way to her speech, in words pronounced with that emphatical propriety, which distinguishes this admirable creature in her elocution from all the women I ever heard speak; did she implore my compassion, and my honour.

‘Consider me, dear Lovelace,’ dear was her charming word! ‘on my knees I beg you to consider me, as a poor creature who has no protector but You; who has no defence but your Honour: By that Honour! By your Humanity! By all you have vowed!’ I conjure you not to make me abhor myself!—Not to make me vile in my own eyes!’

I mentioned the morrow as the happiest day of my life.

Tell me not of to-morrow. If indeed you mean me honourably, *Now*, This very instant NOW! you must shew it, and begone! You can never in a whole long life repair the evils you may NOW make me suffer!

Wicked wretch!—Insolent villain—Yes, she called me insolent villain, altho’ so much in my power! And for what?—only for kissing (*with passion indeed*) her inimitable neck, her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her streaming eyes, as this assemblage of beauties offered itself at once to my ravished sight; she continuing kneeling at my feet, as I sat.

If I *am* a villain, Madam—And then my grasping, but trembling hand—I hope I did not hurt the tenderest and loveliest of all her beauties—If I *am* a villain, Madam—

She tore my ruffle, shrunk from *an* happy hand, with amazing force and agility, as with my other arm. I would have incircled her waist.

Indeed you are!—The worst of villains!—Help!!

dear blessed people! and screamed—No help for a poor creature!—

*Am* I then a villain, Madam?—*Am* I then a villain, say you?—and clasped both my arms about her, offering to raise her to my bounding heart.

O no!—And yet you are!—And again I was her dear Lovelace!—Her hands again clasped over her charming bosom:—Kill me! Kill me!—If I am odious enough in your eyes, to deserve this treatment; and I will thank you!—Too long, much too long, has my life been a burden to me!—Or, wildly looking all around her, give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you, that my Honour is dearer to me than my Life!

Then, with still folded hands, and fresh-streaming eyes, I was her *blessed* Lovelace; and she would thank me with her latest breath, if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from further indignities.

I sat suspended for a moment: By my Soul, thought I, thou art, upon full proof, an angel and no woman! Still, however, close clasping her to my bosom, as I had raised her from her knees, she again slid through my arms, and dropt upon them:—See, Mr. Lovelace!—Good God! that I should live to see this hour, and to bear this treatment!—See, at your feet, a poor creature, imploring your pity, who, for your sake, is abandoned of all the world! Let not my father's curse thus dreadfully operate! Be not *you* the inflicter, who have been the *cause* of it; But spare me, I beseech you, spare me!—For how have I deserved this treatment from you?—For *your own sake*, if not for *my sake*, and as you would that God Almighty, in your last hour, should have mercy upon *you*, spare me!—

What heart but must have been penetrated?

I would again have raised the dear suppliant from her knees; but she would not be raised, till my softened

tened mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent.

Rise then, my angel ! Rise, and be what you are, and all you wish to be ? Only pronounce me pardoned for what has passed, and tell me you will continue to look upon me with that eye of favour and serenity which I have been blessed with for some days past, and I will submit to my beloved conqueress, whose power never was at so great an height with me, as now ; and retire to my apartment.

God Almighty, said she, hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine ! And now leave me, this moment leave me, to my own recollection : In *that* you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy.

Impute not every thing, my best Beloved, to design ; for design it was not---

O Mr. Lovelace !

Upon my Soul, Madam, the fire was real---[*And so it was Jack !*]---The house, my dearest Life, might have been consumed by it, as you will be convinced in the morning by ocular demonstration.

O Mr. Lovelace !---

Let my passion for you, Madam, and the unexpected meeting of you at your chamber-door, in an attitude so charming---

Leave me, leave me, this moment !---I beseech you, leave me ; looking wildly and in confusion about her, and upon herself.

Excuse me, dearest creature, for those liberties, which, innocent as they were, your too great delicacy may make you take amiss---

No more ? No more !---Leave me, I beseech you ! Again looking upon herself, and around her, in a sweet confusion.---Begone ! Begone !---

Then weeping, she struggled vehemently to withdraw her hands, which all the while I held between

mine.---Her struggles!--O what additional charms, as I now reflect, did her struggles give to every feature, every limb, of a person so sweetly elegant and lovely!

Impossible, my dearest Life, till you pronounce my pardon!--Say but you forgive me!--Say but you forgive me!

I beseech you, begone! Leave me to myself, that I may think what I *can* do, and what I *ought* to do.

That, my dearest creature, is not enough. You must tell me, that I am forgiven; that you will see me to-morrow, as if nothing had happened.

And then, I clasped her again in my arms, hoping she would not forgive me---

I will---I do forgive you---Wretch that you are!

Nay, my Clarissa! And is it such a reluctant pardon, mingled with a word so upbraiding, that I am to be put off with, when you are thus (clasping her close to me) in my power?

I do, I *do* forgive you!

Heartily?

Yes, heartily!

And freely?

Freely!

And will you look upon me to-morrow as if nothing had passed?

Yes, yes!

I cannot take these peevish affirmatives, so much like intentional negatives!--Say you will, upon your honour!

Upon my honour, then---O now, begone! begone!--And never---never---

What, never, my angel!--Is this forgiveness?

Never, said she, let what has passed be remembered more!

I insisted upon one kiss to seal my pardon---And retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was!--I sneakingly retired!--Couldst thou have believed it?

But I had no sooner entered my own apartment, than, reflecting upon the opportunity I had lost, and that all I had gained was but an increase of my own difficulties; and upon the ridicule I should meet with below upon a weakness so much out of my usual character; I repented, and hastened back, in hope, that through the distress of mind which I left her in, she had not so soon fastened her door; and I was fully resolved to execute all my purposes, be the consequence what it would; for, thought I, I have already sinned beyond *cordial* forgiveness, I doubt; and if fits and desperation ensue, I can but marry at last, and then I shall make her amends.

But I was justly punished;—for her door was fast: And hearing her sigh and sob, as if her heart would burst, My beloved creature, said I, rapping gently, (her sobbings then ceasing) I want but to say three words to you, which must be the most acceptable you ever heard from me. Let me see you but for one moment.

I thought I heard her coming to open the door, and my heart leapt in that hope; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it still the faster, and she either could not or would not answer me, but retired to the further end of her apartment, to her closet probably: And more like a fool than before, again I sneaked away.

This was my Mine, my Plot!—And this was all I made of it!

I love her more than ever!—And well I may!—Never saw I polished ivory so beautiful as her arms and shoulders; never touched I velvet so soft as her skin: Her virgin bosom—O Belford, she is all perfection!—Then such an elegance!—In her struggling losing her shoe (but just slipped on, as I told thee) her pretty foot equally white and delicate as the hand of any other woman, or even as her own hand!

But seest thou not, that I have a claim of merit for a grace that every-body hitherto had denied me? And that

that is, for a capacity of being moved by prayers and tears — Where, where, on this occasion, was the *Callus*, where the Flint, by which my heart was said to be surrounded?

This, indeed, is the first instance, in the like case, that ever I was wrought upon. — But why? *Because I never before encountered a resistance so much in earnest*: A resistance, in short, so irresistible.

What a triumph has her Sex obtained in my thoughts by this trial, and this resistance!

But if she can *now* forgive me — *Can!* — She *must*. Has she not upon her honour already done it? — But how will the dear creature keep that part of her promise, which engages her to see me in the morning, as if nothing had happened?

She would give the world, I fancy, to have the first interview over! — She had not best reproach me — Yet *not* to reproach me! — What a charming puzzle! Let her break her word with me at her peril. Fly me she cannot — No appeals lie from my tribunal. — What friend has she in the world, if my compassion exert not itself in her favour? — And then the worthy Captain Tomlinson, and her Uncle Harlowe, will be able to make all up for me, be my *next* offence what it will.

As to thy apprehensions of her committing any rashness upon herself, whatever she might have done in her passion, if she could have seized upon her scissars, or found any other weapon, I dare say, there is no fear of that from her *deliberate* mind. A man has trouble enough with these truly pious, and truly virtuous girls [*Now I believe there are such*]; he had need to have some benefit *from*, some security *in*, the rectitude of their minds.

In short, I fear nothing in this Lady but Grief; yet that's a slow worker, you know; and gives time to pop in a little Joy between its Sullen Fits.

## L E T T E R L I.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;**Thursday Morning, Eight o'clock.*

**H**ER chamber-door has not yet been opened. I must not expect she will breakfast with me. Nor dine with me, I doubt. A little silly Soul, what troubles does she make to herself by her over-niceness! — All I have done to her, would have been looked upon as a frolick only, a romping bout, and laughed off by Nine parts in Ten of the Sex accordingly. The more she makes of it, the more painful to herself, as well as to me.

Why now, Jack, were it not better, upon *her own* notions, that she seemed not *so sensible* as she will make herself to be, if she is *very* angry?

But perhaps I am more afraid than I need. I believe I am. From her *over-niceness* arises my fear, more than from any extraordinary reason for resentment. Next time, she may count herself very happy, if she come off no worse.

The dear creature was so frightned, and so fatigued last night, no wonder she lies it out this morning.

I hope she has had more rest than I have had. Soft and balmy, I hope, have been her slumbers, that she may meet me in tolerable temper. All sweetly blushing and confounded — I *know* how she will look! — But why should she, the *sufferer*, be ashamed, when I, the *trespasser*, am not?

But custom is a prodigious thing. The women are told how much their blushes heighten their graces: They practise for them therefore: Blushes come as readily when they call for them, as their Tears: Ay, that's it! While we men, taking blushes for a sign of guilt or sheepishness, are equally studious to suppress them.



By

By my troth, Jack, I am half as much ashamed to see the women below, as my Fair-one can be to see me. I have not yet opened my door, that I may not be obtruded upon by them.

After all, what devils may one make of the Sex! To what a height of--What shall I call it?--must those of it be arrived, who once loved a man with so much distinction, as both Polly and Sally loved me, and yet can have got so much above the pangs of jealousy, so much above the mortifying reflections that arise from dividing and sharing with new objects, the affections of him they prefer to all others, as to wish for, and promote a Competitorship in his Love, and make their supreme delight consist in reducing others to their level!—For thou canst not imagine, how even Sally Martin rejoiced last night in the thought that the Lady's hour was approaching.

*Past Ten o'clock.*

I NEVER longed in my life for any thing with so much impatience, as to see my Charmer. She has been stirring, it seems, these two hours.

Dorcas just now tapped at her door, to take her morning commands.

*She had none for her,* was the answer.

She desired to know, if she would not breakfast?

A fullen and low-voiced *negative* received Dorcas.

I will go myself.

\* \* \* \*

THREE different times tapped I at the door, but had no answer.

Permit me, dearest creature, to inquire after your health. As you have not been seen to-day, I am impatient to know how you do.

Not a word of answer; but a deep sigh, even to sobbing.

Let me beg of you, Madam, to accompany me up another pair of stairs.—You'll rejoice to see what a happy escape we have all had.

A happy

A happy escape indeed, Jack! — For the fire had scorched the window-board, singed the hangings, and burnt through the slit-deal lining of the window-jambs.

No answer, Madam! — Am I not worthy of one word? — Is it thus you keep your promise with me? — Shall I not have the favour of your company for two minutes (only for two minutes) in the dining-room?

Hem! — And a deep sigh! — were all the answer.

Answer me but how you do! Answer me but that you are well! — Is this the forgiveness that was the condition of my obedience?

Then, in a faintish but angry voice, Begone from my door! — Wretch, inhuman, barbarous, and all that is base and treacherous! — begone from my door! Nor teaze thus a poor creature, intitled to protection, not outrage.

I see, Madam, how you keep your word with me! — *If* a sudden impulse, the effects of an unthought-of accident, cannot be forgiven —

O the dreadful weight of a Father's curse, thus in the very Letter of it---

And then her voice dying away in murmurs inarticulate, I looked through the key-hole, and saw her on her knees, her face, tho' not towards me, lifted up, as well as hands, and these folded, deprecating, I suppose, that gloomy tyrant's curse.

I could not help being moved.

My dearest Life! admit me to your presence but for two minutes, and confirm your promised pardon; and may lightning blast me on the spot, if I offer any thing but my penitence, at a shrine so sacred! — I will afterwards leave you for the whole day; and till to-morrow morning; and then attend you with Writings, all ready to sign, a Licence obtained, or, if it cannot, a Minister without one. This once believe me! When you see the reality of the danger that gave occasion for this your unhappy resentment, you will

will think less hardly of me. And let me beseech you to perform a promise on which I made a reliance not altogether ungenerous.

I cannot see you ! Would to heaven I never had ! If I write, that's all I can do.

Let your writing then, my dearest Life, confirm your promise : And I will withdraw in expectation of it.

*Past Eleven o'clock.*

SHE rung her bell for Dorcas ; and, with her door in her hand, only half-opened, gave her a billet for me.

How did the dear creature look, Dorcas ?

She was dressed. She turned her face quite from me ; and sighed, as if her heart would break.

Sweet creature !---I kissed the wet wafer, and drew it from the paper with my breath.

These are the contents.---No inscriptive Sir ! No Mr. Lovelace !

**I** Cannot see you : Nor will I, if I can help it. Words cannot express the anguish of my soul on your baseness and ingratitude.

If the circumstances of things are such, that I can have no way for Reconciliation with those who would have been my natural protectors from such outrages, but through *you* (the only inducement I can have to stay a moment longer in your knowlege) pen and ink must be, at present, the only means of communication between us.

Vilest of men ! and most detestable of plotters ! how have I deserved from you the shocking indignities---But no more---Only for your own sake, with not, at least for a week to come, to see

*The undeservedly injured and insulted*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

So thou seest, nothing could have stood me in stead, but this plot of Tomlinson and her Uncle ! To what a pretty

pretty pass, nevertheless, have I brought myself!--- Had Cæsar been such a fool, he had never passed the Rubicon. But after he *had* passed it, had he retreated *re infectâ*, intimidated by a Senatorial Edict, what a pretty figure would he have made in history!--- I might have known, that to attempt a robbery, and put a person in bodily fear, is as punishable as if the robbery had been actually committed.

*But not to seek her for a week!*--- Dear pretty soul! how she anticipates me in every thing! The Counsellor will have finished the Writings to-day or to-morrow, at furthest: The Licence with the Parson, or the Parson without the Licence, must be also procured within the next four-and-twenty hours; Pritchard is as good as ready with his Indentures Tripartite: Tomlinson is at hand, with a favourable answer from her Uncle---*Yet not to see her for a week!*--- Dear sweet soul!---Her good angel is gone a journey: 'Is truanting at least. But nevertheless, in thy week's time, or in much less, my Charmer, I doubt not to complete my triumph!

But what vexes me of all things, is, that such an excellent creature should break her word.---Fie, fie, upon her!--- But nobody is absolutely perfect! 'Tis human to err, but *not to persevere*---I hope my Charmer cannot be inhuman!

## L E T T E R LII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*King's-Arms, Pallmall, Thursday Two o'clock.*

Several billets passed between us before I went out, by the *Internunciaship* of Dorcas: For which reason mine are superscribed by her married name.--- She would not open her door to receive them; lest I should be near it, I suppose: So Dorcas was forced to put them under the door (after copying them for thee); and thence to take the answer. Read them, if thou wilt, at this place.

To

To Mrs. LOVELACE.

I Ndeed, my dearest Life, you carry this matter too far. What will the people below, who suppose us one as to the Ceremony, think of so great a Niceness? Liberties so innocent! the Occasion so accidental! -- You will expose *yourself* as well as *me*. -- Hitherto they know nothing of what has passed. And what indeed *has* passed, to occasion all this resentment? -- I am sure, you will not, by a breach of your word of honour, give me reason to conclude, that, had I *not* obeyed you, I could have fared no worse.

Most sincerely do I repent the offence given to your delicacy -- But must I, for so accidental an occurrence, be branded by such shocking names? *Vilest of men*, and *most detestable of plotters*, are hard words! -- From the Pen of such a Lady too.

If you step up another pair of stairs, you will be convinced, that, however *detestable* I may be to you, I am no *plotter* in this affair.

I must insist upon seeing you, in order to take your directions upon some of the subjects we talked of yesterday in the evening.

All that is *more than necessary* is *too much*. I claim your promised pardon, and wish to plead it on my knees.

I beg your presence in the dining-room for one quarter of an hour, and I will then leave you for the day. I am,

*My dearest Life,*

*Your ever-adoring and truly penitent,*

LOVELACE.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

I Will not see you. I cannot see you. I have no directions to give you. Let Providence decide for me as it pleases.

The more I reflect upon your vileness, your ingrateful, your barbarous vileness, the more I am exasperated against you.

You

You are the *last* person, whose judgment I will take upon what is or is not carried too far in matters of decency.

'Tis grievous to me to write, or even to think of you at present. Urge me no more then. Once more, I will *not* see you. Nor care I, now you have made me vile to myself, what other people think of me.

To Mrs. LOVELACE.

**A** Gain, Madam, I remind you of your promise : And beg leave to say, I insist upon the performance of it.

Remember, dearest creature, that the fault of a blameable person cannot warrant a fault in one more perfect. *Over-niceness* may be *Under-niceness* !

I cannot reproach myself with any thing that deserves this high resentment.

I own that the violence of my passion for you might have carried me beyond fit bounds---But that your commands and adjurations had such a power over me, at *such* a moment, I humbly presume to say, deserves some consideration.

You injoin me not to see you for a week. If I have not your pardon before Captain Tomlinson comes to town, what shall I say to *him* ?

I beg once more your presence in the dining-room. By my Soul, Madam, I *must* see you.

I want to consult you about the Licence, and other particulars of great importance. The people below think us married ; and I cannot talk to you upon such subjects with the door between us.

For Heaven's sake, favour me with your presence for a few minutes : And I will leave you for the day.

If I am to be forgiven, according to your promise, the earliest forgiveness must be the least painful to yourself, as well as to

Your truly contrite and afflicted

LOVELACE.

To

To Mr. LOVELACE.

THE more you teaze me, the worse will it be for you.

Time is wanted to consider whether I ever should think of you at all.

At present, it is my sincere wish, that I may never more see your face.

All that can afford you the least shadow of favour from me, arises from the hoped-for Reconciliation with my *real* friends, not my *Judas*-protector.

I am careless at present of consequences. I hate myself: And who is it I have reason to value?—Not the man who could form a plot to disgrace his own hopes, as well as a poor friendless creature (*made friendless by himself*) by insults not to be thought of with patience.

To Mrs. LOVELACE.

Madam,

I Will go to the Commons, and proceed in every particular as if I had not the misfortune to be under your displeasure.

I must insist upon it, that however faulty my passion, on so unexpected an incident, made me appear to a Lady of your delicacy, yet my compliance with your intreaties at *such* a moment (as it gave you an instance of your power over me, which few men could have shewn) ought, duly considered, to intitle me to the effects of that solemn promise, which was the condition of my obedience.

I hope to find you in a kinder, and, I will say, *juster* disposition on my return. Whether I get the Licence, or not, let me beg of you to make the *Soon* you have been pleased to bid me hope for, to-morrow morning. This will reconcile every thing, and make me the happiest of men.

The Settlements are ready to sign, or will be by night.

For

For Heaven's sake, Madam, do not carry your resentment into a displeasure so disproportionate to the offence. For that would be to expose us both to the people below ; and, what is of infinite more consequence to us, to Captain Tomlinson. Let us be able, I beseech you, Madam, to assure him, on his next visit, that we are one.

As I have no hope to be permitted to dine with you, I shall not return till evening : And then, I presume to say, I *expect* (your *promise* authorizes me to use the word) to find you disposed to bless, by your consent for to-morrow,

Your adoring

LOVELACE.

WHAT pleasure did I propose to take, how to *enjoy* the sweet confusion in which I expected to find her, while all was so recent !---But she *must*, she *shall* see me on my return. It were better for *herself*, as well as for *me*, that she had not made *so much ado about nothing*. I must keep my Anger alive, lest it sink into Compassion. *Love* and *Compassion*, be the provocation ever so great, are hard to be separated : While *Anger* converts what would be *Pity* without it, into *Resentment*. Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye, with which he is thoroughly displeased.

I ordered Dorcas, on putting the last billet under the door, and finding it taken up, to tell her, that I hoped an answer to it before I went out.

Her reply was verbal, *Tell him that I care not whether he goes, nor what he does.---And this*, re-urged by Dorcas, *was all she had to say to me.*

I looked thro' the keyhole at my going by her door, and saw her on her knees, at her bed's feet, her head and bosom on the bed, her arms extended (*Sweet Creature, how I adore her !*) and in an agony she seemed to be, sobbing, as I heard at that distance, as if her heart would break.---By my Soul, Jack, I

am

am a *pity*-ful fellow. Recollection is my enemy!--Divine Excellence!--Happy with her for so many days together; Now so unhappy!--And for what?--But she is Purity itself.--And why, after all, should I thus torment--But I must not trust myself with myself, in the humour I am in.

\* \* \* \*

WAITING here for Mowbray and Malory, by whose aid I am to get the Licence, I took papers out of my pocket, to divert my self; and thy last post officiously the first into my hand. I gave it the honour of a re-perusal; and this revived the subject with me, with which I had resolved not to trust myself.

I remember, that the dear creature, in her torn answer to my proposals, says, *That Condescension is not Meanness*. She better knows how to make this out, than any mortal breathing. Condescension indeed *implies* dignity: And dignity ever *was* there in her condescension. Yet such a dignity, as gave grace to the condescension; for there was no pride, no insult, no apparent superiority, indicated by it.--This, Miss Howe confirms to be a part of her general character (a).

I can tell her, how she might behave, to make me her own for ever. She knows she cannot fly me. She knows she must see me sooner or later; the sooner the more gracious.--I would allow her to resent (not because the liberties I took with her require resentment, were she not a CLARISSA; but as it becomes her particular niceness to resent): But would she shew more *Love* than *Abhorrence* of me in her resentment; would she *seem*, if it were but to *seem*, to believe the fire no device, and all that followed merely accidental; and descend, upon it, to tender expostulation, and upbraiding for the advantage I would have taken of her surprize; and would she,

she, at last, be satisfied (as *well* she may) that it was attended with no further consequence; and place some generous confidence in my honour [*Power loves to be trusted, Jack*]; I think I would put an end to all her trials, and pay her my vows at the Altar.

Yet, to have taken such bold steps, as with Tomlinson and her Uncle--To have made such a progress--O Belford, Belford, how have I puzzled myself, as well as her!--This cursed aversion to Wedlock how has it intangled me!--What contradictions has it made me guilty of!

How pleasing to myself, to look back upon the happy days I gave her; though mine would doubtless have been more unmixedly so, could I have determined to lay aside my contrivances, and to be as sincere all the time, as she deserved that I should be!

If I find this humour hold but till to-morrow morning (And it has now lasted two full hours, and I seem, methinks, to have *pleasure* in encouraging it) I will make thee a visit, I think, or get thee to come to me; and then will I--*consult thee upon it*.

But she will not trust me. She will not confide in my honour. Doubt, in this case, is Defiance. She loves me not well enough to forgive me generously. *She is so greatly above me!* How can I forgive her for a merit so mortifying to my pride! She *thinks*, she *knows*, she has *told* me, that she is above me. These words are still in my ears, 'Begone, Lovelace!--My Soul is above thee, man!--Thou hast a proud heart to contend with!--My Soul is above thee, man (a)!' Miss Howe thinks her above me too. Thou, even thou, my friend, my *intimate* friend and companion, art of the same opinion. Then I fear her as much as I love her.--How shall my pride bear these reflections? My Wife (as I have so often said, because it so often recurs to my thoughts) to be so *much* my Superior!--Myself to be considered but as the *second person* in my own family!--Canst thou teach me to bear such a re-

fection as this!--To tell me of my acquisition in her, and that she, with all her excellencies, will be *mine* in full property, is a mistake---It cannot be so---For shall I not be *hers*; and not *my own*?---Will not every act of her duty (as I cannot deserve it) be a condescension, and a triumph over me?---And must I owe it merely to her *goodness*, that she does not despise me?---To have her *condescend* to bear with my follies!--To wound me with an *Eye of Pity*!--A daughter of the Harlowes thus to excel the last, and, as I have heretofore said, not the meanest of the Loves-laces---Forbid it!--

Yet forbid it not---For do I not now---do I not every moment---see her before me all over charms, and elegance, and purity, as in the struggles of the past midnight? And in these struggles, heart, voice, eyes, hands, and sentiments, so greatly, so gloriously consistent with the character she has sustained from her cradle to the present hour?

But what advantages do I give thee?

Yet have I not always done her justice? Why then thy teasing impertinence?

However, I forgive thee, Jack---Since (so much generous Love am I capable of!) I had rather all the world should condemn *me*, than that *her* character should suffer the least impeachment.

The dear creature herself once told me, that there was a strange mixture in my mind (a).

I have been called *Devil*, and *Beelzebub*, between the two proud Beauties: I must indeed be a Beelzebub, if I had not some tolerable qualities.

But as Miss Howe says, the *suffering-time* of this excellent creature is her *shining-time* (b). Hitherto she has done nothing but shine.

She called me *villain*, Belford, within these few hours. And what is the sum of the present argument; but that had I *not* been a villain in her sense of the word, she had not been so much an *angel*?

(a) Vol. III. p. 168.

(b) Vol. IV. Letter iv.

O Jack, Jack ! This midnight attempt has made me mad ; has utterly undone me ! How can the dear creature say, I have made her vile in her *own* eyes, when her behaviour under such a surprize, and her resentment under such circumstances, have so greatly exalted her in *mine* ?

Whence, however, this strange rhapsody ?---Is it owing to my being *here* ? That I am not at *Sinclair's* ? But if there be infection in that house, how has my *Beloved* escaped it ?

But no more in this strain !---I will see what her behaviour will be on my return.---Yet already do I begin to apprehend some little sinkings, some little retrogradations : for I have just now a doubt arisen, whether, for *her own* sake, I should wish her to forgive me *lightly*, or with *difficulty* ?

\* \* \* \*

I AM in a way to come at the wished-for Licence.

I have now given every-thing between my Beloved and me a full consideration ; and my puzzle is over. What has brought me to a speedier determination, is, that I think I have found out what she means by the *week's* distance at which she intends to hold me. It is, that she may have time to write to Miss Howe, to put in motion that cursed Scheme of hers, and to take measures upon it which shall enable her to abandon and renounce me for ever. Now, Jack, *if I obtain not admission to her presence on my return* ; but am refused with haughtiness ; if her *week* be insisted upon (such prospects before her) ; I shall be confirmed in my conjecture ; and it will be plain to me, that weak at best was that Love, which could give place to punctilio, at a time when the all-reconciling Ceremony, as she must think, waits her command :--- Then will I recollect all her perversenesses ; then will I re-peruse Miss Howe's Letters, and the transcripts from others of them ; give way to my aversion to the Life of Shackles : And then shall she be mine in my own way.

But, after all, I am in hopes, that she will have better considered of every-thing by the evening. That her threat of a *week's* distance was thrown out in the heat of passion ; and that she will allow, that I have as much cause to quarrel with her for breach of her word, as she has with me for breach of the peace.

These lines of Rowe have got into my head ; and I shall repeat them very devoutly all the way the chairmen shall poppet me towards her by-and-by.

*Teach me, some power, the happy art of speech,  
To dress my purpose up in gracious words ;  
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,  
And never waken the tempestuous passions.*

### LETTER LIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

*Thursday Evening, June 8.*

O For a Curse to kill with !---Ruined ! Undone !  
Outwitted, tricked !---Zounds, man, the Lady  
is gone off !---Absolutely gone off ! Escaped !---

Thou knowest not, nor canst conceive, the pangs  
that wring my heart !---What can I do !---O Lord,  
O Lord, O Lord !

And thou, too, who hast endeavoured to weaken  
my hands, wilt but clap thy dragon's wings at the  
tidings !

Yet I must write, or I shall go distracted. Little  
less have I been these two hours ; dispatching messen-  
gers to every Stage ; to every Inn ; to every Waggon  
or Coach, whether flying or creeping, and to every  
house with a Bill up, for five miles round.

The little hypocrite, who knows not a soul in this  
town [*I thought I was sure of her at any time*] such  
an unexperienced traitress ; giving me hope too, in her  
first billet, that her expectation of the family-recon-  
ciliation would with-hold her from taking such a step  
as this—Curse upon her contrivances !---I thought,  
that

that it was owing to her bashfulness, to her modesty, that, after a few innocent freedoms, she could not look me in the face; when, all the while, she was impudently (yes, I say *impudently*, though she be Clarissa Harlowe) contriving to rob me of the dearest property I had ever purchased—Purchased by a painful servitude of many months; fighting through the Wild-beasts of her family for her, and combating with a Wind-mill Virtue, which hath cost me millions of perjuries only to attempt; and which now, with its damn'd Air-fans, has tost me a mile and a half beyond hope!—And this, just as I had arrived within view of the consummation of all my wishes!

O Devil of Love; God of Love no more!--How have I deserved this of thee!--Never before the friend of frozen Virtue!--*Powerless* dæmon, for powerless thou must be, if thou *meantest* not to frustrate my hopes; who shall henceforth kneel at thy altars!--May every enterprizing heart abhor, despise, execrate, renounce thee, as I do.—But, O Belford, Belford, what signifies cursing now!

\* \* \* \* \*

How she could effect this her wicked escape, is my astonishment; the whole Sisterhood having charge of her:—For, as yet, I have not had patience enough to inquire into the particulars, nor to let a soul of them approach me.

Of this I am sure, *or I had not brought her hither*, There is not a creature belonging to this house, that could be *corrupted* either by *Virtue* or *Remorse*: The highest joy every infernal Nymph of this worse than infernal habitation, *could* have known, would have been to reduce this proud Beauty to her own level.—And as to my villain, who also had charge of her, he is such a seasoned varlet, that he delights in mischief for the sake of it: No bribe could seduce him to betray his trust, were there but wickedness in it!—'Tis well, however, he was out of my way when the cursed news was imparted to me!—Gone, the vil-

lain ! in quest of her : Not to return, nor to see my face (so it seems he declared) till he has heard some tidings of her ; and all the *out-of-place* varlets of his numerous acquaintance, are summoned and employed in the same business.

To what purpose brought I this angel (angel I must yet call her) to this hellish house ?--- And was I not meditating to do her deserved honour ? By my Soul, Belford, I was resolved---But thou knowest what I had *conditionally* resolved---And now, who can tell what hands she may have fallen into ?

I am mad, stark mad, by Jupiter, at the thoughts of this ! --- Unprovided, destitute, unacquainted---some villain, worse than myself, who adores her not as I adore her, may have seized her, and taken advantage of her distress !--- Let me perish, Belford, if a whole hecatomb of *innocents*, as the little plagues are called, shall atone for the broken promise and wicked artifices of this *cruel creature*.

\* \* \* \*

GOING home, as I did, with resolutions favourable to her, judge thou of my distraction, when her escape was first hinted to me, although but in broken sentences. I knew not what I said, nor what I did. I wanted to kill somebody. I flew out of one room into another, while all avoided me but the veteran Betty Carberry, who broke the matter to me. I charged bribery and corruption, in my first fury, upon all ; and threatened destruction to old and young, as they should come in my way.

Dorcas continues *locked* up from me : Sally and Polly have not yet dared to appear : The vile Sinclair---

But here comes the odious devil. She taps at the door, though that's only a-jar, whining and snuffling, to try, I suppose, to coax me into temper.

\* \* \* \*

WHAT a helpless state, where a man can only ex-  
crate

erate himself and others ; the occasion of his rage remaining ; the evil increasing upon reflection ; time itself conspiring to deepen it !---O how I curs'd her !

I have her now, methinks, before me blubbering--- How odious does sorrow make an ugly face !---Thine, Jack, and this old beldam's, in penitentials, instead of moving compassion, must evermore confirm hatred ; while Beauty in tears, is beauty heightened, and what my heart has ever delighted to see.---

' What excuse !--- Confound you, and your cursed daughters, what excuse can you make---Is she not gone !--- Has she not escaped !---But before I am quite distracted, before I commit half a hundred murders, let me hear how it was.'

\* \* \* \*

I HAVE heard her story !---Art, damn'd, confounded, wicked, unpardonable Art, in a woman of her character---But shew me a woman, and I'll shew thee a plotter !---This plaguy Sex is *Art* itself : Every individual of it is a plotter by nature.

This is the substance of the old wretch's account.

She told me, ' That I had no sooner left the vile house, than Dorcas acquainted the Syren' [*De, Jack, let me call her names !---I beseech thee, Jack, to permit me to call her names !*] ' than Dorcas acquainted her Lady with it ; and that I had left word, that I was gone to Doctors-Commons, and should be heard of for some hours at the Horn there, if inquired after by the Counsellor, or any-body else : That afterwards I should be either at the Cocoa-Tree, or King's-Arms ; and should not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment.

' She was in tears when Dorcas approached her ; her saucy eyes swelled with weeping : She refused either to eat or drink ; sighed as if her heart would break.' False, devilish grief ! *not the humble, silent grief, that only deserves pity !*---Contriving to ruin me, to despoil me of all that I held valuable, in the very midst of it !

‘ Nevertheless, being resolved not to see me for a week at least, she ordered her to bring her up three or four French rolls, with a little butter, and a decanter of water ; telling her, she would dispense with her attendance ; and that should be all she would live upon in the interim. So, artful creature ! pretending to lay up for a week’s siege.’—For, as to substantial food, she, no more than other angels—Angels, said I !—The devil take me if she shall be any more an angel !—For she is odious in my eyes ; and I hate her mortally !—

But oh ! Lovelace, thou lyest !—She is all that is lovely ! All that is excellent !—

But *is* she, *can* she be gone !—O how Miss Howe will triumph !—But if that little Fury receive her, Fate shall make me rich amends ; for then will I contrive to have them both.

I was looking back for connexion—but the devil take connexion ; I have no business with it : The contrary best befits distraction, and that will soon be my lot !

‘ Dorcas consulted the old wretch about obeying her : O yes, by all means ; for Mr. Lovelace knew how to come at her at any time ; and directed a bottle of Sherry to be added.

‘ This chearful compliance so obliged her, that she was prevailed upon to go up, and look at the damage done by the fire ; and seemed not only shocked at it, but, as they thought, satisfied it was no trick, as she owned, she had at first apprehended it to be. All this made them secure ; and they laughed in their sleeves, to think what a childish way of shewing her resentment, she had found out ; Sally throwing out her witticisms, that Mrs. Lovelace was right, however, *not to quarrel with her bread and butter.*’

Now this very childishness, as *they* imagined it, in such a genius, would have made *me* suspect either her head,

head, after what had happened the night before ; or her purpose, when the marriage was (so far as she knew) to be completed within the week in which she was resolved to secrete herself from me in the same house.

‘ She sent Will. with a Letter to Wilson’s, directed to Miss Howe, ordering him to inquire if there were not one for her there.

‘ He only pretended to go, and brought word there was none ; and put her Letter in his pocket for me.

‘ She then ordered him to carry another (which she gave him) to the Horn-Tavern to me.—All this done without any seeming hurry ; yet she appeared to be very solemn ; and put her handkerchief frequently to her eyes.

‘ Will. pretended to come to me, with this Letter ; but tho’ the dog had the sagacity to mistrust something on her sending him out a second time (and to me, whom she had refused to see) ; which he thought extraordinary ; and mentioned his mistrusts to Sally, Polly, and Dorcas ; yet they made light of his suspicions ; Dorcas assuring them all, that her Lady seemed more stupid with her grief, than active ; and that she really believed she was a little turned in her head, and knew not what she did. But all of them depended upon her inexperience, her open temper, and upon her not making the least motion towards going out, or to have a coach or chair called, as sometimes she had done ; and still more upon the preparations she had made for a week’s siege, as I may call it.

‘ Will. went out, pretending to bring the Letter to me ; but quickly returned ; his heart still misgiving him, on recollecting my frequent cautions, that he was not to judge for himself, when he had *positive* orders ; but if any doubt occurred, from circumstances I could not foresee, literally to follow them, as the only way to avoid blame.

‘ But it must have been in this little interval, that

‘ she escaped ; for soon after his return, they made fast the street-door and hatch, the mother and the two nymphs taking a little turn into the garden ; Dorcas going up stairs, and Will. (to avoid being seen by his Lady, or his voice heard) down into the kitchen.

‘ About half an hour after, Dorcas, who had planted herself where she could see her Lady’s door open, had the curiosity to go to look through the key-hole, having a misgiving, as she said, that her Lady might offer some violence to herself, in the mood she had been in all day ; and finding the key in the door, which was not very usual, she tapped at it three or four times, and having no answer, opened it, with Madam, Madam, did you call ?—Supposing her in her closet.

‘ Having no answer, she stepped forward, and was astonished to find she was not there. She hastily ran into the dining-room, then into my apartments, searched every closet ; dreading all the time to behold some sad catastrophe.

‘ Not finding her any-where, she ran down to the old creature, and her nymphs, with a Have you seen my Lady ?—Then she’s gone !—She’s no-where above !

‘ They were sure she could not be gone out.

‘ The whole house was in an uproar in an instant ; some running up stairs, some down, from the upper rooms to the lower ; and all screaming, How should they look me in the face !

‘ Will. cried out, he was a dead man ; *He* blamed *them* ; *They* *him* ; and every one was an *accuser*, and an *excuser* at the same time.

‘ When they had searched the whole house, and every closet in it, ten times over, to no purpose, they took it into their heads to send to all the porters, chairmen, and hackney coachmen, that had been near the house for two hours past, to inquire if any of them saw Such a young Lady ; describing her

‘ This

‘ This brought them some light : The only dawning for hope, that I can have, and which keeps me from absolute despair. One of the chairmen gave them this account : That he saw such a one come out of the house a little before four (in a great hurry, and as if frightened) with a little parcel tied up in a handkerchief, in her hand : That he took notice to his fellow, who plied her without her answering, that she was a fine young Lady : That he’d warrant, she had either a bad husband, or very cross parents ; for that her eyes seemed swelled with crying. Upon which, a third fellow replied, That it might be a Doe escaped from Mother *Damnable’s* park. This Mrs. Sinclair told me with a curse, and a wish that she knew the saucy villain :—She thought, truly, that she *had a better reputation ; so handsomely as she lived, and so justly as she paid every-body for what she bought ; her house visited by the best and civillest of gentlemen ; and no noise or brawls ever heard, or known in it.*’

‘ From these appearances, the fellow who gave this information, had the curiosity to follow her, unperceived. She often looked back. Every-body who passed her, turned to look after her ; passing their verdicts upon her tears, her hurry, and her charming person ; till coming to a stand of coaches, a coachman plied her ; was accepted ; alighted, opened the coach-door in a hurry, seeing *her* hurry ; and in it she stumbled for haste ; and, as the fellow believed, hurt her shins with the stumble.

The devil take me, Belford, if my generous heart is not moved for her, notwithstanding her wicked deceit, to think what must be her reflections and apprehensions at the time ;—A mind so delicate, heeding no censures ; yet, probably afraid of being laid hold of by a Lovelace in every one she saw ! At the same time, not knowing to what dangers she was about to expose herself ; nor of whom she could obtain shelter ; a

stranger to the town, and to all its ways ; the afternoon far gone ; but little money ; and no cloaths but those she had on !

It is impossible, in this little interval since last night that Miss Howe's Townsend could be co-operating.

But how she must abhor me, to run all these risques ; how heartily must she detest me, for my freedoms of last night ! O that had I given her greater reason for a resentment so violent !—As to her *Virtue*, I am too much enraged to give her the merit due to that. To *Virtue* it cannot be owing that she should fly from the charming prospects that were before her : But to Malice, Hatred, Contempt, Harlowe-Pride (the worst of Pride) and to all the deadly passions that ever reigned in a female breast.—And if I can but recover her--- But be still, be calm, be hushed, my stormy passions ; for is it not *Clarissa* (*Harlowe* must I say ?) that thus I rave against ?

‘ The fellow heard her say, Drive fast ! Very fast !  
 ‘ Where, Madam ? — To Holborn Bars, answered  
 ‘ she ; repeating, Drive very fast ! — And up she  
 ‘ pulled both the windows : And he lost sight of the  
 ‘ coach in a minute.

‘ Will. as soon as he had this intelligence, speeded  
 ‘ away in hopes to trace her out ; declaring, that he  
 ‘ would never think of seeing me, till he had heard  
 ‘ some tidings of his Lady.’

And now, Belford, all my hope is, that this fellow (who attended us in our Airing to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill, to Kentish-Town) will hear of her at some one or other of those places. And on this I the rather build, as I remember she was once, after our return, very inquisitive about the Stages, and their prices ; praising the conveniency to passengers in their going off every hour ; and this in Will's hearing, who was then in attendance. Woe be to the villain, if he recollect not this !

\* \* \* \* \*

I HAVE been traversing her room, meditating, or taking up every-thing she but touched or used : The glass she dressed at, I was ready to break, for not giving me the personal image it was wont to reflect, of *her*, whose idea is for ever present with me. I call for her, now in the tenderest, now in the most reproachful terms, as if within hearing : Wanting *her*, I want my own soul, at least every-thing dear to it. What a void in my heart ! what a chilness in my blood, as if its circulation were arrested ! From her room to my own ; in the dining-room, and in and out of every place where I have seen the Beloved of my heart, do I hurry ; in none can I tarry ; her lovely image in every-one, in some lively attitude, rushing cruelly upon me, in differently remember'd conversations.

But when in my first fury, at my return, I went up two pair of stairs, resolved to find the locked-up Dorcas, and beheld the vainly-burnt window-board, and recollected my baffled contrivances, baffled by my own weak folly, I thought my distraction compleated, and down I ran as one frightened at a spectre, ready to howl for vexation ; my head and my temples shooting with a violence I had never felt before ; and my back aching as if the vertebræ were disjointed, and falling in pieces.

But now that I have heard the mother's story, and contemplated the dawning hopes given by the chairman's information, I am a good deal easier, and can make cooler reflections. Most heartily pray I for Will's success, every four or five minutes. If I lose her, all my rage will return with redoubled fury. The disgrace to be thus outwitted by a novice, an infant in stratagem and contrivance, added to the violence of my passion for her, will either break my heart, or (what saves many a heart in evils insupportable) turn my brain. What had I to do to go out a Licence-hunting, at least till I had seen her, and made up matters

matters with her? And indeed, were it not the privilege of a principal to lay all his own faults upon his underlings, and never be to blame himself, I should be apt to reflect, that I am more in fault than anybody. And as the sting of this reflection will sharpen upon me if I recover her not, how shall I be able to bear it?

If ever—

*Here Mr. Lovelace lays himself under a curse, too shocking to be repeated, if he revenge not himself upon the Lady, should he once more get her into his hands.*

\* \* \* \*

I HAVE just now dismissed the sniveling toad Dorcas, who was introduced to me for my pardon by the whining mother. I gave her a kind of negative and ungracious forgiveness. Yet I shall as violently curse the two nymphs, by-and-by, for the consequences of my own folly: And this will be a good way too, to prevent their ridicule upon me, for losing so glorious an opportunity as I had last night, or rather this morning.

I have collected, from the result of the inquiries made of the chairman, and from Dorcas's observations before the cruel creature escaped, a description of her dress; and am resolved, if I cannot otherwise hear of her, to advertise her in the Gazette, as an eloped wife, both by her maiden and acknowledged name; for her elopement will soon be known by every *Enemy*, why then should not my *Friends* be made acquainted with it, from whose inquiries and informations I may expect some tidings of her?

‘ She had on a brown lustring night-gown, fresh,  
 ‘ and looking like new, as every thing she wears does,  
 ‘ whether new or not, from an elegance natural to  
 ‘ her. A beaver hat, a black ribband about her neck,  
 ‘ and blue knots on her breast. A quilted petticoat  
 ‘ of

‘ of carnation-coloured fatten; a rose-diamond ring,  
 ‘ supposed on her finger; and in her whole person  
 ‘ and appearance, as I shall express it; a dignity, as  
 ‘ well as beauty, that commands the repeated atten-  
 ‘ tion of every-one who sees her.’

The description of her person, I shall take a little more pains about. My mind must be more at ease, before I can undertake that. And I shall threaten,  
 ‘ that if, after a certain period given for her volun-  
 ‘ tary return, she be not heard of, I will prosecute any  
 ‘ person who presumes to entertain, harbour, abett,  
 ‘ or encourage her, with all the vengeance that an  
 ‘ injured gentleman and husband may be warranted  
 ‘ to take by Law, or otherwise.’

\* \* \* \*

FRESH cause of aggravation!—But for this scribbling vein, or I should still run mad.

Again going into her chamber, because it *was* hers, and sighing over the bed, and every piece of furniture in it, I cast my eye towards the drawers of the dressing-glass, and saw peep out, as it were, in one of the half-drawn drawers, the corner of a Letter. I snatched it out, and found it superscribed by her, *To Mr. Lovelace*. The sight of it made my heart leap, and I trembled so, that I could hardly open the seal.

How does this damn’d Love unman me!—But nobody ever loved as I love!—It is even increased by her unworthy flight, and my disappointment. Ingrateful creature, to fly from a passion thus ardently flaming! which, like the palm, rises the more for being depressed and slighted!

I will not give thee a copy of this Letter. I owe her not so much service.

But wouldst thou think, that this *haughty promise-breaker* could resolve, as she does, absolutely and for ever to renounce me for what passed last night? That she could resolve to forego all her opening prospects of Reconciliation; that Reconciliation with a worth-  
 less

less family, on which she had set her whole heart?— Yet she does! — She acquits me of all obligation to her, and herself of all expectations from me — And for what?— O that indeed I had given her real cause! Damn'd confounded Niceness, Prudery, Affectation, or pretty Ignorance, if not Affectation!— By my soul, Belford, I told thee all—I was more indebted to her struggles, than to my own forwardness. I cannot support my own reflections upon a decency so ill-requited.— She could not, she would not have been so much a Harlowe in her resentment had I deserved, as I *ought* to have done, her resentment. All she feared, had then been over, and her own good-sense, and even modesty, would have taught her to make the best of it.

But if ever again I get her into my hands, *Art* and more *Art*, and *Compulsion* too, if she make it necessary (*and 'tis plain that nothing else will do*) shall she experience from the man whose fear of her has been above even his passion for her; and whose gentleness and forbearance she has thus *perfidiously* triumphed over. Well says the Poet,

*'Tis nobler like a lion to invade  
When appetite directs, and seize my prey,  
Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,  
Till dull consent throws out the Scraps of Love.*

Thou knowest what I have so lately vowed—And yet, at times (cruel creature, and ingrateful as cruel!) I can subscribe with too much truth to those lines of another Poet :

*She reigns more fully in my soul than ever ;  
She garisons my breast, and mans against me  
Ev'n my own rebel thoughts, with thousand graces,  
Ten thousand charms, and new-discover'd beauties !*

L E T T E R L I V.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

A Letter is put into my hands by Wilson himself—

Such a Letter!

A Letter from Miss Howe to her cruel friend!—

I made no scruple to open it.

It is a miracle, that I fell not into fits at the reading of it; and at the thought of what might have been the consequence, had it come to the hands of *this Clarissa Harlowe*. Let my justly-excited rage excuse my irreverence.

Collins, tho' not his day, brought it this afternoon to Wilson's, with a particular desire, that it might be sent with all speed to Miss Beaumont's lodgings, and given, if possible, into her own hands. He had before been here (at Mrs. Sinclair's) with intent to deliver it to the Lady with his own hand; but was told (*too truly told*) that she was abroad; but that they would give her any thing he should leave for her, the moment she returned. But he cared not to trust them with his business, and went away to Wilson's (as I find by the description of him at both places) and there left the Letter; but not till he had a second time called here, and found her not come in.

The Letter (which I shall inclose; for it is too long to transcribe) will account to thee for *Collins's* coming hither.

O this devilish Miss Howe!—Something must be resolved upon and done with that little Fury!

\* \* \* \*

THOU wilt see the margin of this cursed Letter crouded with indices [☞]. I put them to mark the places which call for vengeance upon the vixen writer,

or

or which require animadversion. Return thou it to me the moment thou hast perused it.

Read it here; and avoid trembling for me, if thou canst.

To Miss LÆTITIA BEAUMONT.

My dearest Friend,

Wednesday, June 7.

YOU will perhaps think, that I have been too long silent. But I had begun two Letters at different times since my last, and written a great deal each time; and with spirit enough, I assure you; incensed as I was against the abominable wretch you are with; particularly on reading yours of the 21st of the past month (a).

The *first* I intended to keep open till I could give you some account of my proceedings with Mrs. Townsend. It was some days before I saw her: And this intervenient space giving me time to re-peruse what I had written, I thought it proper to lay that aside, and to write in a style a little less fervent; for you would have blamed me I know, for the freedom of some of my expressions (*Execrations*, if you please). And when I had gone a good way in the *second*, the change in your prospects, on his communicating to you Miss Montague's Letter, and his better behaviour, occasioning a change in your mind, I laid that aside also. And in this uncertainty, thought I would wait to see the issue of affairs between you before I wrote again; believing that all would soon be decided one way or other.

I had still, perhaps, held this resolution (as every appearance, according to your Letters, was more and more promising) had not the two passed days furnished me with intelligence which it highly imports you to know.

But

(a) See Letter xxvi.

But I must stop here, and take a little walk, to try to keep down that just indignation which rises to my pen, when I am about to relate to you what I must communicate.



I AM not my own mistress enough—Then my Mother—Always up and down—And watching as if I were writing to a Fellow—But I will try if I can contain myself in tolerable bounds.—

The women of the house where you are—O my dear—The women of the house—But you never thought highly of them—So it cannot be very surprising—Nor would you have *staid so long with them, had not the notion of removing to one of your own*, made you less uneasy, and less curious about their characters, and behaviour, Yet I could *now* wish, that you had been less reserved among them—But I tease you—In short, my dear, you are certainly in a devilish house!—Be assured, that the woman is one of the vilest of women---Nor does she go to you by her right name---Very true!--Her name is *not* Sinclair---Nor is the Street she lives in, Dover-street---Did you never go out by yourself, and discharge the coach or chair, and return by another coach or chair? If you did (yet I don't remember that you ever wrote to me, that you did) you would never have found your way to the vile house, either by the Woman's name, *Sinclair*, or by the Street's name, mentioned by that Doleman in his Letter about the lodgings (a).

The wretch might indeed have held out these false lights a little more excusably, had the house been an honest house; and had his end only been to prevent mischief from your Brother.--But this contrivance was antecedent, as I think, to your Brother's project: So that no excuse can be made for his

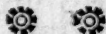
his intentions at the *time*---The man, whatever he may *now* intend, was certainly then, even *then*, a villain in his heart !

I AM excessively concerned, that I should be prevailed upon, between *your* over-niceness, on one hand, and my *mother's* positiveness, on the other, to be satisfied without knowing how to direct to you at your lodgings. I think too, that the proposal that I should be put off to a *third-hand* knowlege, or rather veiled in a *first-hand* ignorance, came from him---and that it was only acquiesced in by you, as it was by me (*a*), upon needless and weak considerations --Because, truly, I might have it to say, if challenged, *that I knew not where to send to you*!---I am ashamed of myself!---Had this been at *first* excusable, it could not be a good reason for going on in the folly, when you had no liking to the house, and when he began to play tricks, and delay with you:---What! I was to mistrust myself, was I?---I was to allow it to be thought, that I could not keep my own Secret?---But the house *to be taken at this time, and at that time*, led us both on---like fools, like tame fools in a string:---Upon my life, my dear, this man is a vile, a contemptible villain:---I must speak out!---How has he laughed in his sleeve at us both, I warrant, for I can't tell how long!

And yet who could have thought, that a man of fortune, and some *reputation* (This Doleman, I mean; not your wretch, to be sure!---formerly a Rake indeed---(I inquired after him---long ago; and

(a) See Vol. III. Let. liv. and Let. lvi. Where the Reader will observe, that the proposal came from herself; which, as it was also mentioned by Mr. Lovelace (toward the end of Clarissa's Letter, N<sup>o</sup> lxi. Vol. III.) she may be presumed to have forgotten. So that Clarissa had a double inducement for acquiescing with the proposed method of carrying on the correspondence between Miss Howe and herself by Wilson's conveyance, and by the name of Lætitia Beaumont.

and so was the easier satisfied)---but married to a woman of family---having had a palsy-blow---and one would think a penitent---should recommend such a house (Why, my dear, he could not *inquire* of it, but must find it to be bad) to such a man as Lovelace, to bring his future, nay, his *then* supposed, Bride to?



✚ I WRITE, perhaps, with too much violence, to be clear. But I cannot help it. Yet I lay down my pen, and take it up every ten minutes, in order to write with some temper---My Mother too in and out---What need I (she asks me) lock myself in, if I am only reading past correspondencies?---for that is my pretence, when she comes poking in with her face, sharpened to an edge, as I may say, by a curiosity that gives her more pain than pleasure --The Lord forgive me; but I believe I shall huff her next time she comes in.



Do *You* forgive me too, my dear. My Mother ought; because she says, I am my Father's girl; and because I am sure I am *hers*. I don't know what to do---I don't know what to write next—I have so much to write, yet have so little patience, and so little opportunity.

But I will tell you how I came by my intelligence.

✚ *That* being a *fact*, and requiring the less attention, I will try to account to you for *that*.

Thus then it came about — ‘ Miss Lardner (whom you have seen at her cousin Biddulph's) saw you at St. James's church on Sunday was fortnight. She kept you in her eye during the whole time; but could not once obtain the notice of yours, tho' she courtesied to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the Service was over; for she doubted not  
‘ but

‘ but you were married — and for an odd reason —  
 ☞ ‘ *Because you came to church by yourself.* Every  
 ‘ eye (as usual, where-ever you are, she said) was  
 ‘ upon you ; and this seeming to give you hurry,  
 ‘ and you being nearer the door than she, you slid  
 ‘ out, before she could get to you. But she or-  
 ‘ dered her servant to follow you till you were  
 ‘ housed. This servant saw you step into a chair,  
 ‘ which waited for you ; and you ordered the  
 ‘ men to carry you to the place where they took  
 ‘ you up.

‘ The next day, Miss Lardner sent the same  
 ‘ servant, out of mere curiosity, to make private  
 ‘ inquiry whether Mr. Lovelace were, or were  
 ‘ not, with you there. And this inquiry brought  
 ☞ ‘ out, from *different* people, that the house was  
 ‘ suspected to be one of those genteel wicked  
 ‘ houses, which receive and accommodate *fa-*  
 ‘ *shionable people* of both Sexes.

‘ Miss Lardner, confounded at this strange in-  
 ‘ telligence, made further inquiry ; injoining se-  
 ‘ crecy to the servant she had sent, as well as to  
 ‘ the gentleman whom she employed : Who had  
 ☞ ‘ it confirmed from a rakish friend, who knew  
 ‘ the house ; and told him, that there were two  
 ‘ houses ; the one, *in which all decent appear-*  
 ‘ *ances were preserved, and guests rarely ad-*  
 ‘ *mitted* ; the other, the receptacle of those who  
 ‘ were absolutely engaged, and broken to the vile  
 ‘ yoke.’

☞ ‘ Say--my dear creature--say--Shall I not execrate  
 the wretch?--But words are weak--What can I  
 say, that will suitably express my abhorrence of  
 such a villain as he must have been, when he me-  
 ditated to carry a Clarissa to such a place !

‘ Miss Lardner kept this to herself some days,  
 ‘ not knowing what to do ; for she loves you, and  
 ‘ admires you of all women. At last, she reveal-

‘ed it, but in confidence, to Miss Biddulph, by Letter. Miss Biddulph, in like confidence, being afraid it would distract *me* were I to know it, communicated it to Miss Lloyd; and so, like a whispered scandal, it passed through several canals; and then it came to me. Which was not till last Monday.’

I thought I should have fainted upon the surprising communication. But Rage taking place, it blew away the sudden illness. I besought Miss Lloyd to re-injoin secrecy to every-one. I told her, that I would not for the world that my Mother, or any of your family, should know it. And

☞ I instantly caused a trusty friend to make what inquiries he could about Tomlinson.

☞ I had thoughts to have done it before I had this intelligence: But not imagining it to be needful, and little thinking that you could be in such a house, and as you were pleased with your changed prospects, I forbore. And the rather forbore, as the matter is so laid, that Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know nothing of the projected treaty of accommodation; but, on the contrary, that it was designed to be a secret to her, and to everybody but immediate parties; and it was Mrs. Hodges that I had proposed to sound by a *second* hand.

☞ Now, my dear, it is certain, without applying to that too-much favoured housekeeper, that there is not such a man within ten miles of your Uncle. Very true! One *Tomkins* there is, about four miles off; but he is a day-labourer: And one *Thompson*, about five miles distant the other way; but he is a parish schoolmaster, poor, and about seventy.

☞ A man, tho’ but of 800*l.* a year, cannot come from one county to settle in another, but everybody in both must know it, and talk of it.

☞ Mrs. Hodges may yet be sounded at a distance,  
if

if you will. Your Uncle is an old man. Old men imagine themselves under obligation to their paramours, if younger than themselves, and seldom keep any thing from their knowlege. But if we suppose him to make a secret of the designed treaty, it is impossible, *before* that treaty was thought of, but she must have seen him, at least have *heard* your Uncle speak praisefully of a man he is said to be so intimate with, let him have been ever so little a while in those parts.

Yet, methinks, the Story is so plausible: Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so good a man, and so much of a gentleman; the end to be answered by his being an impostor, so much *more than necessary* if Lovelace has villainy in his head; and as you are in such a house—Your wretch's behaviour to him was so petulant and lordly; and Tomlinson's answer so full of spirit and circumstance; and then what he communicated to you of Mr. Hickman's application to your Uncle, and of Mrs. Norton's to your Mother (some of which particulars, I am satisfied, his vile agent Joseph Leman could not reveal to his viler employer); his pressing on the marriage-day, in the name of your Uncle, which it could not answer any *wicked* purpose for him to do; and what he writes of your Uncle's proposal, to have it thought that you were married from the time that you have lived in one house together; and that to be made to agree with the time of Mr. Hickman's visit to your Uncle: The insisting on a trusty person's being present at the Ceremony, at that Uncle's nomination---*These things make me willing to try for a tolerable construction to be made of all*; tho' I am so much puzzled by what occurs on both sides of the question, that I cannot but abhor the devilish wretch, whose inventions and contrivances are for ever employing an inquisitive head, as mine

is,

is, without affording the means of absolute detection.

But this is what I am ready to conjecture, that Tomlinson, specious as he is, is a machine of Lovelace; and that he is employed for some end, which has not yet been answered. This is certain, that not only Tomlinson, but Mennell, who, I think, attended you more than once at this vile house, must know it to be a vile house.

What can you then think of Tomlinson's declaring himself in *favour* of it, upon inquiry?

Lovelace too must know it to be so; if not before he brought you to it, soon after.

Perhaps the *Company he found there*, may be the most probable way of accounting for his bearing with the house, and for his strange suspensions of marriage, when it was in his power to call such an angel of a woman his.—

O my dear, the man is a villain! the greatest of villains, in every light!—I am convinced that he is—And this Doleman must be another of his implements!

There are so many wretches who think *that* to be no sin, which is one of the greatest and the most ingrateful of all sins, to ruin young creatures of our Sex who place their confidence in them; that the wonder is less than the shame, that people of figure, of *appearance*, at least, are found to promote the horrid purposes of profligates of fortune and interest!

But can I think (you will ask with indignant astonishment) that Lovelace can have designs upon your honour?

That such designs he *has had*, if he *still* hold them not, I can have no doubt, now that I know the house he has brought you to, to be a vile one. This is a clue that has led me to account for all

his behaviour to you ever since you have been in his hands.

Allow me a brief retrospection of it all.

☞ We both know, that Pride, Revenge, and a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, are principal ingredients in the character this finished Libertine.

☞ He hates all your family, yourself excepted; and I have several times thought, that I have seen him stung and mortified that Love has obliged him to kneel at your footstool, because you are a

☞ Harlowe.—Yet is this wretch a Savage in Love.—Love that humanizes the fiercest spirits, has not been able to subdue his. His *Pride*, and the credit which a few *plausible qualities*, sprinkled among his *odious ones*, have given him, have secured him too good a reception from our eye-judging, our undistinguishing, our self-flattering, our too-confiding Sex, to make assiduity and obsequiousness, and a conquest of his unruly passions, any part of his study.

☞ He has some reason for his animosity to *all* the men, and to *one* woman of your family. He has always shewn you, and all his own family too, that he prefers his Pride to his Interest. He is a declared Marriage-hater: A notorious Intriguer: Full of his inventions; and glorying in them.—He never could draw you into declarations of Love: Nor, till your *wise* relations persecuted you, as they did, to receive his addresses as a

☞ Lover.—He knew, that you professedly disliked him for his immoralities; he could not therefore justly blame you, for the coldness and indifference of your behaviour to him.

☞ The prevention of mischief was your first main view in the correspondence he drew you into. He ought not, then, to have wondered, that you declared your preference of the *Single Life* to any matrimonial

matrimonial engagement. He knew, that this was *always* your preference; and *that* before he tricked you away so artfully. What was his conduct to you afterwards, that you should of a sudden change it?

Thus was your whole behaviour regular, consistent, and dutiful to those to whom by birth you owed duty; and neither prudish, coquetish, nor tyrannical to him.

He had *agreed* to go on with you upon those your own terms; and to rely only on *his own merits* and *future reformation*, for your favour.

It was plain to me, indeed, to whom you communicated all that *you knew* of your own heart, tho' not all of it that *I found out*, that Love had pretty early gained footing in it. And this you yourself would have discovered sooner than you did, had not his alarming, his unpolite, his rough conduct, kept it under.

I knew, by experience, that Love is a fire that is not to be played with, without burning one's fingers: I knew it to be a dangerous thing for two single persons of different Sexes, to enter into familiarity and correspondence with each other; since, as to the latter, must not a person be capable of premeditated Art, who can sit down to write, and not write from the heart?—And a woman to write her heart to a man practised in deceit, or even to a man of some character, what advantage does it give him over her?

As this man's Vanity had made him imagine, that no woman could be proof against Love, when his address was honourable; no wonder that he struggled, like a Lion held in toils, against a passion that he thought not returned. And how could you, *at first*, shew a return in Love, to so fierce a spirit, and who had seduced you away by

vile artifices, but to the approval of those artifices?

Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became possible for such a wretch as this to give way to his old prejudices against Marriage; and to that Revenge which had always been a first passion with him.

This is the only way, I think, to account for his horrid views in bringing you to a vile house.

And now may not all the rest be naturally accounted for?—His delays—His teasing ways—His bringing you to bear with his lodging in the same house—His making you pass to the people of it, as his Wife; *though restrictively so*, yet with hope, no doubt (vilest of villains as he is!) to take you at advantage—His bringing you into the company of his Libertine Companions; The attempt of imposing upon you that Miss Partington for a bedfellow, very probably his own invention for the worst of purposes: His terrifying you at many different times; His obtruding himself upon you when you went out to church; no doubt to prevent your finding out what the people of the house were; The advantages he made of your Brother's foolish project with Singleton.

See, my dear, how naturally all this follows from the discovery made by Miss Lardner. See how the monster, whom I thought, and so often called, a *fool*, comes out to have been all the time one of the greatest villains in the world!

But if this be so, what (it would be asked by an indifferent person) has hitherto saved you? Glorious creature!—What, morally speaking, but your Watchfulness! What but That, and the Majesty of your Virtue; *the Native Dignity*, which, in a situation so very difficult (friendless, destitute, passing for a wife, cast into the company of crea-

tures

tures accustomed to betray and ruin innocent hearts) has hitherto enabled you to baffle, overawe, and confound, such a dangerous Libertine as this; so habitually remorseless, as you have observed him to be; so very various in his temper; so inventive; so seconded, so supported, so instigated, too probably, as he has been!—That *Native Dignity*, that *Heroism* I will call it, which has, on all proper occasions, exerted itself in its full lustre, unmingled with that charming obligingness and condescending sweetness, which is evermore the *softener* of that dignity, when your mind is free and unapprehensive!

Let me stop to admire, and to bless my beloved friend, who unhappily for herself, at an age so tender, unacquainted as she was with the world, and with the vile arts of Libertines, having been called upon to sustain the hardest and most shocking trials, from persecuting Relations on one hand, and from a villainous Lover on the other, has been enabled to give such an illustrious example of fortitude and prudence, as never woman gave before her; and who, as I have heretofore observed (a), has made a far greater figure in adversity, than she possibly could have made, had all her shining qualities been exerted in their full force and power, by the continuance of that prosperous run of fortune which attended her for Eighteen years of life out of Nineteen.

\* \* \* \*

BUT now, my dear, do I apprehend, that you are in greater danger than ever yet you have been in; if you are not married in a week; and yet stay in this abominable house. For were you out of it, I own, I should not be much afraid for you.

These are my thoughts, on the most deliberate

Q 3

(a) See p. 24.

consideration: 'That he is now convinced, that he has not been able to draw you off your guard: That therefore, if he can obtain no new advantage over you as he goes along, he is resolved to do you all the *poor justice* that it is in the power of such a wretch as he, to do you. He is the rather induced to this, as he sees, that all his own family have warmly engaged themselves in your cause; and that it is his *highest interest* to be just to you. Then the horrid wretch loves you (as well he may) above all women. I have no doubt of this; with *such a Love* as such a wretch is capable of: With *such a Love* as Herod loved his Mariamne.—He is now therefore, very probably, at last, in earnest.'

I took time for inquiries of different natures, as I knew by the train you are in, that whatever his designs are, they cannot ripen either for good or evil, till something shall result from this new device of his about Tomlinson and your Uncle.

*Device* I have no doubt that it is, whatever this dark, this impenetrable spirit intends by it.

And yet I find it to be true, that Counsellor Williams (whom Mr. Hickman knows to be a man of eminence in his profession) has actually as good as finished the Settlements: That two draughts of them have been made; one avowedly to be sent to one Captain Tomlinson, as the Clerk says:—And I find that a Licence has actually been more than once endeavoured to be obtained; and that difficulties have hitherto been made, equally to Lovelace's vexation and disappointment. My Mother's Proctor, who is very intimate with the Proctor applied to by the wretch, has come at this information in confidence; and hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a man of high fortunes, these difficulties will probably be got over.

But here follow the causes of my apprehension  
of

of your danger; which I should not have had a thought of (since nothing *very* vile has yet been attempted) but on finding what a house you are in, and, on that discovery, laying together and ruminating on past occurrences.

You are obliged, from the present favourable appearances, to give him your company whenever he requests it.—You are under a necessity of forgetting, or seeming to forget, past disobligations; and to receive his addresses as those of a betrothed Lover.—You will incur the censure of prudery and affectation, even perhaps in your own apprehension, if you keep him at that distance which has hitherto been your security.—His sudden (and as suddenly recovered) illness, has given him an opportunity to find out, that you love him. [*Alas, my dear, I knew you loved him!*] He is, as you relate, every hour more and more an incroacher, upon it. He has seemed to change his nature, and is all love and gentleness. The wolf has put on the sheep's cloathing; yet more than once has shewn his teeth, and his hardly sheathed claws. The instance you have given of his freedom with your person (a) which you could not but resent; and yet, as matters are circumstanced between you, could not but pass over, when Tomlinson's Letter called you into his company (b), shew the advantage he has now over you; and also, that if he can obtain greater, he will.—And for this very reason (as I apprehend) it is, that Tomlinson is introduced; that is to say, to give you the greater security, and to be a mediator, if mortal offence be given you, by any villainous

(a) She means the freedom Mr. Lovelace took with her before the Fire-plot. When Miss Howe wrote this Letter, she could not know of that.

(b) See p. 252, --- 266. of this Volume.

‘ attempt.—The day seems not now to be so much in your power as it ought to be, since That now partly depends on your Uncle, whose presence, at your own motion, he has wished on the occasion.—A wish, were all real, very unlikely, I think, to be granted.’

☞ And thus situated, should he offer greater freedoms, must you not forgive him?

I fear nothing (as I know who has said) that devil carnate or incarnate can fairly do against a ☞ Virtue so established (a).—But Surprizes, my dear, in such a house as that you are in, and in such circumstances as I have mentioned, I greatly ☞ fear!—The man, one, who has already triumphed over persons worthy of his alliance.

☞ What then have you to do, but to fly this house, this infernal house!—O that your heart would let you fly the *man*!

☞ If you should be disposed so to do, Mrs. Townsend shall be ready at your command.—But if you meet with no impediments, no new causes of doubt, I think your Reputation in the eye of the world, tho’ not your Happiness, is concerned, that you should be his.—And yet I cannot bear, ☞ that these Libertines should be rewarded for their villainy with the best of the Sex, when the worst of it are too good for them.

But if you meet with the least ground for suspicion; if he would detain you at the odious house, or wish you to stay, now you know what ☞ the people are, fly *him*, whatever your prospects are, as well as *them*.

In one of your next Airings, if you have no ☞ other way, refuse to return with him. Name *me* for your intelligencer, that you are in a bad house; and if you think you cannot now break with him, seem rather to believe that he may not know it to

(a) See Mrs. Norton's Letter, p. 31. of this Volume.

to be so; and that I do not believe he does: And yet this belief in us both must appear to be very gross.

But suppose you desire to go out of town for the air, this sultry weather, and insist upon it?

You may plead your health for so doing. He dare not resist such a plea. Your Brother's foolish scheme, I am told, is certainly given up; so you need not be afraid on that account.

If you do not fly the house upon reading of this, or some way or other get out of it, I shall judge of his power over you, by the little you will have over either him or yourself.

One of my informants has made slight inquiries concerning Mrs. Fretchville. Did he ever name to you the Street or Square she lived in?—I don't remember that you, in any of yours, mentioned the place of her abode to me. Strange, very strange, This, I think! No such person or house can be found, near any of the new Streets or Squares, where the lights I had from your Letters led me to imagine her house might be.—Ask him, What Street the house is in, if he has not told you. And let me know. If he make a difficulty of that circumstance, it will amount to a detection.—And yet, I think, you have enough without this.

I shall send this long Letter by Collins, who changes his day to oblige me; and that he may try (now I know where you are) to get it into your own hands. If he cannot, he will leave it at Wilson's. As none of our Letters by that conveyance have miscarried when you have been in more *apparently* disagreeable situations than you are in at present, I hope that This will go safe, if Collins should be obliged to leave it there.

I wrote a short Letter to you in my last agitations. It contained not above twenty lines, all full of fright, alarm, and execration. But being

afraid, that my vehemence would too much affect you, I thought it better to wait a little, as well for the reasons already hinted at, as to be able to give you as many particulars as I could; and my thoughts upon all. And now, I think, taking to your aid, other circumstances as they *have* offered, or *may* offer, you will be sufficiently armed to resist all his machinations, be they what they will.

☞ One word more. Command me up, if I can be of the least service or pleasure to you. I value not Fame; I value not Censure; nor even Life itself, I verily think, as I do your Honour, and your Friendship—For, is not your Honour my Honour? And is not your Friendship the Pride of my Life?

May Heaven preserve you, my dearest creature, in Honour and Safety, is the prayer, the hourly prayer, of

*Your ever-faithful and affectionate*

ANNA HOWE.

*Thursday Morn. 5.* I have written all night.

*To Miss Howe.*

*My dearest Creature,*

**H**OW you have shocked, confounded, surprized, astonished me, by your dreadful communication!—My *heart is too weak* to bear up against such a stroke as this!—When all hope was with me! When my prospects were so much mended!—But can there be such villainy in men, as in this vile principal, and equally vile agent?

I am really ill—Very ill—Grief and Surprize, and, now I will say, Despair, have overcome me!—All, all, you have laid down as conjecture, appears to me *now* to be *more* than conjecture!

O that your Mother would have the goodness to permit

mit me the presence of the only comforter that my afflicted, my half-broken heart, could be raised by ! But I charge you, think not of coming up without her indulgent permission. I am too ill at present, my dear, to think of combating with this dreadful man ; and of flying from this horrid house ! — *My bad writing will shew you this.* — But my illness will be my present security, should he indeed have meditated villainy — Forgive, O forgive me, my dearest friend, the trouble I have given you ! — All must soon — But why add I grief to grief, and trouble to trouble ? — But I charge you, my beloved creature, not to think of coming up without your Mother's leave, to the truly desolate, and broken-spirited

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WELL, Jack ! — And what thinkest thou of this last Letter ? Miss Howe values not either *Fame* or *Censure* ; and thinkest thou, that this Letter will not bring the little Fury up, tho' she could procure no other conveyance than her higgler's paniers, one for herself, the other for her maid ? She knows where to come now. Many a little villain have I punished for knowing more than I would have her know ; and that by adding to her knowlege and experience. What thinkest thou, Belford, if, by getting hither this virago, and giving *cause* for a lamentable Letter from her to the fair Fugitive, I should be able to recover her ? Would she not visit that friend in her distress, thinkest thou, whose intended visit to her in hers, brought her into the condition from which she herself had so perfidiously escaped ?

Let me enjoy the thought !

Shall I send this Letter ? — Thou seest I have left room, if I fail in the exact imitation of so charming a hand, to avoid too strict a scrutiny. Do they not both deserve it of me ? Seest thou not how the raving girl threatens her Mother ; Ought she not to be

punished? And can I be a worse devil, or villain, or monster, than she calls me in the long Letter I inclose (and has called me in her former Letters) were I to punish them both as my vengeance urges me to punish them? And when I have executed That my vengeance, how charmingly satisfied may they both go down into the country, and keep house together, and have a much better reason than their Pride could give them, for living the Single-life they have both seemed so fond of?

I will set about transcribing it this moment, I think. I can resolve afterwards. Yet what has poor Hickman done to deserve this of me?—But gloriously would it punish the Mother (as well as Daughter) for all her sordid avarice; and for her undutifulness to honest Mr. Howe, whose heart she actually broke. I am on tip-toe, Jack, to enter upon this project. Is not one country as good to me as another, if I should be obliged to take another tour upon it?

\* \* \* \*

BUT I will not venture. Hickman is a good man, they tell me. I love a good man. I hope one of these days to be a good man myself. Besides, I have heard within this week, something of this honest fellow that shews he has a Soul; when I thought, if he had one, that it lay a little of the deepest to emerge to notice, except on very extraordinary occasions; and that then it presently sunk again into its *Cellula adiposa*.—The man is a *plump man*.—Didst ever see him, Jack?

But the principal reason that withholds me (for 'tis a tempting project!) is, for fear of being utterly blown up, if I should not be quick enough with my Letter, or if Miss Howe should deliberate on setting out, or try her Mother's consent first; in which time a Letter from my frightened Beauty might reach her; for I have no doubt, where-ever she has refuged, but her first work was to write to her vixen friend. I will therefore

therefore go on patiently ; and take my revenge upon the little fury at my leisure.

But, in spite of my compassion for Hickman, whose better character is sometimes my envy, and who is one of those mortals that bring clumsiness into credit with the *Mothers*, to the disgrace of us clever fellows, and often to our disappointment, with the *Daughters* ; and who has been very busy in assisting these double-armed Beauties against me ; I swear by all the *Dii Majores*, as well as *Minores*, that I will have Miss Howe, if I cannot have her more exalted friend !—And then, if there be as much flaming Love between these girls as they pretend, what will my Charmer profit by her escape ?

And now, that I shall permit Miss Howe to reign a little longer, let me ask thee, If thou hast not, in the inclosed Letter, a fresh instance, that a great many of my difficulties with her sister-toast are owing to this flighty girl ?—'Tis true, that here was naturally a confounded sharp wintry air ; and, if a little cold water was thrown into the path, no wonder that it was instantly frozen ; and that a poor honest traveller found it next to impossible to keep his way ; one foot sliding back as fast as the other advanced, to the endangering of his limbs or neck. But yet I think it impossible, that she should have baffled me as she has done (novice as she is, and never before from under her parents wings) had she not been armed by a virago, who was formerly very near shewing, that she could better advise than practise. But this, I believe, I have said more than once before.

I am loth to reproach *myself*, now the cruel creature has escaped me ; for what would that do, but add to my torment ? Since evils self-caused, and avoidable, admit not of palliation or comfort. And yet, if *thou* tellest me, that all *her* strength was owing to *my* weakness, and that I have been a cursed coward in this whole affair ; why then, Jack, I may blush, and be vexed ; but, by my soul, I cannot contradict thee.

But

But this, Belford, I hope—that if I can turn the poison of the inclosed Letter into wholesome aliment; that is to say, if I can make use of it to my advantage; I shall have *thy* free consent to do it.

I am always careful to open Covers cautiously, and to preserve Seals intire. I will draw out from this cursed Letter an alphabet. Nor was Nick Rowe ever half so diligent to learn Spanish, at the Quixote recommendation of a certain Peer, as I will be to gain a mastery of this vixen's hand.

## LETTER LV.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.*

*Thursday Evening, June 8.*

**A**fter my last, so full of other hopes, the contents of This will surprise you. O my dearest friend, the man has at last proved himself to be a villain!

It was with the utmost difficulty last night, that I preserved my self from the vilest dishonour. He extorted from me a promise of forgiveness; and that I would see him next day, as if nothing had happened: But if it were possible to escape from a wretch, who, as I have too much reason to believe, formed a plot to fire the house, to frighten me, almost naked, into his arms, how could I see him next day?

I have escaped, — Heaven be praised that I have! — And have now no other concern, than that I fly from the only hope that could have made such an husband tolerable to me; The Reconciliation with my friends, so agreeably undertaken by my Uncle.

All my present hope is, To find some reputable family, or person of my own Sex, who is obliged to go beyond-sea, or who lives abroad; I care not *whither*; but if I might chuse, in some one of our American colonies — Never to be heard of more by my relations, whom I have so grievously offended.

Nor let your generous heart be moved at what I write.

write. If I can escape the dreadfulest part of my Father's malediction (for the temporary part is already in a manner fulfilled, which makes me tremble in apprehension of the other) I shall think the wreck of my worldly fortunes a happy composition.

Neither is there need of the renewal of your so often tendered goodness to me: For I have with me Rings and other valuables, that were sent me with my cloaths, which will turn into money to answer all I can want, till Providence shall be pleased to put me into some way to help myself, if, for my further punishment, my life is to be lengthened beyond my wishes.

Impute not this scheme, my beloved friend, either to dejection on one hand, or to that romantic turn on the other, which we have supposed generally to obtain with our Sex, from Fifteen to Twenty-two: For, be pleased to consider my unhappy situation, in the light in which it really must appear to every considerate person, who knows it. In the first place, the man, who has had the assurance to think me, and to endeavour to make me, his *property*, will hunt me from place to place, and search after me as a Stray: And he knows he may do so with impunity; for whom have I to protect me from him?

Then as to my Estate, the envied Estate, which has been the original cause of all my misfortunes, it shall never be mine upon litigated terms. What is there in being enabled to boast, that I am worth more than *I can use*, or *wish to use*? And if my power is circumscribed, I shall not have that to answer for, which I should have, if I did not use it as I ought: Which very few do. I shall have no husband, of whose interest I ought to be so regardful, as to prevent me doing more than justice to others, that I may not do *less* to him. If therefore, my Father will be pleased (as I shall presume, in proper time, to propose to him) to pay two Annuities out of it, one to my dear Mrs. Norton, which may make her easy for the remainder  
of

of her life, as she is now growing into years; the other of 50 *l. per annum*, to the same good woman, for the use of *My Poor*, as I have had the vanity to call a certain set of people, concerning whom she knows all my mind; that so as few as possible may suffer by the consequences of my error; God bless them, and give them heart's-ease and content, with the rest.

Other reasons for my taking the step I have hinted at, are these:

This wicked man knows I have no friend in the world but you: Your neighbourhood therefore would be the first he would seek for me in, were you to think it possible for me to be concealed in it: And in this case You might be subjected to inconveniencies greater even than those which you have already sustained on my account.

From my cousin Morden, were he to come, I could not hope protection; since, by his Letter to me, it is evident, that my Brother has engaged him in his party: Nor would I, by any means, subject so worthy a man to danger; as might be the case, from the violence of this ungovernable spirit.

These things considered, what better method can I take, than to go abroad to some one of the English Colonies; where nobody but yourself shall know anything of me; nor You, let me tell you, presently, nor till I am fixed, and, if it please God, in a course of living tolerably to my mind. For it is no small part of my concern, that my indiscretions have laid so heavy a tax upon You, my dear friend, to whom, once, I hoped to give more pleasure than pain.

I am at present at one Mrs. Moore's at Hampstead. My heart misgave me at coming to this village, because I had been here with him more than once: But the coach hither was so ready a convenience, that I knew not what to do better. Then I shall stay here no longer than till I can receive your answer to this: In which you will be pleased to let me

me know, if I cannot be hid, according to your former contrivance (Happy, had I given into it at the time!) by Mrs. Townsend's assistance, till the heat of his search be over. The Deptford road, I imagine, will be the right direction to hear of a passage, and to get safely aboard.

O why was the great fiend of all unchained, and permitted to assume so specious a form, and yet allowed to conceal his feet and his talons, till with the one he was ready to trample upon my honour, and to strike the other into my heart!—And what had I done, that he should be let loose particularly upon me!

Forgive me this murmuring question, the effect of my impatience, my *guilty* impatience, I doubt: For, as I have escaped with my Honour, and nothing but my worldly prospects, and my pride, my ambition, and my vanity, have suffered in this wreck of my hopefuller fortunes, may I not still be more happy than I deserve to be? And is it not in my own power still, by the Divine favour, to secure the great Stake of all? And who knows but that this very path into which my inconsideration has thrown me, strew'd as it is with briars and thorns, which tear in pieces my gaudier trappings, may not be the right path to lead me into the great road to my future happiness; which might have been endangered by evil communication?

And after all, Are there not still more deserving persons than I, who never failed in any capital point of duty, that have been more humbled than myself; and some too, by the errors of Parents and Relations, by the tricks and baseness of Guardians, and Trustees, and in which their own rashness or folly had no part?

I will then endeavour to make the best of my present lot. And join with me, my best, my only friend, in praying, That my punishment may end here; and that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me.

This Letter will enable you to account for a line or two,

two, which I sent to Wilson's, to be carried to you, only for a feint, to get his servant out of the way. He seemed to be left, as I thought, for a Spy upon me. But returning too soon, I was forced to write a few lines for him to carry to his Master, to a tavern near Doctors-Commons, with the same view: And this happily answered my end.

I wrote early in the morning a bitter Letter to the wretch, which I left for him obvious enough; and I suppose he has it by this time. I kept no copy of it. I shall recollect the contents, and give you the particulars of all, at more leisure.

I am sure you will approve of my Escape—The rather, as the people of the house must be very vile: For they, and that Dorcas too, did hear me (I know they did) cry out for help: If the fire had been other than a villainous plot (altho' in the morning, to blind them, I pretended to think it otherwise) they would have been alarmed as much as I; and have run in, hearing me scream, to *comfort me*, supposing my terror was the fire; to *relieve me*, supposing it were anything else. But the vile Dorcas went away as soon as she saw the wretch throw his arms about me!—Bless me, my dear, I had only my slippers and an under-petticoat on. I was frightened out of my bed, by her cries of fire; and that I should be burnt to ashes in a moment—And she to go away, and never to return, nor any-body else: And yet I heard womens voices in the next room; indeed I did.—An evident contrivance of them all:—God be praised, I am out of their house!

My terror is not yet over: I can hardly think myself safe: Every well-dressed man I see from my windows, whether on horseback or on foot, I think to be him.

I know you will expedite an answer. A man and horse will be procured me to-morrow early, to carry This. To be sure, you cannot return an answer by the same

same man, because you must see Mrs. Townsend first : Nevertheless, I shall wait with impatience till you *can* ; having no friend but you to apply to ; and being such a stranger to this part of the world, that I know not which way to turn myself ; whither to go ; nor what to do—What a dreadful hand have I made of it !

Mrs. Moore, at whose house I am, is a widow, and of good character : And of this, one of her neighbours, of whom I bought a handkerchief, purposely to make inquiry before I would venture, informed me.

I will not set my foot out of doors, till I have your direction : And I am the more secure, having dropt words to the people of the house where the coach set me down, as if I expected a chariot to meet me in my way to Hendon ; a village a little distance from this. And when I left their house, I walked backward and forward upon the hill ; at first, not knowing what to do ; and afterwards, to be certain that I was not watched before I ventured to inquire after a lodging.

You will direct for me, my dear, by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas.

Had I not made my escape when I did, I was resolved to attempt it again and again. He was gone to the Commons for a Licence, as he wrote me word ; for I refused to see him, notwithstanding the promise he extorted from me.

How hard, how next-to impossible, my dear, to avoid many *lesser* deviations, when we are betrayed into a *capital* one !

For fear I should not get away at my first effort, I had apprised him, that I would not set eye upon him under a week, in order to gain myself time for it in different ways—And were I so to have been watched as to have made it necessary, I would, after such an instance of the connivance of the women of the house, have run out into the Street, and thrown myself into the  
next

next house I could have entered, or claimed protection from the first person I had met—*Women to desert the cause of a poor creature of their own Sex in such a Situation, what must they be!*—Then, such poor guilty sort of figures did they make in the morning after he was gone out—so earnest to get me up stairs, and to convince me, by the scorched window-boards, and burnt curtains and vallens, that the fire was real—that (although I seemed to believe all they would have me believe) I was more and more resolved to get out of their house at all adventures.

When I began, I thought to write but a few lines. But, be my subject what it will, I know not how to conclude, when I write to *you*. It was *always* so: It is not therefore owing peculiarly to that most interesting and unhappy Situation, which you will allow, however, to engross at present the whole mind of

*Your unhappy, but ever-affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

## LETTER LVI.

*Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;*

*Friday morning, past Two o'clock.*

**I**O *Triumphe!* Io Clarissa, sing!—Once more, what a happy man thy friend!—A silly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her!—And to go to *Hampstead*, of all the villages about London!—The place where we had been together more than once!

Methinks I am sorry she managed no better!—I shall find the recovery of her too easy a task, I fear! Had she but known how much difficulty enhances the value of any thing with me, and had she had the least notion of obliging me by it, she would never have stopt short at *Hampstead*, surely.

Well, but after all this exultation, thou wilt ask,

‘ If I have already got back my Charmer ?’---I have not : But knowing where she is, is almost the same thing as having her in my power. And it delights me to think how she will start and tremble when I first pop upon her ! How she will look with conscious guilt, that will more than wipe off my guilt of Wednesday night, when she sees her injured Lover, and acknowledged Husband, from whom, the greatest of felonies, she would have stolen herself.

But thou wilt be impatient to know how I came by my lights. Read the inclosed here, and remember the instructions which from time to time, as I have told thee, I have given my fellow, in apprehension of such an elopement ; and that will tell thee all, and what I may reasonably expect from the rascal’s diligence and management, if he wishes ever to see my face again.

I received it about half an hour ago, just as I was going to lie down in my cloaths : And it has made me so much alive, that, midnight as it is, I have sent for a Blunt’s chariot, to attend me here by day-peep, with my usual coachman, if possible ; and knowing not else what to do with myself, I sat down, and, in the joy of my heart, have not only written thus far, but have concluded upon the measures I shall take when admitted to her presence : For well am I aware of the difficulties I shall have to contend with from her perverseness.

*Honoured Sir,*

**T**HIS is to certify your Honour, as how I am here at Hamstead, where I have found out my Lady to be in lodgings at one Mrs. Moore’s, near upon Hamstead-Heth. And I have so ordered matters, that her Ladyship cannot stir but I must have notice of her goings and comings. As I knowed I durst not look into your Honour’s case, if I had not found out my Lady, tho’ she was gone off the premises in a quarter of an hour,

as a man may say; so I knowed you would be glad at heart to know I had found her out: And so I send this Petur Partrick, who is to have 5 shillins, it being now near 12 of the clock at nite; for he would not stir without a hearty drinck too-besides: And I was willing all shulde be snug likeways at the logins before I sent.

I have munny of youre Honner's, but I thout as how if the man was payed by me beforend, he mought play trix; so left that to youre Honner.

My Lady knows nothing of my being hereaway. But I thoute it best not to leve the plase, because she has tacken the logins but for a sue nites.

If your Honner come to the Upper Flax, I will be in site all the day about the Tapp-house or the Hethe; I have borroued an other cote, instead of your Honner's liferie, and a blacke wigg; soe cannot be knoen by my Lady, iff as howe she shuld see me: And have made as if I had the toothe-ake; so with my hancriffe at my mothe, the teth which your Honner was pleased to bett out with your honner's fyste, and my dam'd wide mothe, as your Honner notifs it to be, cannot be knoen to be mine.

The tow inner Letters I had from my Lady, before she went off the prems's. One was to be left at Mr. Wilson's for Miss Howe. The next was to be for your Honner. But I knowed you was not at the plase directed; and being as fear'd of what fell out, so I kept them for your Honner, and so could not give um to you, until I seed you. Miss How's I only made belief to her Ladiship as I carred it, and sed as how there was nothing left for hur, as shee wished to knoe: So here they be bothe.

I am, may it pless your Honner,

*Your Honner's most dutiful,*

*and, wonce more, happy Sarvant,*

WM. SUMMERS.

THE two inner Letters, as Will. calls them, 'tis plain, were wrote for no other purpose, but to send him out of the way with them, and one of them to amuse me. That directed to Miss Howe is only this:

Thursday, June 8.

I Write this, my dear Miss Howe, only for a feint, and to see if it will go current. I shall write at large very soon, if not miserably prevented !!!

CL. H.

Now, Jack, will not *her feints* justify mine? Does she not invade my province, thinkest thou? And is it not now fairly come to *Who shall most deceive and cheat the other?* So, I thank my Stars, we are upon a par, at last, as to this point—Which is a great ease to my Conscience, thou must believe. And if what Hudibras tells us is true, the dear Fugitive has also abundance of pleasure to come.

*Doubtless the pleasure is as great*

*In being cheated, as to cheat.*

*As lookers-on find most delight,*

*Who least perceive the juggler's sleight;*

*And still the less they understand,*

*The more admire the sleight of hand.*

THIS is my dear Juggler's Letter to me; the other inner Letter sent by Will.

Mr. Lovelace,

Thursday, June 8.

DO not give me cause to dread your return. If you would not that I should hate you for ever, send me half a line by the bearer, to assure me that you will not attempt to see me for a week to come. I cannot look you in the face without equal confusion and indignation. The obliging me in This is but a poor atonement for your last night's vile behaviour.

You

You may pass this time in a journey to Lord M's ; and I cannot doubt, if the Ladies of your family are as favourable to me, as you have assured me they are, but that you will have interest enough to prevail with one of them, to oblige me with her company. After your baseness of last night, you will not wonder, that I insist upon this proof of your future honour.

If Captain Tomlinson comes mean time, I can hear what he has to say, and send you an account of it.

But in less than a Week, if you see me, it must be owing to a fresh act of violence, of which you know not the consequence.

Send me the requested line, if ever you expect to have the forgiveness confirmed ; the promise of which you extorted from

*The Unhappy*

CL. H.

Now, Belford, what canst thou say in behalf of this sweet rogue of a Lady ? What *canst* thou say for her ? 'Tis apparent, that she was fully determined upon an Elopement, when she wrote it : And thus would she make me of party against myself, by drawing me in to give her a week's time to complete it : And, more wicked still, send me upon a fool's errand to bring up one of my cousins :—When we came, to have the satisfaction of finding her gone off, and me exposed for ever !—What punishment can be bad enough for such a little villain of a Lady !

But mind, moreover, how plausibly she accounts by this billet (supposing she should not find an opportunity of eloping before I returned) for the resolution of not seeing me for a week ; and for the bread and butter expedient !—So childish, as we thought it !

The chariot is not come ; and if it were, it is yet too soon for every-thing but my impatience. And as I have already taken all my measures, and can think

—of nothing but my triumph, I will resume her violent Letter, in order to strengthen my resolutions against her. I was *before* in too gloomy a way to proceed with it: But now the subject is all alive to me, and my gayer fancy, like the Sun-beams, will irradiate it, and turn the solemn deep green into a brighter verdure.

When I have called upon my Charmer to explain some parts of her Letter, and to atone for others, I will send it, or a copy of it, to thee.

Suffice it at present to tell thee, in the first place, that *she is determined never to be my wife*—To be sure, there ought to be no compulsion in so material a case. Compulsion was her parents' fault, which I have censured so severely, that I shall hardly be guilty of the same. I am therefore glad I know her mind as to this essential point.

I have *ruined* her, she says!—Now that's a fib, take it in her own way—If I had, she would not perhaps have run away from me.

She is *thrown upon the wide World*: Now I own, that Hampstead-Heath affords very pretty, and very *extensive* prospects; but 'tis not the *wide world* neither: And suppose *that* to be her grievance, I hope soon to restore her to a *narrower*.

I am the *enemy of her soul, as well as of her honour*!—Confoundedly severe! Nevertheless, another fib!—For I love her soul very well; but think no more of it in this case than of my own.

She is to be *thrown upon strangers*!—And is not that her own fault?—Much against my will, I am sure!

She is cast from a State of *Independency* into one of *Obligation*. She never was in a State of *Independency*; nor is it fit a woman should, of any Age, or in any State of Life. And as to the State of *Obligation*, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very

essence and soul of the social and commercial life:--- Why should *she* be exempt from it?---I am sure the person she raves at, desires not such an exemption;--- has been long *dependent* upon her, and would rejoice to owe *further obligations* to her than he can boast of hitherto.

She talks of her *father's curse*---But have I not repaid him for it an hundred-fold in the same coin? But why must the faults of other people be laid at my door? Have I not enow of my own?

But the grey-eyed dawn begins to peep---Let me sum up all.

In short, then, the dear creature's Letter is a collection of invectives not very new to *me*; though the occasion for them, no doubt, is new to *her*. A little sprinkling of the romantic and contradictory runs thro' it. She loves, and she hates: She encourages me to pursue her, by telling me I safely may; and yet she begs I will not: She apprehends poverty and want, yet resolves to give away her Estate: To gratify whom?---Why, in short, those who have been the cause of her misfortunes. And finally, tho' she resolves never to be mine, yet she has some regrets at leaving me, because of the opening prospects of a Reconciliation with her friends.

But never did morning dawn so tardily as this!--- Neither is the chariot yet come.

\* \* \* \*

A GENTLEMAN to speak with me, Dorcas?--- Who can want me thus early?

Captain Tomlinson, sayst thou! Surely he must have travelled all night!---Early riser as I am, how could he think to find me up *thus* early?

Let but the chariot come, and he shall accompany me in it to the bottom of the hill (tho' he return to town on foot; for the Captain is all obliging goodness)

ness) that I may hear all he has to say, and tell him all my mind, and lose no time.

Well, now am I satisfied that this rebellious flight will turn to my advantage, as all crushed Rebellions do to the advantage of a Sovereign in possession.

\* \* \* \*

DEAR Captain, I rejoice to see you---Just in the nick of time---See! See!

*The rosy-finger'd morn appears,  
And from her mantle shakes her tears;  
The Sun arising, mortals cheers,  
And drives the rising mists away,  
In promise of a glorious day.*

Excuse me, Sir, that I salute you from my favourite Bard. He that rises with the Lark, will sing with the Lark. Strange news since I saw you, Captain! Poor mistaken Lady!---But you have too much goodness, I know, to reveal to her Uncle Harlowe the errors of this capricious Beauty. It will all turn out for the best. You must accompany me part of the way. I know the delight you take in composing differences. But 'tis the task of the Prudent to heal the breaches made by the rashness and folly of the Imprudent.

\* \* \* \*

AND now (all around me so still, and so silent) the rattling of the chariot-wheels at a Street's distance do I hear!---And to this angel of a woman I fly!

Reward, O God of Love (the cause is thy own); reward thou, as it deserves, my suffering perseverance!---Succeed my endeavours to bring back to thy obedience, this charming fugitive!---Make her ac-

knowlege her rashness; repent her insults; implore my forgiveness; beg to be re-inflated in my favour, and that I will bury in oblivion the remembrance of her heinous offence against thee, and against me, thy faithful votary.

\* \* \* \*

THE chariot at the door!--- I come! I come---

I attend you, good Captain---

Indeed, Sir---

Pray, Sir---Civility is not Ceremony.

And now, dressed like a Bridegroom, my heart elated beyond that of the most desiring one (attended by a footman whom my Beloved never saw) I am already at Hampstead!

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